

PHOTOPLAY

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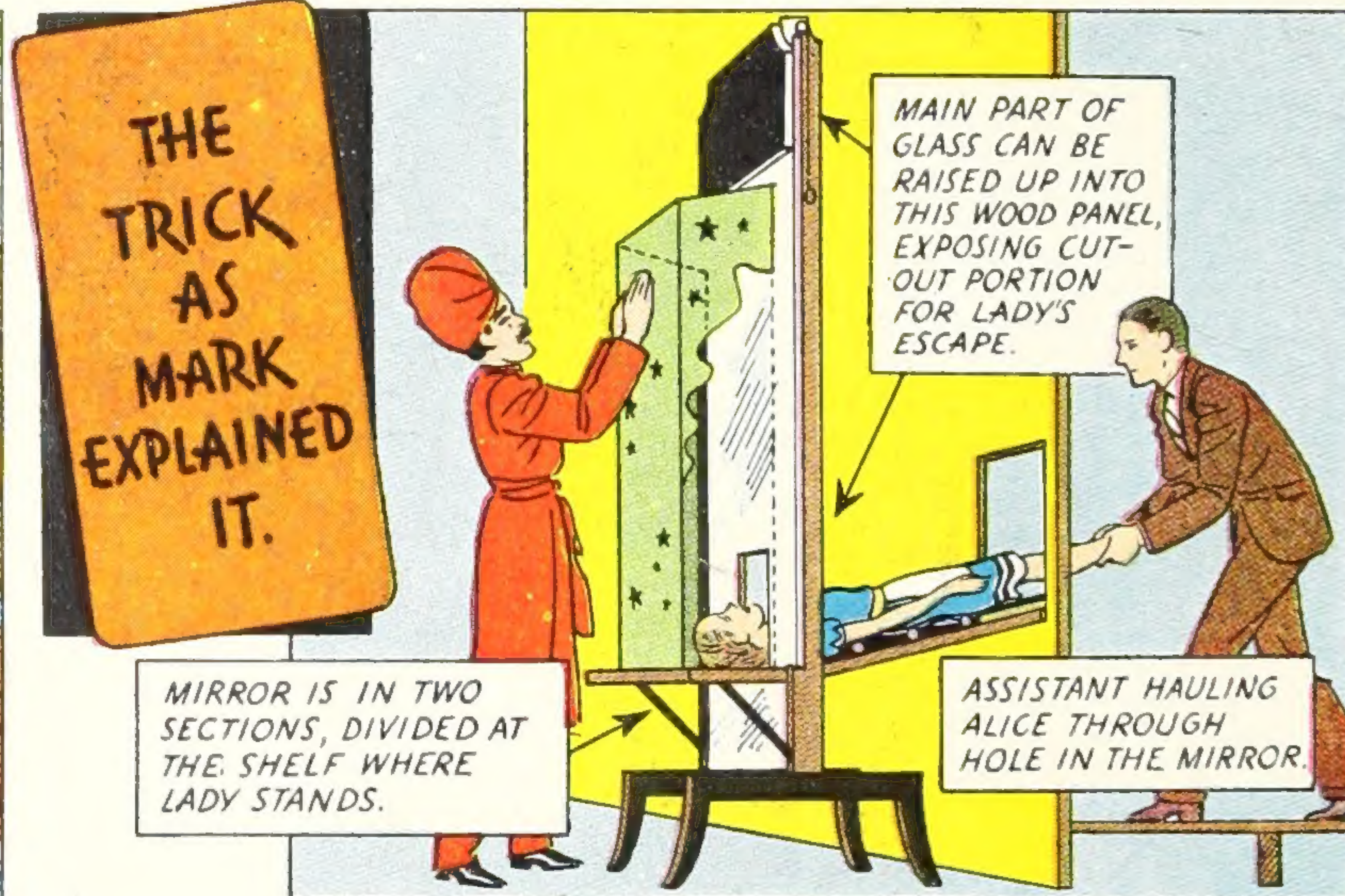
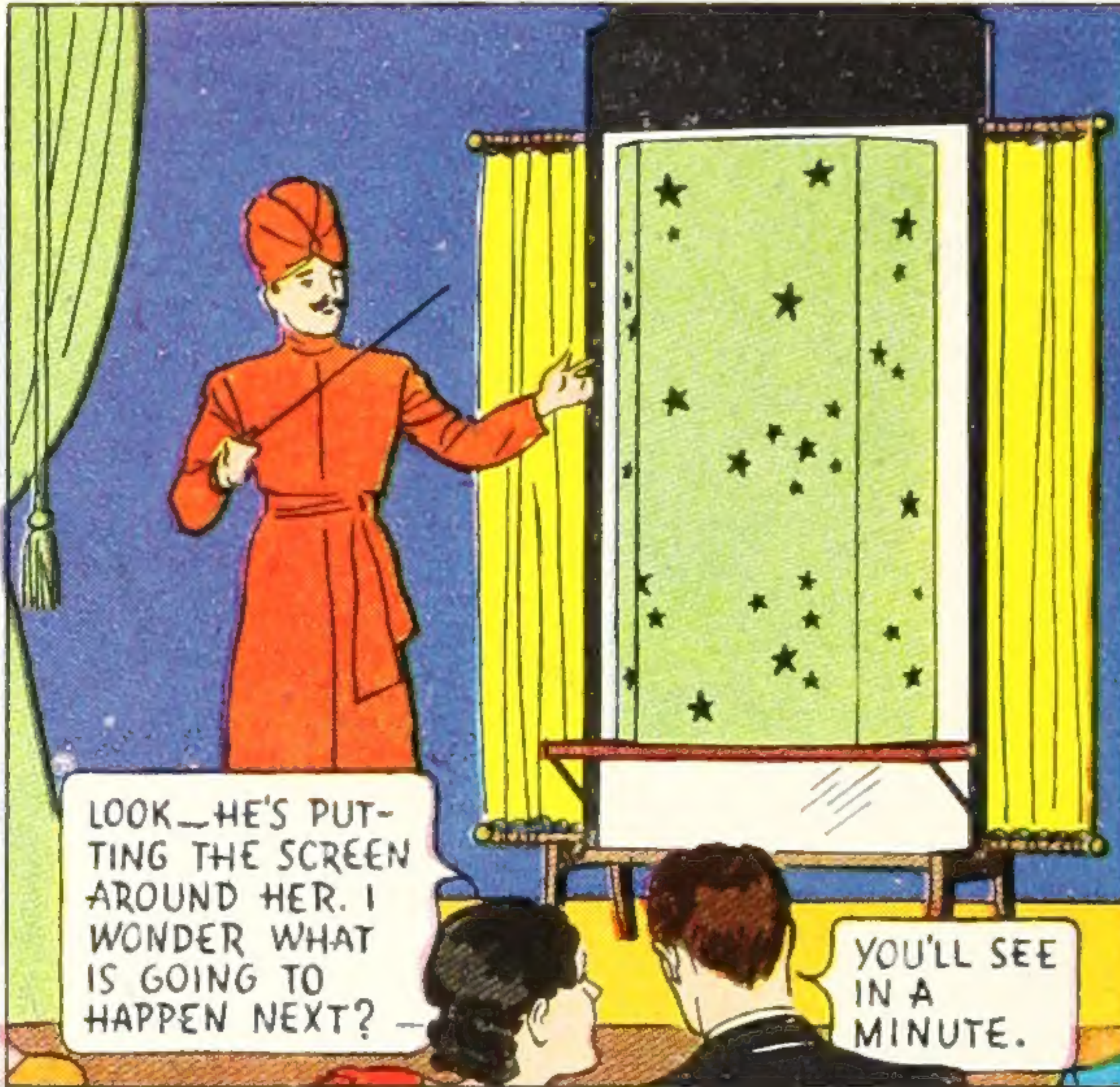
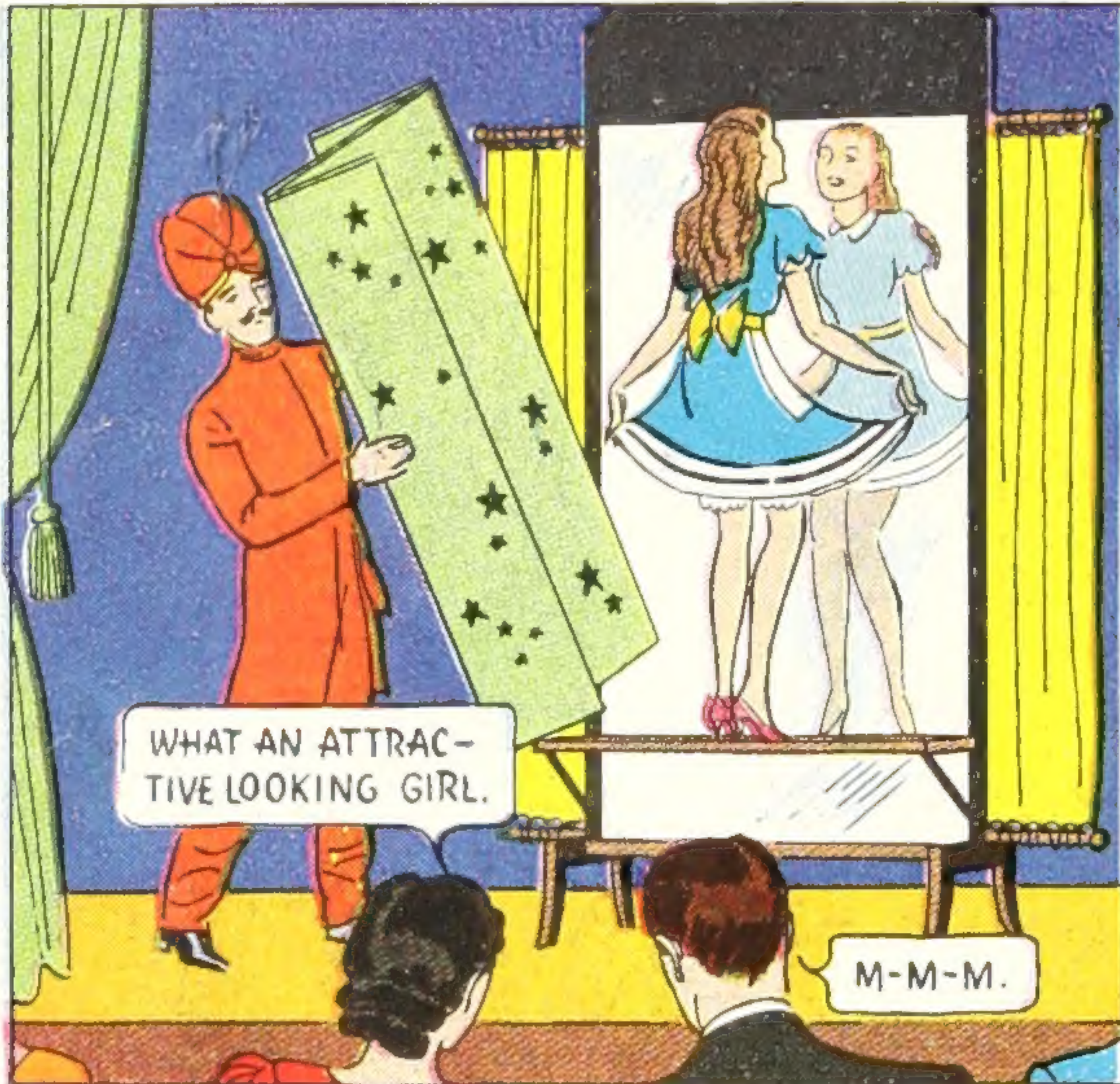
KATHARINE
HEPBURN

How 12 STARS Make Love

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED

At the **MAGIC THEATRE**
THIS WEEK
Mark and Dot See
"ALICE AND THE LOOKING GLASS"

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36-PAGE ILLUSTRATED MAGIC BOOK CONTAINING 23 MYSTIFYING CIGARETTE, CARD, AND COIN TRICKS. YOU CAN FOOL THOSE "WISE GUYS" THAT KNOW IT ALL, WITHOUT SKILL OR PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE. MAIL ORDER BLANK AT RIGHT WITH THE FRONTS FROM FIVE PACKS OF CAMELS.



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Wallflower



...the role
a woman
fears
most

WE can't deny it—a pretty face gives a girl a good start towards popularity.

But there's one thing even the prettiest face can't win out against—the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on a girl's person and clothing. Nothing more quickly and surely turns masculine admiration away, than this kind of unpleasantness.

And it's all the harder to forgive because it's so easy to avoid. With Mum! A light fingertipful of this snowy deodorant cream under each arm when you dress—and you're safe for all day!

Use Mum any time. For it's harmless

to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—even a sensitive skin. It's so soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration. It simply takes away all objectionable body odor.

When Mum makes it so easy, so simple to avoid underarm odor, isn't it foolish to risk hurting yourself by this social lapse? You can get Mum at any toilet counter, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION**

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins gives that assurance of protection which means freedom from worry and peace of mind on this old problem.

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He thought he was tough and so did she. But the tougher they are the harder they fall. And how they fall for each other in "HOLD YOUR MAN!" He thought he could let her suffer for his sake...she knew she could do it and smile! And what a climax! To the thousands who were thrilled by "Red Dust" it's great news that Jean Harlow and Clark Gable are together again. M-G-M believes it is their greatest picture. You will, too! Directed by Sam Wood.

★ The reproduction above of an original painting of Clark Gable and Jean Harlow by Symeon Shimin, is one of a series of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars

PHOTOPLAY

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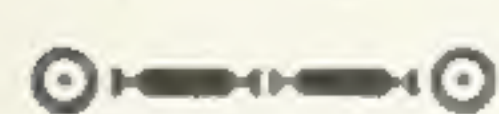
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

August, 1933



Winners of Photoplay
Magazine Gold Medal for
the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE
WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"



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On the cover—Katharine Hepburn—Painted by Earl Christy

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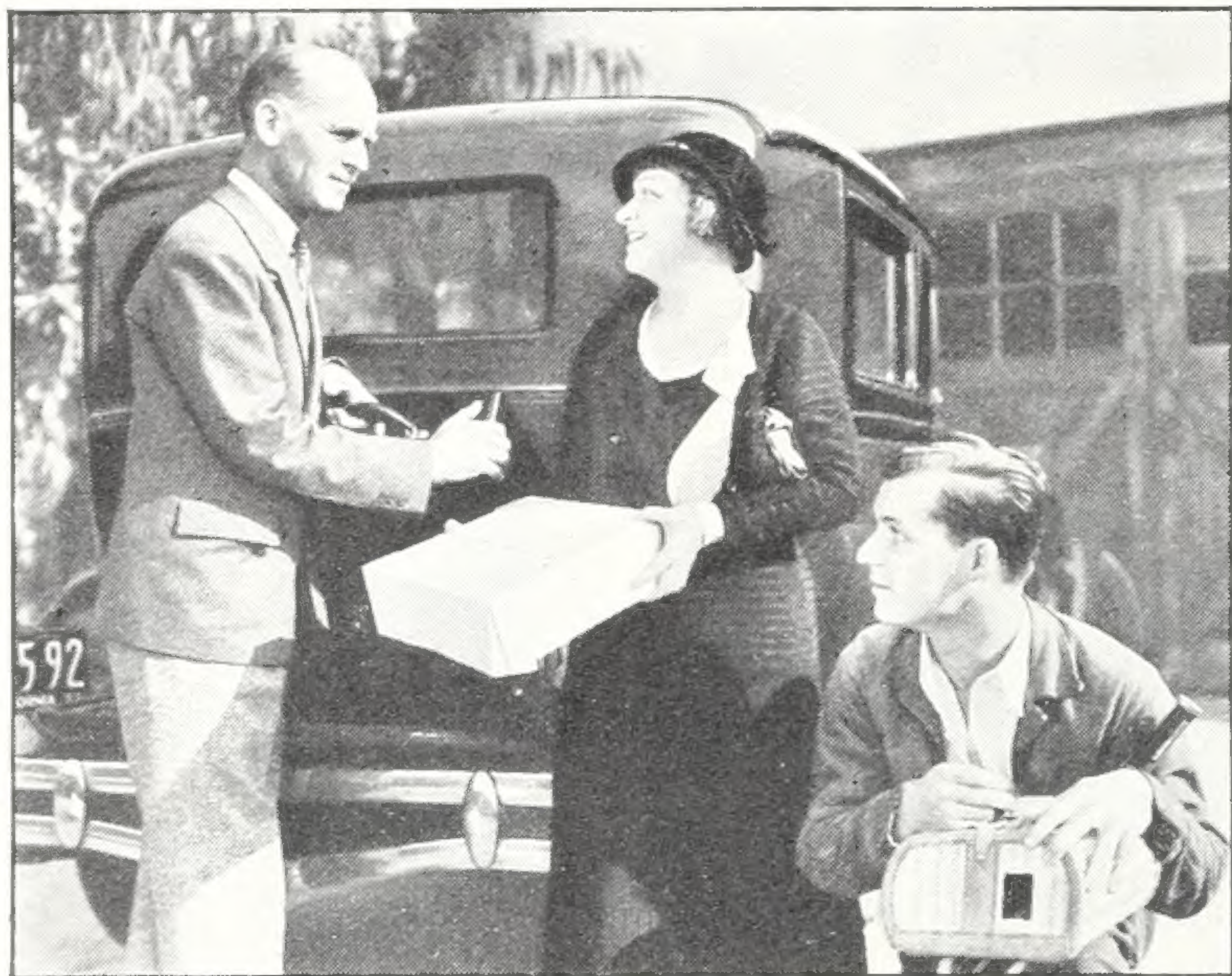
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"The Old Car Comes

A Mobiloil
Movie with

ADOLPHE MENJOU*, DOROTHY MACKAILL



1 HUSBAND: "I wish we hadn't been roped into going to the Lake with the Chases this week-end. Our car will look so shabby beside their grand new car."



2 WIFE: "I know, but Mrs. Chase says their car is laid up for repairs—even if it is new. Unless we all go in our car, we can't go. And I don't want to disappoint Jimmy."



4 HUSBAND: "I found that good oil makes most any car last longer and run better and cost less. I stick to Mobiloil and never use anything else."



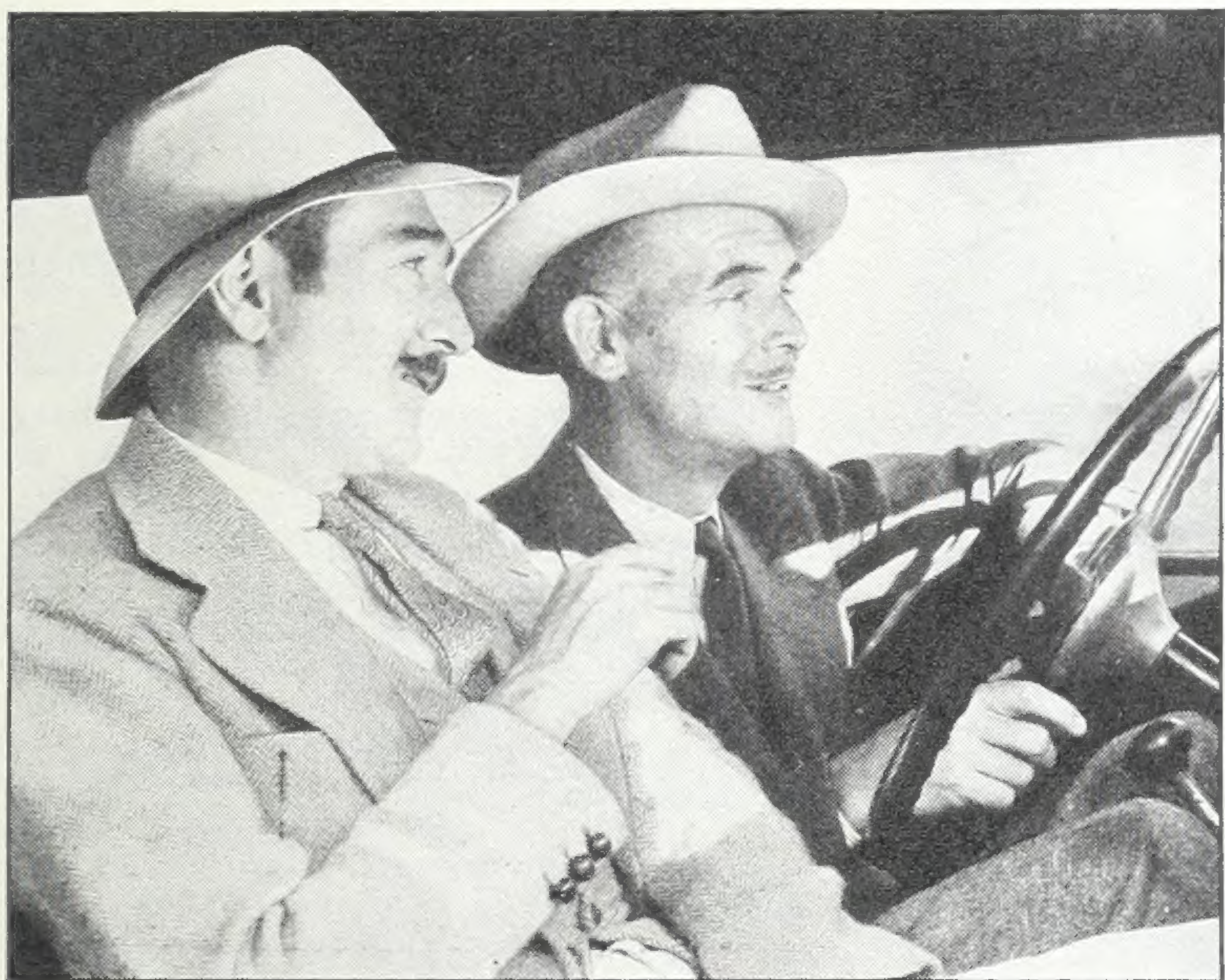
5 MRS. CHASE: "My husband certainly seemed impressed with the way your car runs."

*Now appearing in
Columbia's "The
Circus Queen Murder"

On your vacation trip, make sure
your car gets Double-Range

Through!"

and THE GLEASONS



3 CHASE: "Say, this old bus of yours certainly runs well.—Four years old?—How in the world do you do it!"



6 HUSBAND: "The Chases were nice, weren't they? And Mr. Chase certainly couldn't get over the way our car runs. He seemed tickled about that Mobiloil tip I gave him."

Save oil costs
Save car costs

Today's speeds give oils double the wallop they took 3 years ago. That is why—today—you need Mobiloil. It can take punishment—because it is *double-range*. Drive slow...you get no gum or carbon. Drive fast... Mobiloil does not thin out dangerously. You save expensive repairs. You lengthen car life. And because Mobiloil lasts longer, your yearly oil bill is actually *less*. That is why—at 30¢ a quart—Mobiloil is the largest-selling oil in the world. Change to Mobiloil today!

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The Audience Talks Back



It seems certain that Dorothy Jordan's performance of the abused unmarried mother in "Bondage" will bring her to high favor with moviegoers. Here is one reason—a scene in which her friend, Alexander Kirkland, battles it out with the reform school matron, Rafaela Ottiano

Dorothy Jordan gives one of the best performances of the year in it. Let's see her in more pictures like "Bondage"—and let's wipe the smug conventionalists off the map!

ROBERT P. SAALBACH, Pittsburgh, Penna.

HOW ABOUT IT, MAURICE?

I've just seen "A Bedtime Story." It's great. You were great, Mr. Chevalier, and so was *Monsieur Le Baby*. But, just for fun, tell us who really cried for the baby?

Once or twice, yes, I'll admit he did cry. We not only heard him, we saw him.

But, more than once, his crying could be heard, but the glimpses of the baby showed him happy and placid.

MARION FAY, Pittsburgh, Penna.

A NICE ONE FOR NEIL

Overnight sensations may be necessary to keep up public interest, but the others who stick represent the true Hollywood. I would say that Neil Hamilton heads this class of player. Close at his heels would be Conrad Nagel.

Surely it must be nearly ten years since I saw Neil Hamilton in D. W. Griffith's "America." And yet he is one you think of today. How is that done? My solution would be—a personality of perennial appeal, and the ability to act in an even, careful manner.

ARTHUR F. JONES, New York, N. Y.

LOOKING INTO "LOOKING FORWARD"

I have just seen the new picture entitled "Looking Forward" and without hesitation recommend it as one of the finest the motion

\$25 LETTER

While triumphant Americans are draining their 3.2 beer in the open once again, with the handwriting on the wall pointing toward repeal, I wonder how many people stop between steins to think what part the movies played in this?

Their convincing pictures have done more than any one single agency to show the evils of the "speakeasy" era. Their gangster pictures have shown that the racketeer was spawn of prohibition. That disrespect for one law was breeding contempt for all laws, particularly among the younger generation.

And when the thirty-sixth state ratifies the Repeal Amendment, don't forget to drink a toast to Hollywood, who helped to pave the way to wetter days.

MRS. JOE MILLER, Charlotte, N. C.

\$10 LETTER

What first strikes Australians about American films, perhaps more than anything else, is their air of candid impudence!

Hollywood has certainly never been reticent or diffident about the celluloid pillorying of American institutions. It has taken a crack at political grafters . . . run up the shades on newspaperdom and "gentlemen (?) of the press" (God help me! I'm one myself) . . . disclosed the bullying, browbeating, inhuman "third degree" methods used by police departments . . . handled obstetrical story situations concerning nice young *femmes* in a manner that makes most Australian audiences furtively snigger or blush while shifting in their seats.

You may, at times, be a brutal, brazen hussy, Hollywood, but in your more creative

moments we Australians hail you for the wealth of wonderful entertainment you have unreeled for us.

LAWRENCE MONTFORT, New South Wales, Australia

\$5 LETTER

Every month of the year reminds me of some movie star.

January, baby month, Baby LeRoy.

February, cool month, Diana Wynyard.

March, month that came in like a lion and went out like a lamb, Clara Bow.

April, month when one doesn't know what to expect next, Katharine Hepburn.

May, month of blooming flowers and springtime, sweet little Janet Gaynor.

June, beginning of summer, Bette Davis.

July, month of swimming, Eleanor Holm.

August, hot month, Lupe Velez.

September, beginning of autumn, Myrna Loy.

October, month of brilliance and color, Kay Francis.

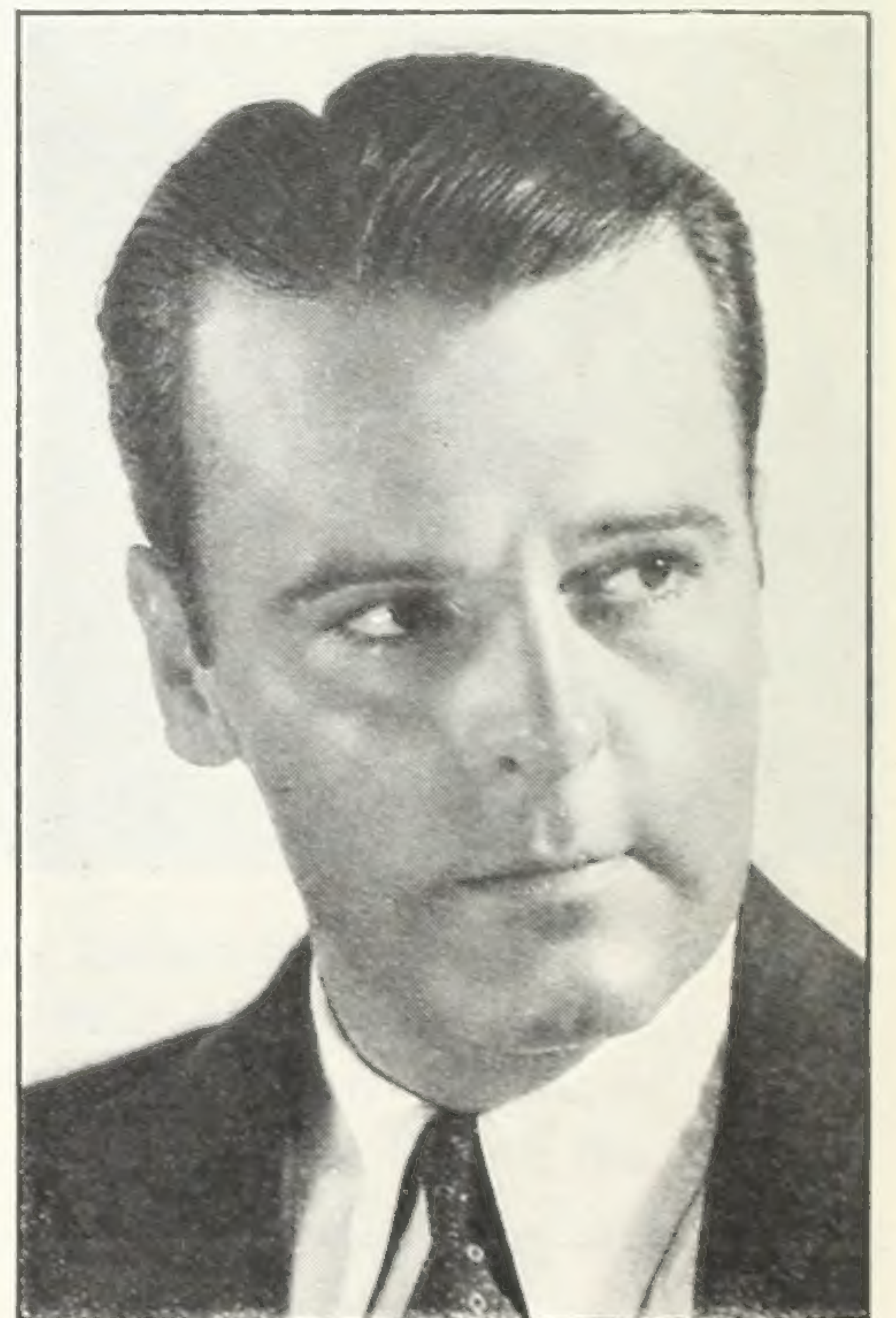
November, month of mystery, Greta Garbo.

December, coldest month, Constance Bennett.

BETTY HEINEMAN, Baltimore, Md.

LET "BONDAGE" FREE THEM!

All hail to "Bondage"! It is certainly a relief in the midst of so much stupid and sentimentalized romance to get a picture which drives so well into a human problem, and knocks the smug conventionalists off their feet. Here's to the brave little girls who want to keep their babies regardless of how they were born. And here's to "Bondage"—which will help them if anything can.



There is a noticeable onset of queries this month on the theme, "Why not better parts for Neil Hamilton?" And all say that while he is not a flashy player, they like him because he is dependable and has always been so during all his years in films

With Brickbats & Bouquets

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

CAREFUL, careful—if we argue too much, it will be too heating, here in the middle of the summer! But there's no argument about some things—the supreme charm of Helen Hayes in "The White Sister," and that rollicking, "knock-em-over" Lee Tracy! (One group wants to start a "Tracy for Mayor" movement up in staid old Boston right now. Wouldn't that make "The Hub" turn faster?)

Among personalities, an outstanding hit of the month is Ramon Novarro, and together with earning the customary praise for Joan, Gary and Robert Young, "Today We Live" has won Franchot Tone a considerable niche in the affections of movie-goers. "Looking Forward," which has been called a critic's picture, drew keenly discerning comment. Janet Gaynor's "Adorable," of course, is starting to be a letter-magnet, and it's plain that Henry Garat is highly popular.

In general comment, the chorus of demand for happy endings is growing ever stronger. Not that the others aren't recognized as good—but the times, they say, provide grief enough. And many a writer protests against "panning" stars, because one doesn't happen to like them. Why not, they ask, just stay away?



Lee Tracy, of course, remains a high favorite—and it's on the cards that "The Nuisance" will cause his star to shine even more brightly. It's not hard to understand why, when you see him at work, as here with Madge Evans in the accident scene, persuading her to sue the car company

picture industry has turned out in many years. But—what has affected the studio to such a sad extent that they star Lionel Barrymore in electric lights, while Lewis Stone is grudgingly granted a half-inch of small type in the bills and advertisements?

Lewis Stone was the star of the picture, in fact he *was* the picture itself. With any other actor in his rôle, the film would have been a flop, regardless if all the brood of Barrymores were starred and co-starred in it.

FRANK E. RANDLE, JR., Clinton, Miss.

Apropos of "Looking Forward," I'd like to applaud that perfect bit done by the washer-woman when she is informed by *Mrs. Benton* that she "needn't come Monday"—

That bit was the high spot in the play for me. In that half minute the near-hopeless struggle of the character's dreary life was portrayed—the crippled child, the wretched, burdened home to which she was returning. I hope that actress gets some truly good parts. She deserves them.

ELLIOTT BRALEY, Tom's River, N. J.

OH, THESE TYPES!

I am so sick of reading of "types" of movie actresses! The Garbo type! The Bow type! The Hepburn type!

I went to see "Christopher Strong" the other night and here was Katharine Hepburn, already set hard in the mold of her "type." Galvanized and crystallized into an entirely different being from the girl in "Bill of Divorcement," far more of a female robot than anything else to me.

Thank heaven, there is one woman that cannot be typed, and that is Marie Dressler! M. LOTT, Minneapolis, Minn.

MARY'S "SECRETS"

Yesterday I saw Mary Pickford in "Secrets." A more beautifully drawn picture of a real woman I believe I have never seen.

Mary gave us the "secret" of true marital happiness, when she said, "In every marriage there are secrets which only one man and one woman know, and they can't be shared."

Give us a nation of Mary's for our wives and mothers, and our country is secure!

R. L. HARRIS, Fayetteville, Tenn.

Nothing but "Secrets" could have persuaded me that I was wrong in immediately starting suit for divorce when the "other woman" entered our married life some weeks ago. As I watched Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard go through life together on the silver screen, overcoming obstacle after obstacle, till the happy ending, I decided to take a tip from Mary's "secrets"—and hold my husband, too!

And thanks to Mary Pickford's grand picture, I still have my husband, his undivided love and a rosy future ahead instead of a broken-up home, unhappiness and regrets.

H. D. M., Detroit, Mich.

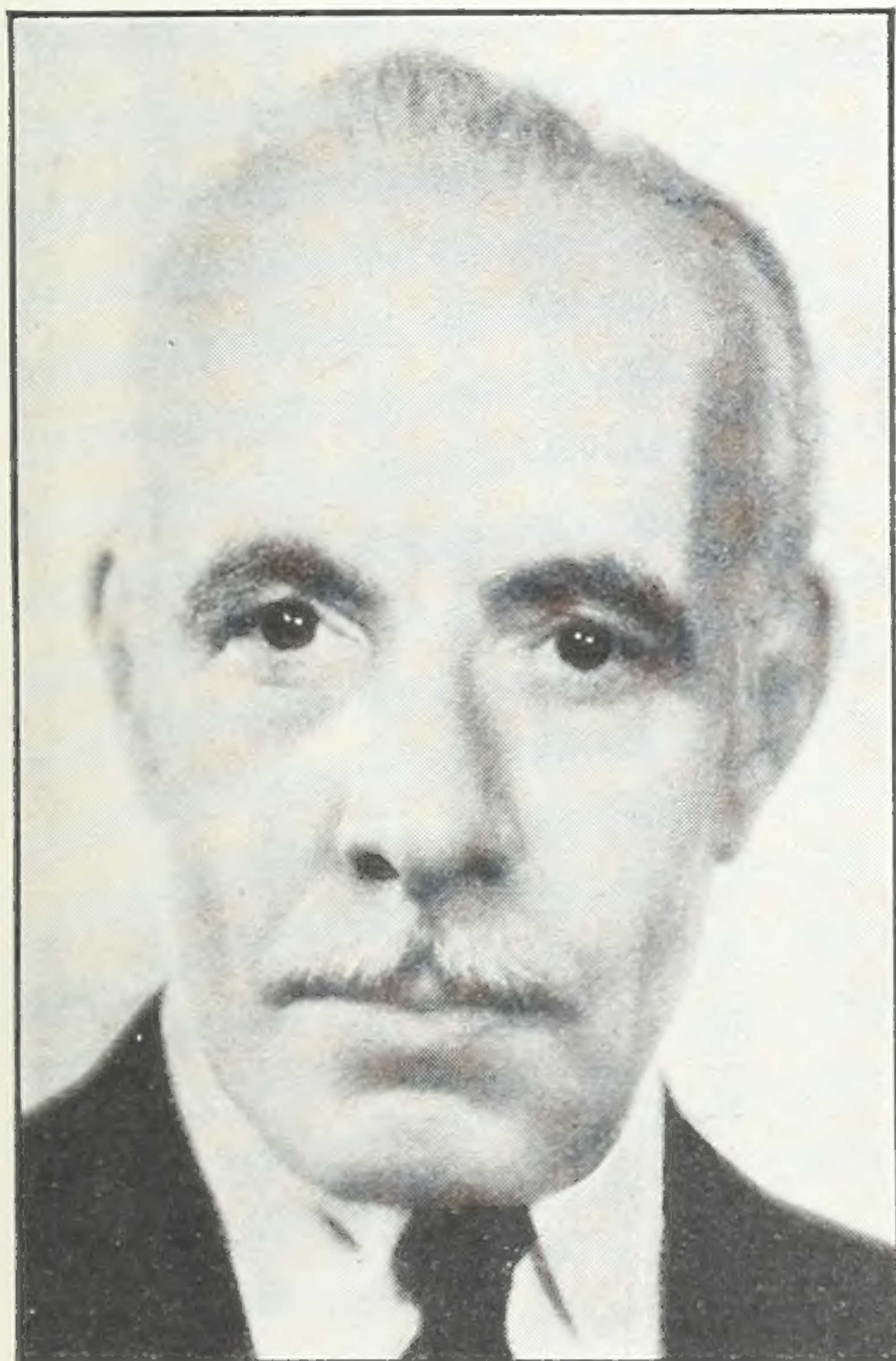
Do we want the characters in our movies true to life, or don't we?

We do. Then why have a woman of forty play the part of a debutante? Yes, I mean Mary Pickford.

This is the day of Joan Crawford, Bette Davis and Kay Francis.

Why not allow Mary Pickford to retire from the screen gracefully, so Mother and Dad can remember "that beautiful Mary Pickford" of their day?

ROBIN PAULMAN, Wellsville, N. Y.
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



Another player for whom many want, not better parts, but more generous recognition, is Lewis Stone. One writer waxed vitriolic over billing Lionel Barrymore as the star in "Looking Forward." Without Lewis, he said, it would have flopped

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]



It does seem that Ramon Novarro admirers—and they are legion—can't see him enough. Certainly the letters evoked by his appearance as an Egyptian dragoman in "The Barbarian" go far to prove it. So to help meet the demand, here is a fine dressing-room shot of Ramon as *Jamil*

"ADORABLE" HENRY!

Janet Gaynor and Henry Garat in "Adorable" take all the prizes. Words fail to express the exquisiteness, charm, loveliness and perfection of this new captivating "team."

G. M. SILVER, Portsmouth, Ohio

Last night I saw what I consider the most entertaining and delightful film of the year. "Adorable" with Henry Garat. You will notice I say "with Henry Garat." The reason is he steals the picture, despite the fact that in it Janet Gaynor attained her long deserved break, and was allowed to wear some nice clothes for a change.

That Garat fellow sure has all the personality it takes to get across, plus a pleasing voice and charming smile.

M. E. BARBER, Detroit, Mich.

HURRAH FOR MAYOR TRACY!

There are forty-six girls in my office. We voted on the favorite male stars a few weeks ago and Lee Tracy was the winner, and the girls stated that if he would come to Boston and throw his hat in the "ring," he could be Mayor of Boston any time. Please send this message to Lee, as he may tire of movie life.

46 BOSTON GIRLS, Boston, Mass.

"GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE"

I came away awed by the magnificence of the thing, with nothing but admiration for the minds who can conceive such a vehicle and put it before the public in an entertaining enough manner to drive home the thought back of it all.

The love interest was some of the most exquisite I have seen since "Lady Frederick." Lacking as it did all those "passionate scenes" that seem to be considered essential. Yet how vibrant and alive they were and so convincing. The true spirit shone out like a halo.

IDA G. BILLINGS, Albert Lea, Minn.

I didn't particularly care for Franchot Tone the first time I saw him in "Gabriel Over the White House." But he reached my heart in "Today We Live."

May we see him as a lover? Women like that light behind a curtain; that smouldering fire waiting for the flame. Nothing requires more subtlety than a well-done love scene. We have so few of them.

Franchot Tone belongs to a select company of nine members. The others are: George Arliss, Lionel Barrymore, Charles Laughton, Paul Lukas, Leslie Howard, Herbert Marshall, Ralph Morgan and Irving Pichel. These nine possess that rare faculty of letting us read their thoughts. They live their parts.

KALFUS KURTZ, Louisville, Ky.

PLENTY AGREE WITH THIS!

A nurse has to have some pretty steady nerves and plenty of patience. If she didn't go to a theater one or twice a week—where she can sit in peace and relax and enjoy a good picture—why, she wouldn't last long.

"Today We Live," with Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper and others, served humanity with tears, laughs, thrills and love. What more could humanity ask? Give us more like them, and give us more wonderful acting of Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Robert Young and Gary's pal, *Mack*.

OLGA MILLER, San Francisco, Calif.

HELEN SCORES—THEY DIVIDE ON CLARK

Another Helen Hayes triumph!

That means I've seen "The White Sister." No other actress could have played this rôle half so beautifully. You leave the theater raving about the Hayes histrionics rather than the picture.

And here's the trouble in a nutshell; nobody likes a sad ending. We go to the movies for entertainment—not to break our hearts. We have our own troubles.

Now while Clark Gable is God's gift to neglected wives, I still feel he is miscast in serious rôles. He is better fitted for devil-may-care pictures like "Red Dust."

VIOLET LANE, Charlotte, N. C.

Once in a while a superior movie comes along that deserves a word of praise. "The White Sister" to my mind is the most beautiful picture I have ever seen. Every member in the cast was superb, but Clark Gable was the big surprise of the picture. I enjoyed his work equally well (no, I think he was even better!) as Ronald Colman.

A. J. MASON, Toronto, Ont., Can.

HATS OFF TO RAMON!

If your critic chooses to relegate those who appreciated and enjoyed "The Barbarian" to a "romance starved" group, I shall be most happy as one of them.

'Twould be as easy to divorce romance from love as it would be to eliminate the lovely fragrance from the rose or the melodious harmony from "Love Song of the Nile."

I wish that I knew Ramon Novarro, that I might thank him for his superb performance.

ESCTEIRRE O'NEEL, Portland, Ore.

Hail to "The Barbarian" and the superb acting of Ramon Novarro! Having seen "The Sheik" with Valentino three times, I think "The Barbarian" was a far more fascinating and beautiful story. Novarro has always been my ideal screen hero. He is "romance" itself, so handsome in face and figure, with that sparkle of fun and mischief shining from his eyes, and with a voice so sweet and appealing.

GRACE LAMOINE, Spokane, Wash.

"MOVIES AND MORALS"

I can't see through all this talk of the movies being responsible for the "downfall" (if it is downfall) of the younger generation. I am eighteen years old and have been attending movies all my life, which gives me the right to talk, being a movie-goer of the younger generation. I would like someone to try to tell me that I am demoralized.

DOROTHY BUNCH, Los Angeles, Calif.

At least once a year Mr. and Mrs. Movie Public wake up, stretch—yawn—and decide to ask and demand "bigger and better" cinemas. They claim they are sick of sex dramas, gangster shooting and horror films. They cry for something uplifting. Now, every once in a while an unwise producer heeds their cry. He puts out a nice, clean, clever comedy as "A Lady's Profession"—a cinema that has everything Mr. and Mrs. Movie Public asked for. Do they flock to the show to see it? Sure, they hurry to the show, but the one next door, where that nice clean, different picture "The Story of Temple Drake" is to be seen. They come out satisfied—stretch—yawn, and retire until ready to make their annual kick.

MILDRED SCHMIDT, Chicago, Ill.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 17]

"This Tooth Paste makes my teeth look Marvelous..

*yet I pay only
25¢ a tube"*

Dear Mabel:

In spite of the depression, George and I managed to enjoy life during the last few months.

I guess I wrote you that George had taken his third salary cut and that we are now calling the old place on the hill "the-next-to-nothing-house" because we have next to nothing to keep it going.

But honestly, Mabel, it's been fun discovering how easy it is to get along without things we used to consider important.

I am dressing on about a tenth of what I used to. We are eating for about a third of what it used to cost. And if you were to see me in my bathing suit, which I made myself, you'd say it was a good thing (about the food, I mean) because I've actually lost just pounds.

And George beams on me as he hasn't beamed in years. We are really getting acquainted all over again. We are actually finding happiness in the depression.

By the way, I've found you can save money on tooth paste just as you can on toilet goods and groceries. Let me give you a little helpful home hint. Try Listerine Tooth Paste. It makes my teeth look simply marvelous. And, of course, the fact that it saves about \$3 a year, over 50¢ tooth pastes, is a particularly happy thought in these times. I don't know why I never tried it before. I've used Listerine all my life but somehow I never did get acquainted with the Tooth Paste until recently.

George wishes to be remembered and says that if you have still got your Chevie it would be nice to have you dash down and take in one of the football games this fall.

Lots of love,

Helen

At last! Bristles can't come out!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH

with PERMA-GRIP (U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)



LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE... 25¢

REMOVES FILM FASTER

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

AFTER THE BALL—Gaumont British-Fox.—Basil Rathbone and Esther Ralston in a naughty English musical that doesn't achieve proper farce tempo. (June)

AIR HOSTESS—Columbia.—Evalyn Knapp's wifely troubles, suffered while cheering timid airplane passengers. Mildly entertaining. (April)

ALIMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A badly butchered attempt to show up the alimony racket. (July)

AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS—Columbia.—Alan Dinehart pulls a "mercy murder," then tries to pin it on Neil Hamilton and make away with Mae Clarke. Involved, but reasonably entertaining. (April)

BARBARIAN, THE—M-G-M.—If starved for romance, see Egyptian guide Ramon Novarro do a combined "Sheik" and "Graustark" with Myrna Loy. (June)

BEDTIME STORY, A—Paramount.—Baby LeRoy, giving a grand performance, reforms gay bachelor Maurice Chevalier. Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (June)

BEHIND JURY DOORS—Mayfair Pictures.—Buster Collier and cast lend some life to the old tale of the reporter who clears his sweetheart's father of murder. (April)

BE MINE TONIGHT—Gaumont British-Universal.—A gem of a musical, featuring Jan Kiepura, the Polish opera star. (April)

BIG CAGE, THE—Universal.—Clyde Beatty in thrilling acts training scores of lions and tigers. Some bits in bad taste. (May)

BIG DRIVE, THE—First Division.—Horribly gruesome, but absolutely authentic official pictures of the World War. (April)

BLONDIE JOHNSON—First National.—Well acted gangster stuff, with Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. (April)

★ **BONDAGE**—Fox.—Dorothy Jordan superb as a "misguided girl" ruined by cruel treatment at the hands of Rafaela Ottiano, matron of the so-called "reform" institution. Splendid treatment of a grim subject. (July)

BROADWAY BAD—Fox.—Joan Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway; thin. (May)

CENTRAL AIRPORT—First National.—When Sally Eilers marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Barthelmess takes to reckless barnstorming. So-so. (June)

CHRISTOPHER STRONG—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn superb in a poorly done piece in which she gives her life in a plane crash rather than continue an illicit love affair. (May)

CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE—Columbia.—Sleuth Adolphe Menjou solves the murder of trapeze performer Greta Nissen. Grand circus; a wow finish. (July)

★ **CLEAR ALL WIRES**—M-G-M.—A wow about a newspaper correspondent (Lee Tracy), who slips it over on Russia, his boss, and the world. (April)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney try to escape Jobyna Howland and Maude Fulton in a tug boat. Good fun. (May)

CONSTANT WOMAN, THE—World Wide.—Claire Windsor deserts Conrad Nagel and the tent show, but he comes through. Acceptable. (May)

CORRUPTION—Wm. Berke Prod.—Preston Foster as a boy mayor who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town. A novel murder twist. Evalyn Knapp good. (July)

CRIME OF THE CENTURY, THE—Paramount.—Acceptable mystery, with Jean Hersholt and Wynne Gibson. (April)

CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio.—Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Keene goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (June)

Next Month— The Best Picture of 1932!

Again the motion picture audience has spoken—and has awarded the famous PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for the best picture released last year.

This award, the thirteenth to be made since the annual Gold Medal vote was established by PHOTOPLAY in 1920, will add a notable picture to the already distinguished list printed on the Table of Contents page. Announcement of the winner will be made in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY.

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—Fox.—Thin as a crook tale, but Miriam Jordon, Warner Baxter and Herbert Mundin offer saving comedy. (April)

DARING DAUGHTERS—Tower Prod.—The greatest daring was in reviving such a mummy. (April)

DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—A somewhat slow piece about an embezzler. Max Pallenberg's performance excellent. English captions. (June)

DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPENICK (THE CAPTAIN OF KOEPENICK)—Carl Zuckmayer Prod.—A downtrodden cobbler borrows a uniform and rules the roost for a day. (April)

★ **DESTINATION UNKNOWN**—Universal.—Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing rum-runners on a sinking ship. Pat O'Brien, Alan Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (May)

★ **DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE**—Hal Roach.—M-G-M.—The Robin-Hoodish light opera, "Fra Diavolo," with Dennis King for music, Laurel and Hardy for laughs. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (June)

DIPLOMANIACS—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as delegates to the Peace Conference. Good in some spots, awful in others; lavish girl display. (July)

DUDE BANDIT, THE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson, Gloria Shea and others in a Western that's not Hoot at his best. (June)

★ **EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE**—Paramount.—The much used anti-war theme of the ace who cracks under the strain of killing. Fredric March superb; fine support by Cary Grant, Jack Oakie, others. (July)

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Allied.—A great fortune, a secret marriage, arguments over a will. Ho-hum. (May)

ELMER THE GREAT—First National.—Fine baseball and fine fun. Rookie Joe Brown outdoes Babe Ruth and wins Patricia Ellis. (June)

EMERGENCY CALL—RKO-Radio.—Another hospital, gangster, doctor-and-nurse medley, led by Bill Boyd and Wynne Gibson. Fair, but spotty. (July)

EX-LADY—Warners.—Bette Davis is for unconventional love until a siren and a villain go after her boy friend. A scenic eyeful. (April)

FAST WORKERS—M-G-M.—Mae Clarke fine in a dull tale about a two-timing skyscraper riveter (Jack Gilbert). (May)

FIRES OF FATE—Powers Pictures.—A Conan Doyle tale of a shell-shocked veteran's adventures in the Egyptian desert; slow for Americans. (June)

FRIEDERIKE—Pascal Prod.—An episode in the life of the German poet Johann Wolfgang Goethe; with music. (May)

★ **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN**—Paramount.—A great cast in a grand mix-up about people registering at a hotel, with life and death hanging on tomorrow's horse race. Jack Oakie's in it. (April)

★ **GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE**—M-G-M.—"What an inspired President would do to depression," splendidly played by Walter Huston. Karen Morley, Franchot Tone in fine support. (June)

GHOST TRAIN, THE—Gainsborough.—A spectral train is supposed to cause shivers, but the horror creaks badly. (May)

GIRL IN 419, THE—Paramount.—Sex and adventure in a hospital, when gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to silence Gloria Stuart, patient of head surgeon Jimmie Dunn. Fast-stepping; well done. (July)

GIRL MISSING—Warners.—You can be, without missing much. Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon, in a Palm Beach mystery. (June)

★ **GREAT JASPER, THE**—RKO-Radio.—The life of an expansive Irishman (Richard Dix, giving a grand performance), who makes good at Atlantic City fortune-telling, and with Wera Engels as well as his wife (Florence Eldridge). (April)

★ **HELL BELOW**—M-G-M.—This one rocks the theater. Tense submarine war scenes. Corking comedy, too. Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Jimmy Durante. Don't miss it. (June)

HELLO SISTER—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory in a formula plot—scandal makers cause trouble, the truth comes out, etc. ZaSu Pitts helps a lot. (July)

HERTHA'S AWAKENING—UFA.—A country lass and a city boy who forgot. Candid sex done sincerely. German with English subtitles. (June)

HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.—An auto racing driver thought to be yellow. Don't bother. (July)

HUMANITY—Fox.—Ralph Morgan as a noble-souled old family doctor whose doctor son (Alexander Kirkland) isn't so good. Fair entertainment. (June)

ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE)—Interworld Prod.—A gay and tuneful German love story with English captions. (May)

★ **"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"**—United Artists.—The late Ernest Torrence, a fisherman who smuggles Chinamen, exposed when reporter Ben Lyon wins Ernest's daughter, Claudette Colbert. Good melodrama. (July)

IHRE MAJESTAET DIE LIEBE (HER MAJESTY, LOVE)—Warners-First National.—No English subtitles to this German tale of aristocracy (Francis Lederer) marrying beneath itself (Kaethe von Nagy). (April)

I LOVE THAT MAN—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll sticks to con-man Eddie Lowe, and all but reforms him when he gets double-crossed and killed. Acceptable. (July)

INDIA SPEAKS—RKO-Radio.—Richard Halliburton gives a personally conducted exposure of the caste system and some adventure. We're doubtful. (July)

INFERNAL MACHINE—Fox.—Dull ship-board melodrama; over-sexy. (May)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—Paramount.—A riot of gags, put over by W. C. Fields and others, while Stu Erwin tries to buy a Chinese invention. (July)

JUNGLE BRIDE—Monogram.—After seeing good animal stuff, this is plain hooey. (April)

KEYHOLE, THE—Warners.—Kay Francis and George Brent lend romance to a blackmailing mystery. (May)

★ **KING KONG**—RKO-Radio.—A smash thriller, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong tangled with an ape fifty feet high. (May)

KING OF THE ARENA—Universal.—A first-rate Western with Ken Maynard. (July)

KING OF THE JUNGLE—Paramount.—Buster Crabbe's debut as the "Lion Man," tamed by Frances Dee. Interesting animal stuff. (May)

KING OF THE WILD HORSES—Columbia.—Thrilling animal stuff, featuring the stallion Rex and fellow equines. (April)

★ **KING'S VACATION, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss in a light but deft piece about a king freed by revolution and his wife to seek his first love. (April)

KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR, THE—Universal.—Paul Lukas murders a faithless wife, and Frank Morgan thinks of doing the same to his (Nancy Carroll), who seems miscast. Well done. (May)

★ **LADY'S PROFESSION, A**—Paramount.—Not much plot, but you'll laugh too much to mind. Alison Skipworth and Roland Young as titled Britishers unwittingly running a speakeasy. (May)

LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN, THE—Warners.—Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young in a sweet story with rubber stamp plot about a misled prizefighter. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

GRANDMA'S A DEAR
— BUT DADDY... IF
SHE COMES I'LL
NEVER GET IN WITH
THE CROWD HERE.
AS IT IS, THEY...

HONEY, I CAN'T
STAY ANY LONGER
AND I WON'T LEAVE
YOU AT A HOTEL
ALONE



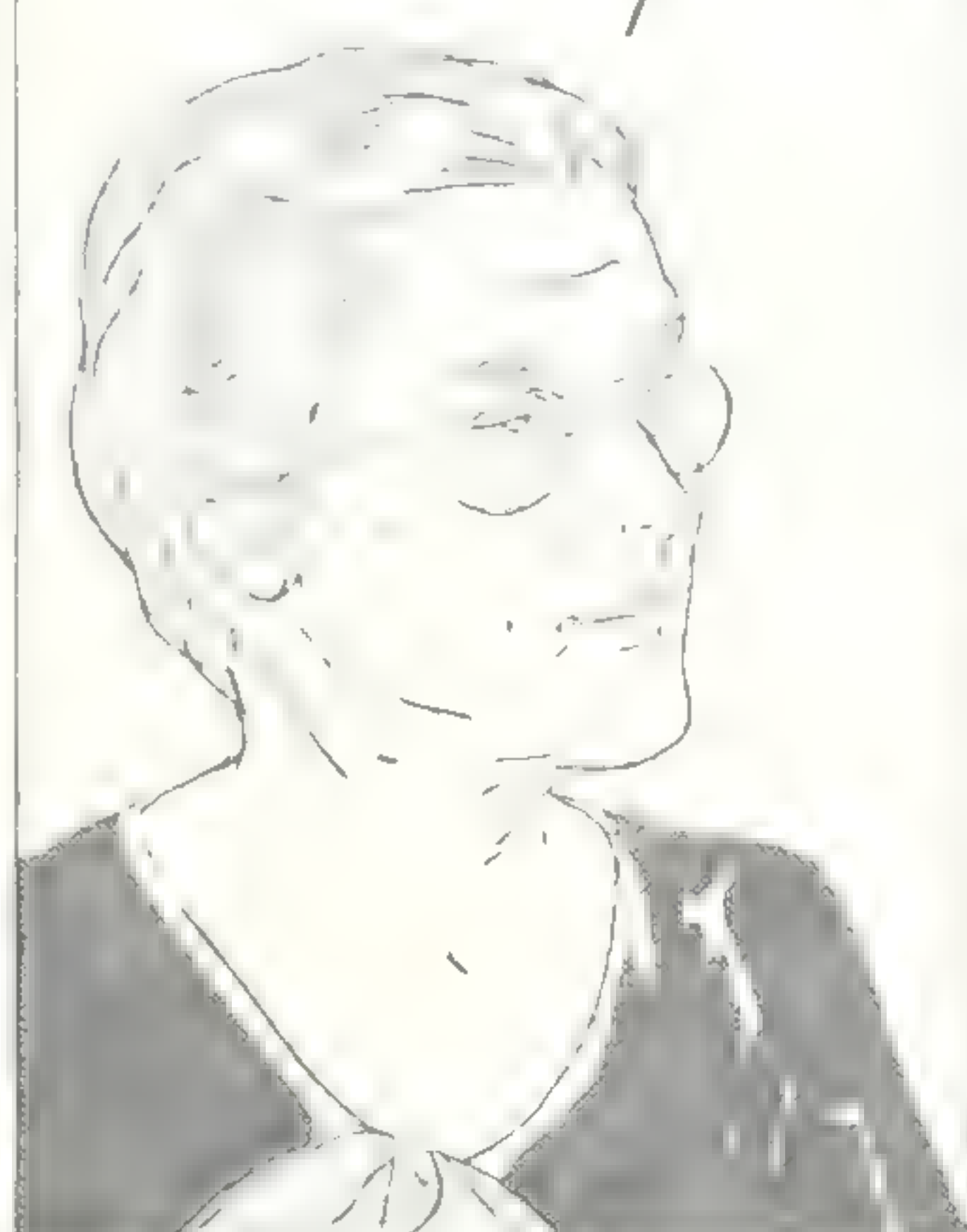
NEXT WEEK

NOT GOING TO THE
DANCE.... WHY, CHILD,
WHAT'S WRONG?

TIRED OF BEING
A WALL-FLOWER,
GRANDMA
— THAT'S ALL

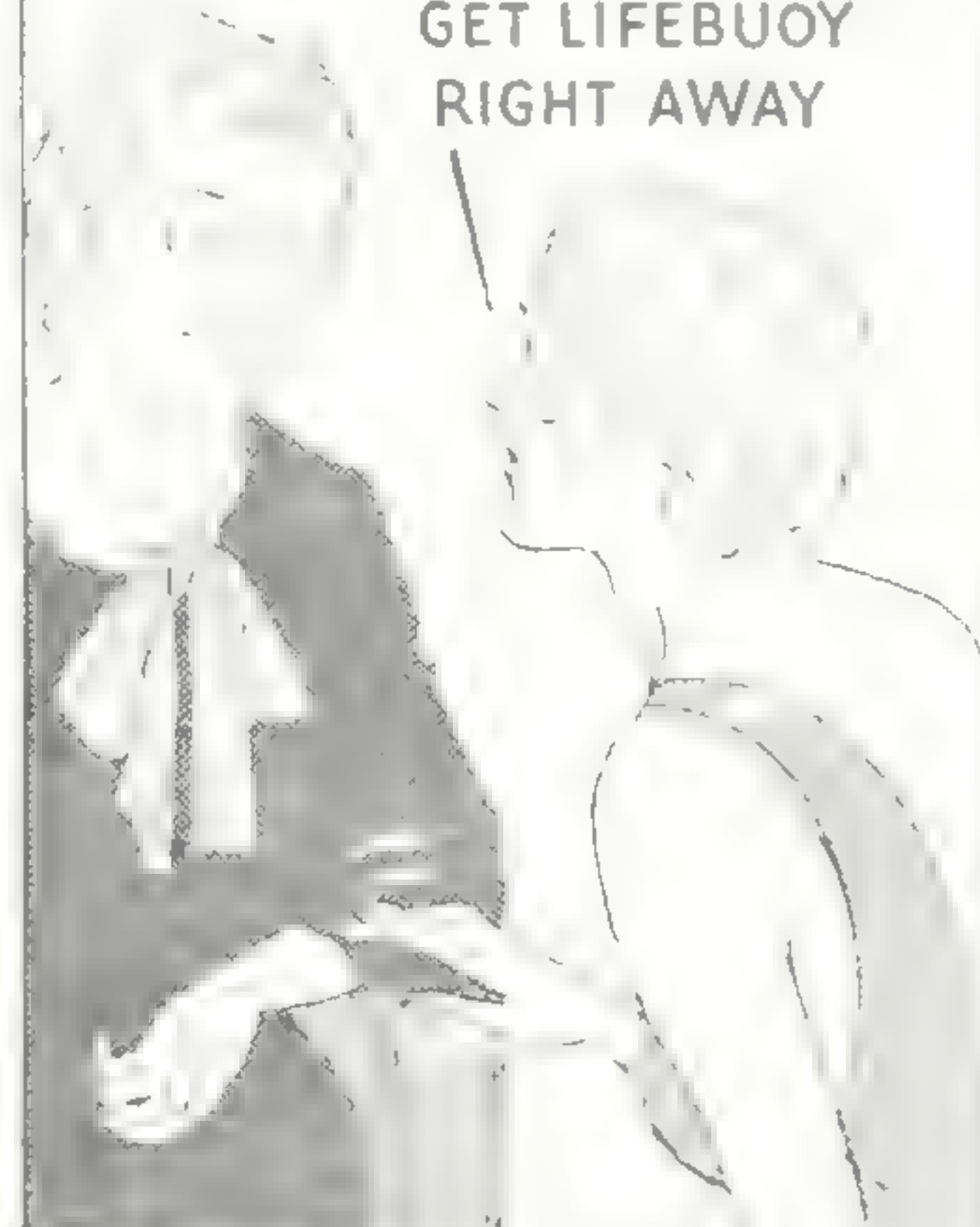


MY DEAR, I'M GOING
TO BE VERY FRANK.
YOU'RE A PRETTY GIRL
BUT NOT ALWAYS....
DAINTY....



THERE ARE TIMES
WHEN I'VE
NOTICED....

GRANDMA, YOU CAN'T
MEAN I'VE BEEN CARE-
LESS ABOUT "B.O." I'LL
GET LIFEBOUY
RIGHT AWAY



WHAT A WONDERFUL
TOILET SOAP LIFEBOUY
IS! I FEEL SO CLEAN
— NO "B.O." NOW.
GRANDMA'S COMING
WAS A BLESSING
IN DISGUISE



"B.O." GONE —
most popular girl at the hotel!

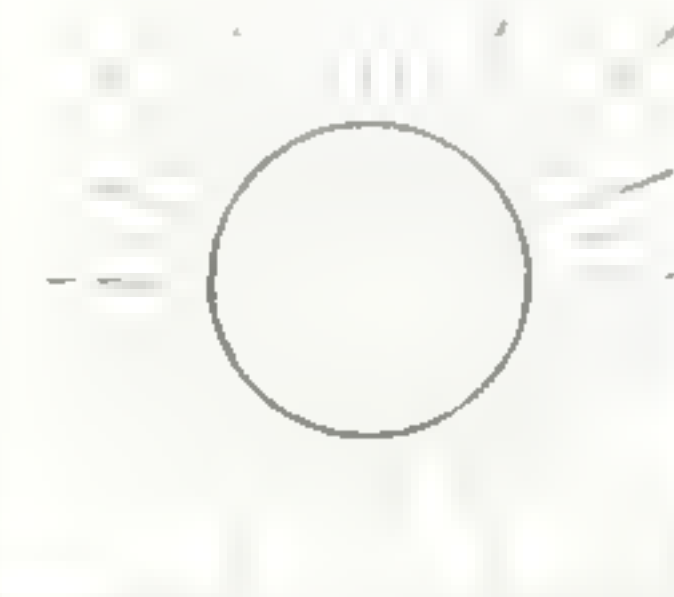
GRANDMA AND I WANT TO
STAY ANOTHER WEEK, DADDY! WE'RE
HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME



WE ALL PERSPIRE
... A QUART DAILY...



... EVEN MORE
ON HOT DAYS...



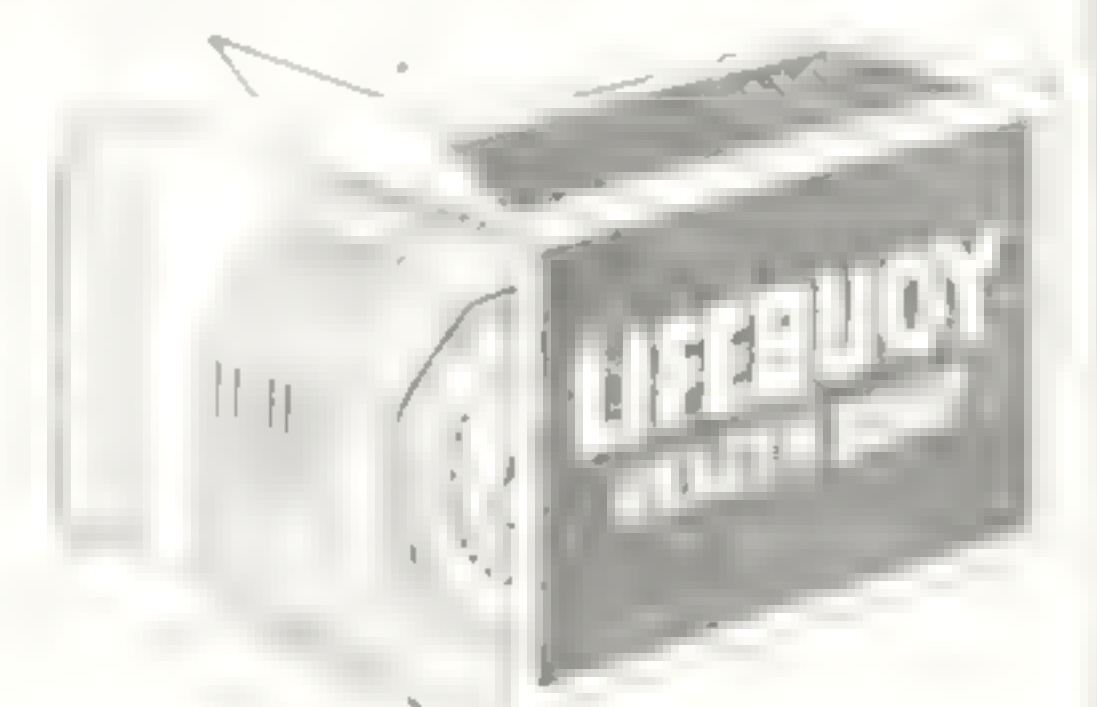
DON'T RISK "B.O."
— BATHE REGULARLY
WITH LIFEBOUY



Its purifying lather keeps complexions lovely, too

LIFEBOUY lather gets you *extra-clean* from head to toe! It guards your personal daintiness — guards your skin beauty, too. That's because it *purifies* the pores. Wash with it daily — see your complexion grow clearer, fresher, *younger*!

Lifebuoy's hygienic, quickly-vanishing scent is your assurance of real "B.O." (body odor) protection.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

LILLY TURNER—First National.—Inexcusable sex, with Ruth Chatterton going from bad to worse as a side-show performer. Worth avoiding. (July)

★ **LITTLE GIANT, THE**—Warners.—Eddie Robinson, reformed gangster, is made a sucker by Helen Vinson. Some grand situations. You'll like this one. (June)

★ **LOOKING FORWARD**—M-G-M.—This achieves perfection in acting. Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore in an old British business hit by depression. (June)

LOVE IN MOROCCO—Gaumont British.—Rex Ingram got fine North African scenery and fighting but as romance it's a washout. (June)

LUCKY DOG—Universal.—Canine actor Buster turns in a knockout performance, as faithful companion to "out of luck" Chic Sale (cast as a young man). (July)

"M"—Nerofilm.—Based on the Duesseldorff child murders, and not a melodrama. Not for children or emotional adults; English subtitles. (June)

MADE ON BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Bob Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Eugene Pallette in a dull one over a Bowery girl. (June)

MAN FROM MONTEREY, THE—Warners.—John Wayne in an historical Western about California when Uncle Sam took possession in '49. Will appeal largely to the youngsters. (July)

MAN HUNT—RKO-Radio.—Junior Durkin, an amateur boy sleuth, makes good when a real mystery turns up. (April)

MAN WHO WON, THE—British International.—A playboy nobleman drags through tedious reels as a depression farmer. (May)

★ **MASQUERADER, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman does superbly in the double rôle of English gentleman and dissolute cousin, whose identity he assumes. (May)

★ **MEN MUST FIGHT**—M-G-M.—Pacifism vs. patriotism, championed by Diana Wynyard and Lewis Stone, in a struggle for their son. Superbly acted. (April)

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

MIND READER, THE—First National.—Warren William and Allen Jenkins work the mind-reading, crystal gazing racket on high society. (May)

MURDERS IN THE ZOO—Paramount.—Lionel Atwill kills with a serpent; feeds wife Kathleen Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (May)

MUSSOLINI SPEAKS—Columbia.—While Il Duce makes an address, "cut ins" show the deeds he mentions. Partisan, but interesting. (June)

★ **NUISANCE, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Never Give A Sucker A Break.") Lee Tracy at his best as a shyster lawyer and ambulance chaser; Frank Morgan adds a magnificent drunken doctor accomplice, until Madge Evans trips them up. Fast, packed with laughs. (July)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia.—Leo Carrillo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (June)

OLIVER TWIST—Monogram.—A strong cast somehow misses the Dickens' flavor. (May)

OUR BETTERS—RKO-Radio.—Sophisticated (and raw) sexy doings in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Kemble-Cooper. (May)

OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal.—Can't you imagine the fun—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts honeymooning, with mamma along? (May)

PAROLE GIRL—Columbia.—An antique "revenge" plot, with Mae Clarke. (May)

★ **PEG O' MY HEART**—M-G-M.—The old musical favorite, pleasingly done by Marion Davies, J. Farrell MacDonald, Onslow Stevens. (July)

PENAL CODE, THE—Freuler Film.—An ex-convict's problems are easier on Regis Toomey than this moth-eaten plot. (May)

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING—United Artists.—This talkie talks too much. Gloria Swanson finds she loves hubby in spite of his misdeeds. (May)

PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE—Monogram.—Gangster stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadow voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn't help. (June)

★ **PICK UP**—Paramount.—Taxi-driver George Raft "picks up" Sylvia Sidney, falls in love with her; tangles with a society lady and Sylvia's convict husband. Humanly done; good comedy. (June)

★ **PICTURE SNATCHER**—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale. Jimmy falls for the daughter of a cop who'd sent him up. Sparkling dialogue. (June)

★ **PILGRIMAGE**—Fox.—Henrietta Crosman as a mother who loses a son in France. She is completely embittered until she visits France as a Gold Star mother. Poignant, exquisitely done. (July)

PLEASURE CRUISE—Fox.—Jealous Roland Young as a ship's barber keeps an eye on wife Genevieve Tobin. And things happen! (June)

PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62—Warners.—Not-so-thrilling thriller with Bill Powell, who was told to frame Margaret Lindsay but married her. (July)

★ **PRIVATE JONES**—Universal.—Lee Tracy doesn't mind fighting, but sees no sense to war. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest. Red-blooded entertainment. (April)

REBEL, THE—Universal.—Napoleon destroys a Tyrolean home; so the wronged man (Luis Trenker) heads a revolt. Great scenery. Vilma Banky. Worth seeing. (June)

★ **REUNION IN VIENNA**—M-G-M.—John Barrymore, as the exiled Archduke Rudolf, seeks to revive an old romance with Diana Wynyard. Brilliantly gay and naughty; it should delight everyone. (July)

ROME EXPRESS—Gaumont British-Universal.—An excellently done train ride, with a leisurely melodrama thrown in. Fine cast; Conrad Veidt as the villain. (April)

SAILOR'S LUCK—Fox.—Riotous "Jack ashore" stuff, but some of the sex is strong. Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn. (May)

SAMARANG—Zeidman-United Artists.—A finely done travel piece about Malay pearl divers. Stirring shark fights, an octopus; superb native types. (July)

★ **SECRETS**—United Artists.—Poor little rich girl Mary Pickford flees her New England home for pioneer life in the West with Leslie Howard. Well worth seeing. (April)

SECRETS OF WU SIN, THE—Invincible.—An enjoyable tale of newspaper folks (Lois Wilson and Grant Withers) breaking a Chinaman-smuggling gang. (April)

SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT, A—Allied.—In fact plenty of shrieks, with Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot. A well-done, small-time thriller. (June)

SILVER CORD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Laura Hope Crews as a possessive mother; son Joel McCrea's wife Irene Dunne, and Frances Dee, fiancée of son Eric Linden, rebel. Sparkling but "talky." (July)

SISTER TO JUDAS—Mayfair Pictures.—Endless slow reels about a girl who tries to rise by being "lit'ry." (April)

SOMEWHERE IN SONORA—Warners.—Lovely scenery would make this a good travelogue. As a Western—ho-hum. (April)

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount.—An honest old beer baron (Jean Hersholt) is killed by gangsters; his son (Richard Arien) avenges him. Acceptable. (July)

SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Five Europeans under a grim Oriental spell. Slow, but great atmosphere. (April)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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★ **STATE FAIR**—Fox.—A homely tale of Will Rogers, Ma (Louise Dresser), their children (Janet Gaynor and Norman Foster), their lovers (Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers) and a prize hog. Delightful entertainment for everyone. (April)

STATE TROOPER—Columbia.—A breezy tale of an oil war in which trooper Regis Toomey wins the day and Evalyn Knapp. (May)

STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE—Paramount.—Life of an erotic Southern girl (Miriam Hopkins), conquered by gangster Jack LaRue. Sordid, repellent. (July)

STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield.—If you ask us, the strange people are the producers who thought this rehash of old horrors worth filming. (June)

STRICTLY PERSONAL—Paramount.—None too exciting mystery stuff. Marjorie Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. (May)

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures.—A miserably done exposé of fake mediums. (July)

SUPERNATURAL—Paramount.—Carole Lombard attempted a spooky "transmigration of souls" thriller in this one. (July)

★ **SWEEPINGS**—RKO-Radio.—A memorable portrayal by Lionel Barrymore of starting life with a pushcart and becoming a merchant prince—only to have no-good children spoil all. (May)

TERROR ABOARD—Paramount.—Rich yachtman John Halliday wants to murder his guests and dodge prison. Strong cast, but as drama a bit incredible. (June)

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—Gainsborough.—English actors attempting French farce. (May)

★ **TODAY WE LIVE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged to Robert Young but in love with Gary Cooper. Stirring war scenes; Joan and Franchot Tone great. (June)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN—RKO-Radio.—Snappy melodrama, with Chester Morris uncovering a villain who kills on time to the dot; Vivienne Osborne. (July)

★ **TOPAZE**—RKO-Radio.—John Barrymore hides his profile in the whiskers of a French schoolmaster, then outslicks life and the slickers. Superb. (April)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox.—Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrills without jitters; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (June)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount.—A fine, breezy Western with Stu Erwin. (May)

★ **WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE**—Fox.—Broad satire about the Amazons of old—women warriors, led by Queen Marjorie Rambeau and Elissa Landi. But Ernest Truex, by a trick, lets the Greeks win; and how the Amazons like what happens then! Excellent fun. (July)

WEST OF SINGAPORE—Monogram.—An incredibly dull story of oil in Malaysia. (April)

WHAT! NO BEER?—M-G-M.—And not as much fun, either, as Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton should yield as brewers. (April)

WHAT PRICE DECENCY?—Equitable.—Don't bother; and keep the kiddies away. (May)

★ **WHITE SISTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable do beautiful work in this story of a girl who, believing her officer lover is dead, becomes a nun. (May)

WOMAN ACCUSED, THE—Paramount.—Co-operative authorship achieves a fumbling melodrama with Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. (April)

★ **WORKING MAN, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss at his delightfully suave best as a peppery old magnate who saves his dead rival's children from themselves. Bette Davis is the girl. (June)

WORLD GONE MAD, THE—Majestic Pictures.—A scrambled thriller, about crooked bankers who hire gangsters to avoid exposure; doesn't click. (July)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox.—Gene Raymond and Loretta Young love in the midst of savage perils. Splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (June)

THE AMERICAN MISS IS FASTIDIOUS

PERMANENTLY DESTROYS

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IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

With ZIP Epilator available, how foolish it is to worry about embarrassing hair growths. More important than makeup; more vital than innumerable beauty treatments, the *permanent* elimination of superfluous hair should have your first attention. And it's so simple. After the first application, not a hair is visible. And remember, ZIP Epilator gets at the *cause* and destroys the growth on face, arms, legs and body. Generous package \$1.00. Sold everywhere. Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon.

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Banishes every suggestion of perspiration. Be immaculate with this modern swivel pencil. Convenient. Efficient. Smart. 50c. Good stores or by mail.



562 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK

Madame Berthe
SPECIALIST

Tempting Salads And Sandwiches



Prepared With A Minimum Of Effort

Leila Hyams demonstrates how she "tosses together" a light but healthy and delicious mid-summer lunch in but twenty minutes

Summer Menu Delights

LIKE Leila, you too can have more play time during the warm weather, by serving meals that require a minimum of time and effort for the making. We may completely forget the word *skill* in the preparation of summer lunches, for the most delightful things just "go together" somehow.

After all, it is best for our health's sake to eat light in summer. Besides, it affords us the opportunity of a vacation from the kitchen a good part of the time.

You can order cold cuts from your butcher; fix up a salad in a very few minutes; slice some white, rye, or whole-wheat bread, or perhaps you prefer one of the many varieties of dainty rolls or biscuits; add olives, pickles and potato chips, and there you have it. A luncheon quite to order for any hungry adult. Beer, iced tea or coffee would serve as a very appropriate complement.

Here is a salad I feel sure you will want to try.

AVOCADO AND PINEAPPLE SALAD

Peel an avocado and cut in small pieces. Dice two slices of pineapple into cubes. Arrange on crisp bed of lettuce, and pour this dressing over it. Four tablespoons of olive oil, one tablespoon lemon juice and one of lime juice, one-half teaspoon of salt, a dash of paprika, pepper and a pinch of sugar. This is one of Leila Hyams' favorite salad recipes. Serves two.

WE all have our personal preferences, and Phyllis Fraser's is fruit salad with a cream cheese dressing.

Peel and dice the fruit. This must be done just before the salad is served, for best results. Apples, oranges, grapefruit, pears, dates, pineapple and grapes make up the body of the salad. Cherries and nuts may be added, if desired. When the fruit is diced, instead of mixing the various kinds together, Phyllis makes the individual salads by placing portions of each fruit on each salad plate.

Some time before you plan to serve your salad, mix three egg yolks with one tablespoon of sugar, the juice of one lemon, two tablespoons butter and a dash of salt and pepper, and cook in a double boiler. Stir the mixture constantly. When cooked to creamy consistency, cool and pour into mixing bowl and set in refrigerator for a few hours.

After arranging the fruit on plates, blend one-half package of cream cheese into the dressing. When mixture is smooth and creamy, fold three beaten egg whites into it. This dressing is ideal for almost any fruit salad.

SANDWICHES are always a boon on a hot day. This one is called the "Humidity." Peel and chop one cold cucumber. Add one-fourth cup shredded cocoanut, and two tablespoons mayonnaise. Drain for a minute. Spread on thin buttered slices of white bread.

Another very appetizing sandwich is the "Russian." It is best to use cold brown bread, sliced very thin, or Russian rye. For the filling, use flaked cold salmon seasoned with lemon juice, salt and a dash of pepper. Place a leaf of lettuce on the bread, then the filling. The mayonnaise should be spread on the other slice.

One of Leila Hyams' specials, she makes by combining one cup of chopped celery, six ripe olives, chopped, and a heaping tablespoon of chopped English walnut meats. Mix with a little mayonnaise and spread on thin buttered white bread. Allow these sandwiches to stand in the refrigerator for a short time before serving.

HERE is a simple and very delicious salad. Stuff large, raw prunes with cottage cheese and pecan meats. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise, if desired. Dainty sandwiches of plain brown bread are a very tasty accompaniment.

One is so much more capable of handling the problems of the day—whether at the office, in sports, or in the home—if one abides by proper diet at this time of year.

The Audience Talks Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

A "GARBO RAGE" THOUGHT

Is the Garbo "rage" over? Let us hope so, for when it is Garbo will go right on making good pictures, and the true Garbo admirers, and those who can appreciate fine acting, will continue to see them.

L. C. MILLER, St. Louis, Mo.

FIRST RETURNS ON "PEG"

Thank heaven for an occasional picture like "Peg o' My Heart." We've had so much blood and thunder in our screen fare for the past few years that onewould think the Great American Public had entirely forgotten that life may have its lighter moments. We've learned so much from seeing gangsters portrayed on the screen that it is surprising that we have the nerve to go out on the public streets for fear of facing a bullet, and suddenly we realize that these realistic stories have been done to death.

So we are glad that whimsy is returning once more to the screen and that we may again behold a heroine unbelievably innocent and charming.

LEONARD EURY, Boone, N. C.

WHILE SHE'S "OFFA HER"

Someone ought to tell Mary a secret:—that she is no longer America's sweetheart. "Secrets" was inane. There's a touch of wild West stuff, there's some of the "East Lynne" variety, there's some "Covered Wagon" scenes, and a dash of "Silver Dollar."

Mary, you'd better rest on your laurels and let America remember you as its good old-fashioned sweetheart.

FRANCES CLARK, Oscala, Fla.

ON TO PERFECTION!

The public surely expect a great many impossible things of the movie industry, don't they? Here are a vast army of actors, actresses, directors, stage hands, electricians, oh, numerous others, working untiringly to produce something pleasing and good for us . . . and yet the public always want them to go one better.

What do they expect? The impossible? Or perfection? I can't think of any other one thing on this earth that offers a wider or more marvelous pastime. To think that for an unbelievably small sum we can enter a lovely theater and sit enthralled over Ann Harding's grand convincing voice and manner—Leslie Howard's cultural influence—Irene Dunne's sincere characterizations—Janet Gaynor's wistfulness—Norma Shearer's versatility . . . and yet complain of minor defects!

ANN KATHLEEN BAKER, Syracuse, N. Y.

SLANTS AND ODDMENTS

Here's how collegians at a strictly boys' college—St. Mary's of California—regard the cinema. Nearly every room in my dormitory is decorated somewhat unoriginally with anywhere from one to one hundred pictures, with scarce an exception, all women. Some decorators go in for "specialty" pictures, filling the walls with pictures of only one actress. Marie Dressler, Loretta Young and Sylvia Sydney are the three I noted as being singled out for this special honor.

Few rooms are without at least one picture of Harlow. And, strange to say, few rooms contain Garbo.

RAND HUNT, St. Mary's College, Calif.



and enjoy the tempting taste of
KELLOGG'S PEP



ACTIVE people everywhere enjoy Kellogg's PEP. The famous Kellogg flavor pleases them. Golden wheat. Flaked. Toasted. Delicious with milk or cream.

And there is *more* than flavor! Kellogg's PEP is packed with the goodness of wheat. The energy. The nourishment. *Plus* enough bran to be mildly laxative.

Enjoy PEP often. Popular with the whole family. Always fresh at your grocer's in the heat-sealed WAXTITE bag. Always handy in the Easy-Open package. Both are exclusive Kellogg features. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

For a long time it looked as though Kenneth and Mary were going to break up. But evidently Mary read one of those halitosis ads and took the hint. They'll be married in the fall.

Sweethearts now!
... because they dared to ask themselves ...

"How's my breath today?"

ask yourself the
same question . . .
then use Listerine

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. Moreover, halitosis is a constant threat, because its causes are common and of every-day occurrence.

Most cases of halitosis are caused by the fermentation of tiny bits of food left clinging to teeth and gums even after careful tooth brushing. A decaying tooth, a leaky filling, improperly-fitting bridge-work, also cause it. And of course excesses of eating and drinking, and minor infections of the oral tract.

Recognizing this risk, why take the chance of offending others? Why not make sure your breath is sweet and agreeable today and every day? You can do it by simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine on arising and before retiring—and if you wish to be particularly careful, before all social engagements.

Listerine halts fermentation, arrests decay, and checks infection, the major causes of breath odors—and then overcomes the odors themselves. Your mouth

feels clean, fresh, and invigorated. Your breath becomes sweet and agreeable.

Don't expect immediate or lasting deodorant effect from so-called "bargain" mouth washes. Tests have shown that they have failed to hide in 12 hours odors that Listerine conquers instantly. When you want to be sure that your breath does not offend, use Listerine and Listerine only.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

BEFORE SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS



LISTERINE

INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS



Otto Dvar

HE'S Jimmie's buddy and you can't hurt one of 'em without hurting the other. That's the way that Dunn boy plays, whether it's dames or just dogs. And the square shootin' kid has worked through terrific desert heat to finish "Arizona to Broadway" with Joan Bennett, on schedule. Now he plans to hit out for a fine vacation in the hills



Ray Jones

THE blue-blooded lady o' the films has walked out cold and many of her followers will surely miss her. Elissa Landi hopped a high-powered private airplane, whisking skyward and Eastward—far from the maddening din of Hollywood. It's said she prefers the stage and peacefully won literary laurels to all the silent applause of studio work



Irving Lippman

GEORGIE RAFT wants to be a gentleman in his pictures—not because he's tired of gangster rôles, but because gentlemen still prefer blondes. And how the blondes go for Georgie; Marjorie King is his best girl right now and she may become the Missus, though George once renounced wedding bells. "Midnight Club" is his latest



John Miehle

DOROTHY JORDAN would rather work all day than go shopping. She doesn't like to buy clothes. One look at Dorothy in that white wool bathing suit and many would say that her wardrobe is complete. The little girl from sunny Tennessee is being teamed with Joel McCrea for romantic rôles. They will be seen together very soon

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

THE influence of motion pictures has, on the whole, not only made women more selective in their wearing apparel and manners, but more robust mentally.

There is only one logical cause for the widespread feminine interest today in prize-fights, and that is the screen. Likable young actors, cast as heroes of the ring, upset the tradition that prize-fighting was engaged in only by human gorillas and washed away the stigma that has clung both to the participants and to the sport itself.

A long day has passed since the good, prim ladies of the land tsched, tsched over the newspaper accounts of Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons at the ringside shouting at her husband, "Soak him in the slats, Bob. Soak him in the slats!"

FAY WRAY, who has gone "gay '90" in the picture "One Sunday Afternoon," with many flounces, willow plumes and tight corsets, says, "You know, I've just made a discovery. The maidens of the nineties were no more frail and modest with their fainting all over the place than we are today. The only trouble was they were so crowded together between steel frames they just naturally lost consciousness every once in a while and everyone imagined they were dainty."

SINCE Garbo, probably no actress has appealed to the popular imagination like Katharine Hepburn. As great in her acting as any other feminine star on the screen today, she triumphs over indifferent parts in indifferent pictures. It is not altogether her histrionic ability that accounts for her success. She has that unaccountable quality that makes her a natural star. Dietrich had it from the beginning, as had Valentino.

Artists like George Arliss and Norma Shearer attain their eminence more by the subtlety of their technique perfected by unusual intelligence, rather than by innate magnetism.

Incidentally, stardom so hardly won is likely to be of long endurance.

FAME is as relative as the taste for it. Mahatma Gandhi is a big name to you, but he may be outdone in fame by the local pie-eating champion.

Out in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, a well set up

chap wanted to buy a license to hunt bears. Suspiciously the game warden asked, "Are you one of these reforestation army guys?" Satisfied after a little conversation that the applicant was not trying to pass himself off as a resident of the state and hence get his license at a cheaper rate, the warden warmed up to the genial personality of the man. After the stranger's departure, the warden's assistant said, "That guy looks like Clark Gable."

"Yep," said the warden, "that's the name he gave me, all right. Seems like I've seen him somewhere before. But who the —— is Clark Gable?"

HOW long will the star system last? As long as there are actors and actresses of outstanding popularity to bring the public in. Now and again some producer, discouraged in his attempts to force some merely capable actor to stardom, wonders if, after all, the starring system pays. It does if he has a real star.

Whether it is right or not that it should be so, big names usually outrank big plays.

There is an elusive thing called personality, which cannot be analyzed but which is recognized at sight. And all real stars have that elusive something.

BUT some of the big names are passing out. Their death rate is greater than their birth rate. It is a rare personality that can endure the blinding glare of publicity for several years without the public tiring of him. Screen actors today have a more skillful technique than ever. But that doesn't seem enough. Perhaps the constant parade of new faces bewilders movie patrons. And no one individuality has time to stamp himself upon their consciousness. The test is, how long will the new, suddenly risen star shine.

YOU'RE likely to hear a lot about Pert Kelton from now on. Pert is the young lady who did so well in "Bed of Roses." Perhaps the version that comes to your local playhouse will have been cut, for technical reasons, but in the preview Pert's performance was grand.

She evidently heard someone say, "Go 'West' young woman"—only Pert didn't go too far West.

She takes a Mae West character and drapes it on

Pert Kelton until it fits—especially around the hips. Pert has been doing the same type of character in vaudeville for several seasons—also did a knockout impersonation of Chaplin.

Keep your eye peeled for Pert—she's got what it takes.

AND then there is the case of Margaret Sullavan—the young lady of twenty-two summers, from Virginia, who is going to have her name misspelled frequently, because she does not use the traditional Irish spelling.

Margaret was playing the ingenue rôle in "Dinner at Eight" on the New York stage and was snapped up by Universal. She is now playing the lead in what that company regards as its most important production of the year. Two fistfuls of some of the most outstanding actors in Hollywood support her. And John Boles is the lucky lad who makes love to her.

As soon as Margaret reached Los Angeles, she attended a performance of the stage version of "Dinner at Eight." "You see," she remarked, "I never saw it. I only played in it."

HOW much do the people of the United States pay annually in admissions to motion picture theaters?

The estimate, according to the Motion Picture Almanac, issued yearly by the Martin Quigley Publications, is \$1,100,000,000. The capital investment is \$2,000,000,000. The number of persons employed 290,000.

During 1932 admission prices dropped twenty-five per cent under those of 1931.

For every dollar that goes into the cashier's cage, only four and one-half cents of it go into the actor's pockets.

Last year between fifty-five and seventy millions of us attended the motion picture theaters. And seventy-five to eighty-five per cent of us entered for the evening performance between seven-thirty and eight-thirty.

AMERICA may have left far behind its pioneer-farming days, but the wild west he-man hero will always be with us. Buck Jones, cowboy movie star, is said to be the "fan" champion of Hollywood. His admirers have an organized club, The Buck Jones Rangers.

And the total number of members is so large it would make almost any leader of a political organization green with envy.

In one community in California the local branch numbers three thousand seven hundred boys, with a thirty-six piece band.

It is hardly a coincidence that some years ago another cowboy actor, Tom Mix, was rated a leader in screen popularity. Box-office returns of the smaller communities rolled upward in impressive pluralities.

One cannot always tell the national popularity of an actor by his standing on Broadway.

IT looks as though, before many months are over, Hollywood studios will be as busy as steel plants filling wartime orders.

Warners-First National, for example, has a heavier production schedule than at any time during the past eight years.

Maybe by this time next year we will all be wondering whether the big depression was anything but a dream.

FAKE jungle films are under the ban of Uncle Sam himself. The Federal Trade Commission is against them.

Some of them have been pretty crude, like that of the African native woman, shown consorting with gorillas. But others have been entertaining and exciting.

Some "nature" films that have never been questioned as to authenticity, and were completely accepted for fact by the public, had, nevertheless, for the practiced eye, some fake shots in them.

And again, many of the animal films have been genuine, down to the last frame of the last reel.

Sometimes the imitation seems better than the genuine, as in the case of a can of Mexican battle film, some years ago, when a studio disgustingly rejected a most conscientious cameraman's shooting as spurious.

CLARA BOW pops in and out of life like a flaming comet. A dash from Rancho Clarita, which she shares with her husband, Rex Bell, into a picture; then a high-powered tour abroad, returning to America with an alarming avoirdupois; next into retirement once more on the sandy deserts of Nevada where, gunning for jack rabbits with a rifle and tumbling them on the run, she's taking off the extra poundage.

By mid-summer she is expected to have reduced to 118, when she will be ready to make another picture. You can't slow Clara down. Her flame bursts out brighter each time.

EITHER the Prince of Wales has gone democratic or pictures have gone aristocratic. It is hard to say which. At any rate, for the price of a shilling (equivalent to two bits) the English are going to see the Prince of Wales doing about everything except fall off a horse.

They have assembled a film of His Royal Highness, said to be made up of all the motion pictures ever taken of him in England or abroad. The proceeds will go to English charities. No doubt they will let us Americans have a look in, too, at our local theaters.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

How Jane changed from "PLAIN" to "PRETTY"



Jane, **THEN** . . . Men never noticed Jane in this dull, dark dress. How silly she was — this season's new gay clothes wash beautifully with gentle Ivory Flakes.



Jane, **NOW** . . . Same girl, dressed inexpensively but smartly. *All* this tricky outfit has been washed with Ivory Flakes—pique hat, red-white-and-blue linen suit, pique gloves, handbag!

*S*uit from Lord & Taylor, New York. This entire outfit has been washed with Ivory Flakes . . . just as salespeople in fine stores advise.

Don't resist the new colorful clothes. Just be sensible and ask the salesgirl if they will wash. Follow her advice when she says, "Yes, *but to be safe*, wash them with Ivory."

Salespeople are that way about Ivory Flakes —awfully partial, because they know that Ivory Flakes are made from pure Ivory Soap, the soap that's safe for a baby's skin—hence it's *safest* for your saucy silk prints and pastel cotton frocks and fuzzy-wuzzy sweaters!

Ivory Flakes are made for lazy girls who want

instant suds. Does that mean *you*? Try those tiny *curls* of soap—see how fast they twinkle into thick suds in lukewarm water. Keep away from *flat* clinging flakes—they cause soap spots!

Remember what Vogue says, "The girl with a lot of uncared-for dresses is dowdy. The girl with a few dresses, in immaculate condition, looks smart." Something to think about, girls. Better buy one of those bargain boxes of Ivory Flakes today, and start dipping your pretties through Ivory suds every night!

IVORY FLAKES

Salespeople everywhere say:
"Wash it with Ivory!" 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % pure

The Photo That Made Garbo



This is the picture which, under amazing circumstances, won the new Swedish girl her first Hollywood chance

THE great Swedish director, Stiller, was in Hollywood, and all film-land was wondering what miracles would be seen, when his initial efforts should come to view. With him was one of those "necessary bargains"—a young Swedish girl, named Greta Gustafsson, whom he had insisted must come if he did; but nobody paid much attention to her.

Stiller was a great director, of course, and this girl might have a lot in her—for Sweden. But for Hollywood—ho-hum! Of course, Stiller would learn in due time.

In a sumptuous directors' room, highly-placed movie executives sat around a table, listening to their chief. A messenger entered and handed the chief a flat envelope. Automatically, as he talked, he opened the envelope, glanced at the picture enclosed—then glanced once again.

Here was no studio portrait, no elaborate presentation, employing every artifice of

make-up and lighting. Instead, a simple, natural picture, taken in New York—a picture with a slim, firm hand, the hand of a great actress, lightly touching the throat with an eloquent gesture. Conversation died while the chief studied the eyes, noted the strong, blonde hair.

"Who is this?" the chief demanded.

"Why, this is the Gustafsson girl from Sweden. You know, Stiller wouldn't come without her, so we—"

"My God!" the executive shouted. "Don't tell me this is that Swede that's been hanging around here for the last couple of weeks! What's ready now—'The Torrent'? Put her in that. There's stuff in that girl or I don't know values."

"The Torrent" appeared, with "that Swede"—now named Greta Garbo—as the feminine lead; and the rest of the story is part of movie history.

By Hal Wren

Now It's \$12,500 A Week



Photos by Arnold Genthe

And here is another early studio study of the "screen Garbo" who instantly made good on her hard-won chance

THE offer stood at two and one quarter million dollars for the term of the contract—and real money. And coolly, levelly, without argument, Garbo said, "No!" She actually was turning down that fabulous sum was putting it to one side in order to have what she said she wanted! Independence—

This was the devastating shock of last year's negotiations, which led to the now famous decision—"I tank I go home to Sweden." Two and one quarter million dollars, turned down like that. For a whim, a fancy—

M-G-M had known that "new contract time" would be ticklish—for contrary to what many think, M-G-M had been enjoying an enormous bargain in its Swedish star. In contrast to Connie Bennett's thirty thousand a week, and Gloria Swanson's twenty thousand,

when working, M-G-M had been obtaining the world's greatest motion picture attraction for—thirty-five hundred dollars a week. That was to be remembered, now that the contract was expiring

Not that Garbo had complained—and M-G-M had ample reason to believe that she had been happy on their lot. Also that she gave them credit for setting her feet on the ladder that had led to world fame. But now their purpose was to forestall any doubts, any hangings back, by hanging up an offer so dazzling that human nature simply could not refuse.

And they had done it, long before expiration of the existing contract, by offering to replace it with one offering eight thousand dollars a week for three years, with additional options.

And Garbo had refused!

Instantly a torrent of argument | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 85 |

By Rilla Page Palmborg

Jack LaRue's Big Secret



His life swings on
his love for—yes,
Mae West's the lady

By Ruth Biery

and

Eleanor Packer

He sought chances to show his love when he was not paid to do so. Such chances were refused him.

The situation continued for a year and a half. It could not continue forever. Love, even though it is one-sided, must have its eventual climax.

Jack brought his own climax. He realized that his emotions were a mire into which he was sinking more and more deeply. If he did not use the last strength which was in him to pull himself free, he would be lost to himself forever.

Mae was taking "Diamond Lil" onto the road. Chicago, Detroit and other by-way theater cities. Jack refused to go with her.

It was a turmoil-born decision. Were not those fifteen moments of heaven, even though they were commercial moments, better than none? Jack had learned long ago that the eyes of the multitude meant nothing. He never thought about them.

"I grabbed her to me; put my lips against hers—it is the most kissable mouth in the world—and forgot everything except that great, unconquerable feeling within me," he said years later. "Once in a while, I would imagine she was my wife and that I was holding her in the home [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

Now we hear that Jack is storming Hollywood—for love of a woman. But you'd expect that, after noting the deeply emotional nature behind the fighting jaw

FOR a year and a half, Jack LaRue struggled with his unrequited love for Mae West.

During those eighteen months, they played together in "Diamond Lil" on the New York stage. He lived only for the one scene in which he gathered her into his arms and gave expression to his unconquerable yearning.

That one brief period in each day was the bubbling spring which kept life within him. The twenty-three hours and forty-five moments between these ecstatic times were interminable stretches of dry, barren sands lying between lush oases.

Yet these moments were lived before the eyes of thousands. He was the Spanish lover of *Lil* in the play which was bringing Mae wealth and fame. To *her*, he was just one of the many men who attempted to win her in the play. To *him*, she was the one woman—the answer to manhood's tenderest, yet wildest, dreams. He fought for an opportunity to find such moments when the eyes of the world were not upon them.



The only rôle Hollywood could offer that Jack wanted. He lost it to Gilbert Roland—so now he's out to make such a mark that Hollywood simply cannot deny him



Wonder What Old Man Gossip Will Say to This?

HERE'S the subject Hollywood has been buzzing about ever since blonde and pretty Lilian Harvey set her tiny foot on the Fox lot. They realized that Janet Gaynor was the reigning queen. She was red-headed, also pretty and very demure. And Janet had heretofore the undivided attention of every studio employee when she was in sight.

Every time Janet came on the set, electricians stopped electrifying and sent their sparks of admiration in Gaynor's direction; prop boys stood on boxes to get just a glimpse of the diminutive star; script girls eyed her enviously. It was *La Gaynor*. And no one had ever encroached upon her limelight as the reigning queen of Fox studio.

Not until Lilian Harvey appeared. Then the prop boys began setting up higher boxes to

get a glimpse of this new movie beauty; directors listened attentively to Lilian's every suggestion; script girls wondered if there were any more at home like her over in London.

Hollywood buzzed. Would they have a scrap? Would Janet resent Lilian's popularity? Would the old bugbear of professional jealousy start the battle of the beauties? And if so, who would win out?

Somewhere, as gossip flies in the film town, Janet Gaynor heard what was being said. Someone had insinuated that the gossips were waiting for that imminent scrap. So Janet, with her characteristic directness, made up her mind. The next day she startled the whole studio by coming across the lot, stepping over ropes and cables, electric equipment, boxes, barrels, old scenery and folded camp chairs—

she came directly to the set where Lilian Harvey was working in "My Lips Betray."

Director John Blystone got up from his chair and came toward Janet, a puzzled expression in his eyes.

"I want to see Lilian," Janet told him simply. Miss Harvey stepped out of rehearsal and came over.

"I've been wanting to know you better," Janet said, in her ladylike way, "I think we ought to be friends. So I've come over to pay you a little call."

Lilian Harvey was delighted. Director Blystone gave Janet his chair and propped himself on a stool. The two beauties got along with each other beautifully. And knocked old man gossip for a goal when they flashed their famous smiles at each other.

How 12

Here are the twelve, then. Let's see how they react to *the great experience* before the camera. What tactics the men use to get their women—what wiles the women use, if any, to hold their men. Let's discover whether these specimen screen lovers can make the grade as ideal dream lovers for the men and women, the boys and girls in their audiences.

MAURICE CHEVALIER

To him love is a game. Something gay, charming, debonair. Something to sing about, not to agonize over. Maurice doesn't indulge in passionate embraces and long drawn out, close-up kisses. Ladies do not swoon in his arms. Maurice woos them with the piquancy of his personality—not by the stormy depths of his ardor. He caresses with his eyes, with delicious little facial grimaces—and overcomes his willing victims by the insinuating delight and force of his charm.

Watching him on the screen one gets the impression that just *being in love* is the important thing to Maurice. Whether she happens to be Fifi, Mimi, Nanette, Violette, Mitzi or Louise isn't vital, so long as she's young and pert and fair. Given the stimulus of a pretty face, falling in love is almost automatic with the gay Parisian. His is the attitude of the completely unself-conscious, confident, questing male. He takes love lightly, in his stride. And being a Frenchman, he finds it an amusing, lilting musical comedy affair, with couples forever making love and laughter under the chestnut trees in the Bois!

LESLIE HOWARD

With him, the spiritual element of love always dominates. In his caresses there



Chevalier, the piquant Parisian! Here he is with Jeanette MacDonald, as we saw them in "Love Me Tonight." What side of love does Maurice typify? How does he play the most interesting of games?

LET'S play truth. Aren't these the things we remember most vividly about our screen favorites? The lift of *her* throat when she kisses him. The dark caress in his voice when he speaks her name. The way *she* strokes his hand. *His* habit of lightly touching her eyes. Their way of being silly during an intense emotional episode.

Let's admit that we pick our screen favorites not only for their beauty, their talent, their mind, their behavior—but also, and most often, because of the way they make love!

After all, love is the most significant of human emotions. And by recognizing and analyzing the expression of this emotion, one comes to understand the depth and quality behind it.

We've picked a dozen screen stars, six men and six women, to see what different kinds of love expression they bring to us.

Remember, of course, we're only analyzing them as *screen lovers*. Yet, since imaginary situations are interpreted, to some extent, by the stars' personal reactions—what we discover may give us a clue to their true personalities.



None who saw Leslie Howard with Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through" need be told he is pre-eminent in one kind of love-making. But can you tell what may be his type of charm?

Mae West is in a class by herself, as those who saw her with Gilbert Roland in "She Done Him Wrong" know. Her style has its points as well as curves. Yes, Mae is unique



Stars Make LOVE

Some sweep them away, some just lift an eyebrow. Which are which?

By Hilary Lynn

is much more of frail tenderness, of worshipful adoration, than of engulfing passion.

One recalls the quiet way he has of looking at his beloved, as if he wished to photograph her image on his mind and heart and carry it about with him forever. One imagines him brushing a woman's hair with his lips—delicately caressing her fingertips. In his love making there are so many gracious nuances, so many tiny tokens of affection and respect that women want, but so seldom get, from less subtle lovers. Half shy, half impulsive, Leslie Howard's screen wooing indicates clearly that it's the woman herself who matters to him—not the fact of being in love, nor the fleeting pleasure of making love.

MAE WEST

To her sex is love, and love is sex. She makes no bones about it. She exploits her superabundant sex-appeal without the slightest hesitation.

Mae makes love to men—and how! She calls a spade a spade in no uncertain accents. She knows what she wants and goes after it with zest. Men are her game—but, in pursuing them, she plays a man's game. Because Mae really has the same attitude towards this man-woman business as has any healthy, uncomplicated male. Sex is no tragedy. Nor should there be any sense of



George Raft devastates many ladies in his audiences as well as leading ladies in his films (as with Nancy Carroll in "Under-Cover Man"). Perhaps you can tell what strange power does it

In "Letty Lynton" with Nils Asther, Joan Crawford was a type of lover celebrated in song and story for centuries. Here you see it—but don't think it is an easy type to analyze!



Not only plot, but sameness in love temperament, made Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper such perfect soul-mates in "A Farewell to Arms"

guilt attached to it. Sex is something to enjoy, something to laugh about. Certainly not a harmful, sinful thing.

In Mae's pictures (she writes her own dialogue) the characters are never the slaves of love. Queen Mae emerges at the climax, a conqueror—both of so-called wicked man and the iron law. And, needless to say, sporting several more diamond bracelets.

And so her less fortunate sisters—those who are sometimes broken by love—watch with envy while Mae swivels her lush hips, rotates her heavy-lidded eyes and drawls in that husky voice: "Any man can be had!"

Wherewith lies the miracle of her power, they ask themselves. In the fact that Queen Mae never allows herself to feel too deeply. Never lets it "get her."

And never, never gives a man the whip hand by letting him know he can be sure of



Few love teams won world affection as did Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell. The reason is simple; it lay in a perfect affinity, everyone sensed, joining them as lover types

her. Yet ask any man if she isn't the most completely *feminine* personality on the screen today!

GARY COOPER

To him love is an emotion that gets you completely, and makes you suffer.

Gary is always slightly indifferent, sometimes even defiant, in his attitude to his women on the screen. He's wary, he's fearful. Because he knows, if he lets himself go, it's a body-and-soul affair. No half-way measures.

For Gary is essentially romantic and essentially monogamous. You feel that he's saving himself for the *one* woman. And when *that* woman comes along, he gives himself up to her with adoration and worship.

But he's remote and aloof. Actually waits for the woman to take the first steps. Remember "Morocco" and "Today We Live"? In these pictures, Marlene Dietrich and Joan Crawford were the aggressors. He was the passive recipient of their caresses until he *believed* in them.

Despite all his dominating physical personality, despite all his defiance to women, Gary Cooper is always the shy young boy afraid of being hurt.



Tempestuous Katharine Hepburn! Her type is world wide; yet she was an immediate sensation. This glimpse of her in "Christopher Strong" may help to explain why

Two more love-making affinities—Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, as in "Red Dust." Theirs is, perhaps, the type easiest to understand; but, even so, it is not simple

HELEN HAYES

To her, love is the ultimate justification of life. And although in her love, she has that frail quality of virginity, she has also the grim determination of a tigress to stick to her mate through thick and thin.

There is something tragic in her sweet trust, and something consecrated. Nothing can shake her faith in her man. With the first shy kiss she gives her lover, you know that she's doomed to love, not wisely, but too well.

One can almost chart her reactions. Perhaps she is walking in a moonlit garden with her young man. Swept away by the loveliness of the night, he stoops to kiss her. She is innocent. This is probably her first kiss of love. She recoils ever so slightly. He kisses her again. Her face lights with pure ecstasy, and with a movement, strangely eager for one with so many inhibitions, she covers his face with little kisses. That look of joy, that one gesture, tells the story of a soul. You know that the vague dreams of her love-starved, ascetic girlhood have been realized. That she is already even willing to die for this man who has given her a glorious awakening.

JOAN CRAWFORD

To her love is a vital urge—something she can't do without. There's a challenge in the way she looks at a man. In the droop of her lids—in the full, scarlet streak of her wide, voluptuous mouth.

Try as she will to discipline her emotions, her pulse seems to throb to quicker measure than that of most women. She must release that terrific spring of energy, and she does so by continually involving herself emotionally.

Unlike Mae West, Joan has, in her screen rôles, a very active conscience. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



The Miracle of Louise Fazenda's Baby

By Edith Meredith

"I PRAYED for a baby. It was the one request I wanted to have granted more than anything else in the world.

"Ever since I have been old enough to think about it seriously, I have wanted a baby—just a bit of humanity to be my very own. After I married Hal, I hoped more than ever; but time went on and I thought of it only occasionally.

"Then came my trip to Quebec, and my visit to this marvelous old church." She was speaking of the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, that quaint, historic church in the heart of the French provinces, a spot teeming with legend, where millions have prayed for their hearts' desire. "I was walking quietly along when the thought suddenly came to me that here, at last, might be the answer to my own constant prayer.

"It was just about twilight, and a dead hush had spread over everything as I went into the church.

"I felt that I was alone with God; alone to pour out the hunger of my starved soul, in the quiet beauty of that little old chapel."

That is Louise Fazenda's story of the prayer that now is answered—with an answer that now cuddles in her arms, but soon will be romping and answering to the name of Hal—or, more formally, Hal Brent Wallis, Jr. The Queen of Custard Pie, the Ugly Duckling of the Films, has now found the Bluebird in her life. While back of this answer to her prayer stands the equally fascinating story of a life that was the same prayer—a life which seemed doomed to disappointment, until just now.

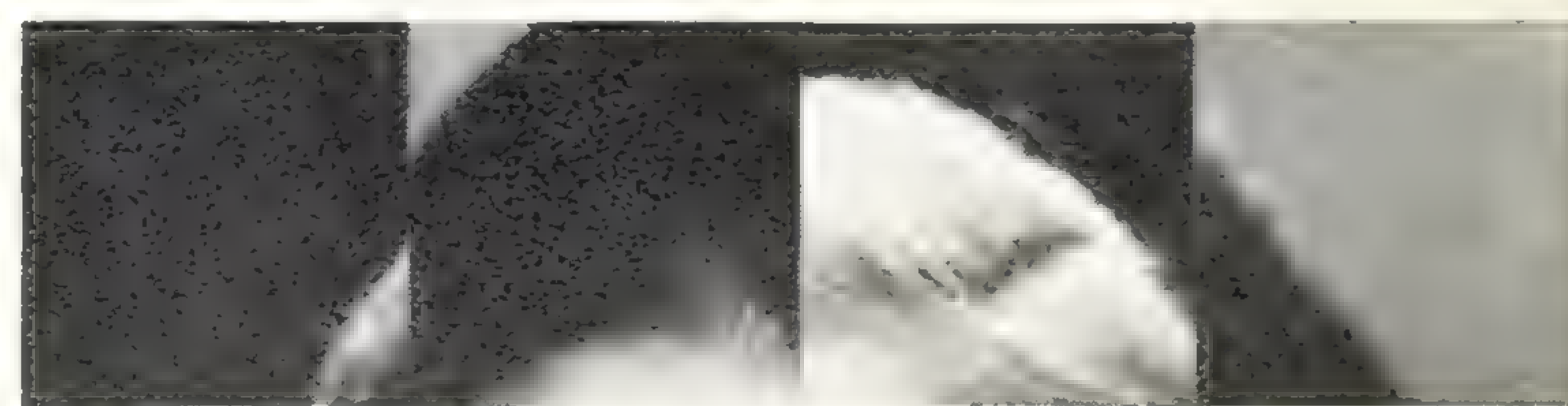
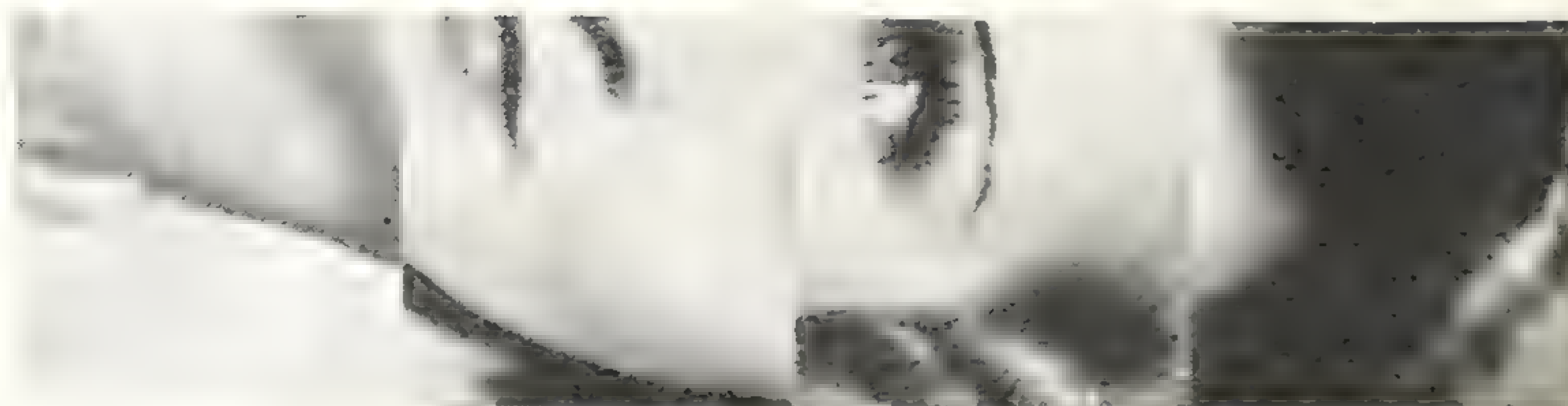
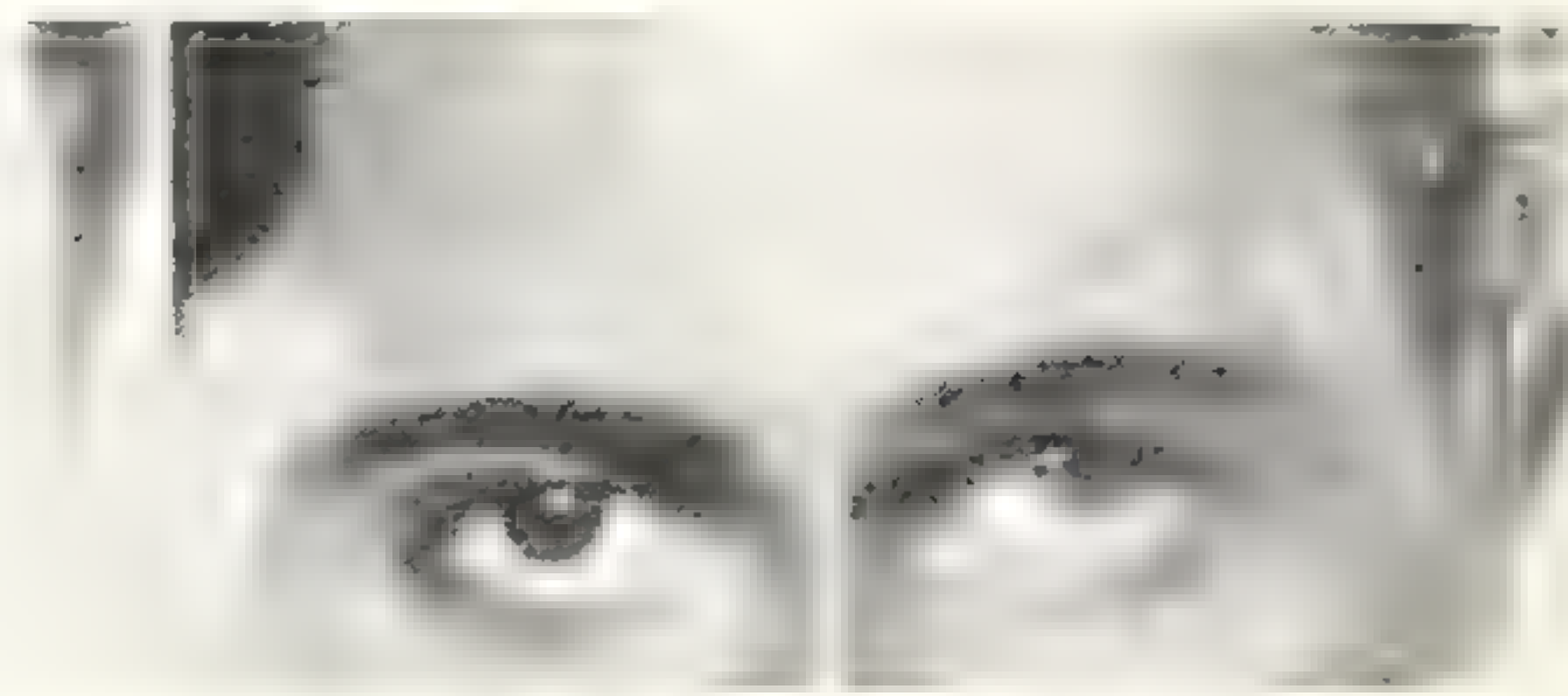
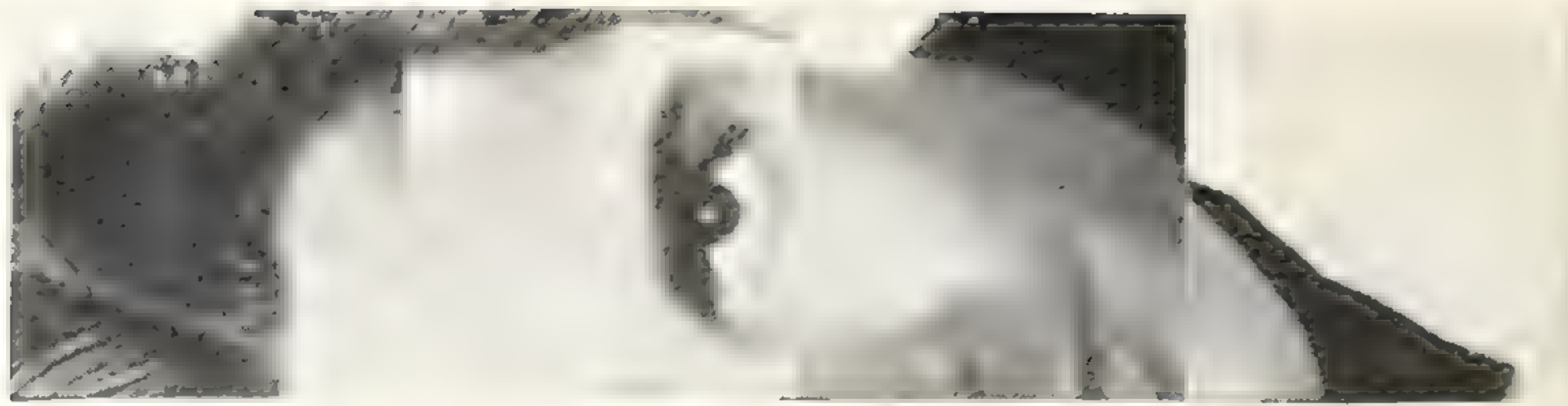
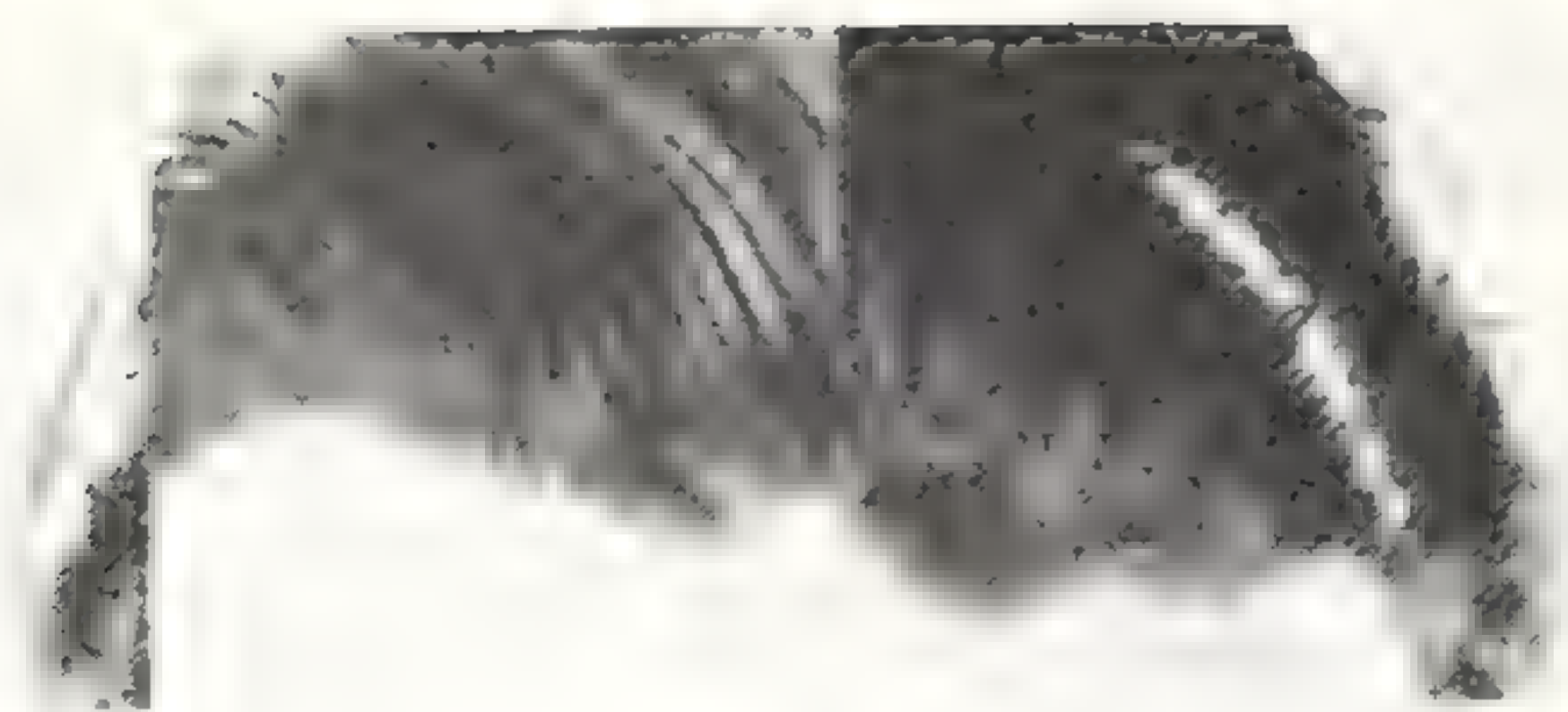
Louise Fazenda was born in Lafayette, Indiana, of a French father and a Holland Dutch mother. When she was still very young her folks moved to the Mexican section of Los Angeles.



All her life the Queen of Custard Pies carried a heartache behind her hilarious film antics. Then something prompted her to pray . . .

She was the ugly duckling of the neighborhood; yet this flame of maternal instinct already was burning high in her.

The Fazenda grocery store was on the corner. From here each day after school Louise would carry coal oil by the bucket to neighboring houses. Sometimes she peeped within some of these places, mostly Mexican. A few Filipino children scampered about with Hawaiians, and there was a goodly mixture of Chinese; almond-eyed little youngsters with skins as soft as yellow velvet. American families had just begun to seep into this part of the old Mexican Los Angeles. And it was within their walls that Louise caught her very first glimpse of what it meant to enjoy luxuries. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



\$1,50000 in Prizes

YOU can start now with PHOTOPLAY's new and fascinating "Movie Muddles" Contest, that will pay \$1,500 in cash prizes for skill in a game that offers all the fun of cut puzzle pictures and jig-saw puzzles rolled in one. The contest started in July—so you need only see that issue.

And if you are skilful, you'll have just as good a chance for a share of this \$1,500 prize money as anyone who started last month.

The prizes and rules are on the opposite page, and of course you'll want to understand them thoroughly.

WHAT "MOVIE MUDDLES" ARE

Across the tops of these two pages you will find sixteen strips, each divided into four parts; and each part shows a portion of a face. You are to weave eight of these strips together until you have one complete face, every part matching; then to do the same with the remaining eight strips.

But when you have completed the weaving, two of the parts on each strip will be hidden; and the strips can be re woven so these hidden parts form another face. So altogether this month's "Muddle" will yield four complete pictures. The first "Muddle" appeared in last month's PHOTOPLAY; and the third and last,

in next month's—the September—issue, will complete the "Movie Muddles" contest.

Do not send in solutions until you have finished all three sets. Be sure to read contest rules on opposite page before you begin work.

HOW YOU COMPETE FOR A PRIZE

To compete for a share in the \$1,500 prizes, you first find all four of the pictures which can be obtained from each "Muddle," and identify each person shown. Then assemble each "Muddle" to show two of the four faces. Then beneath each picture you name the person shown, and a picture in which that person has appeared. You also name the two other persons whose pictures could have been made with that "Muddle," and motion pictures in which

they have appeared. Then send your completed entry, mounted on paper or cardboard, to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., in time to reach them by midnight of September 20, 1933.

That's simple, isn't it, as well as good fun? While neatness of arrangement will be considered in selecting the winners, elaborate presentations will have no better chance than plain, simple ones.

HINTS FOR WORKING "MOVIE MUDDLES"

Herewith we give two sketches to suggest how you work out a "Muddle." For instance, if you think the eyes on strips A and B in Fig. 1

belong in one face, cross the strips as shown. Then, if you think the part of a nose on strip C belongs with the two eyes, place it as shown; and continue weaving in other strips, matching the features, until you have a completed picture, such as shown in Fig. 2. (But take note: While the strips in Fig. 2 are shown somewhat apart, so you can see the "weave," in your entry they should fit neatly and correctly together. And these sketches, of course, are just suggestions as to how to proceed.) Start now to play this new, fascinating game!

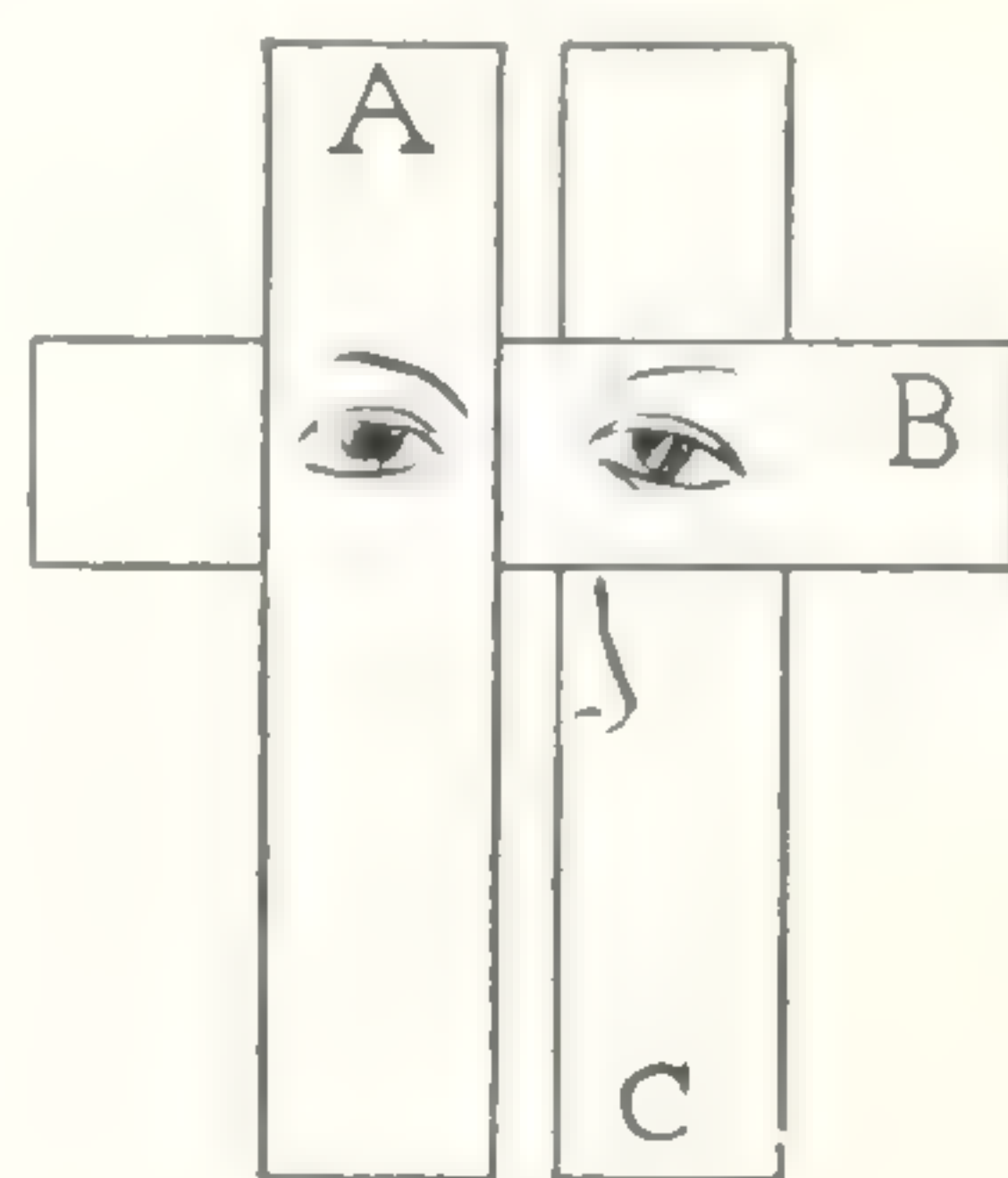


FIG. 1

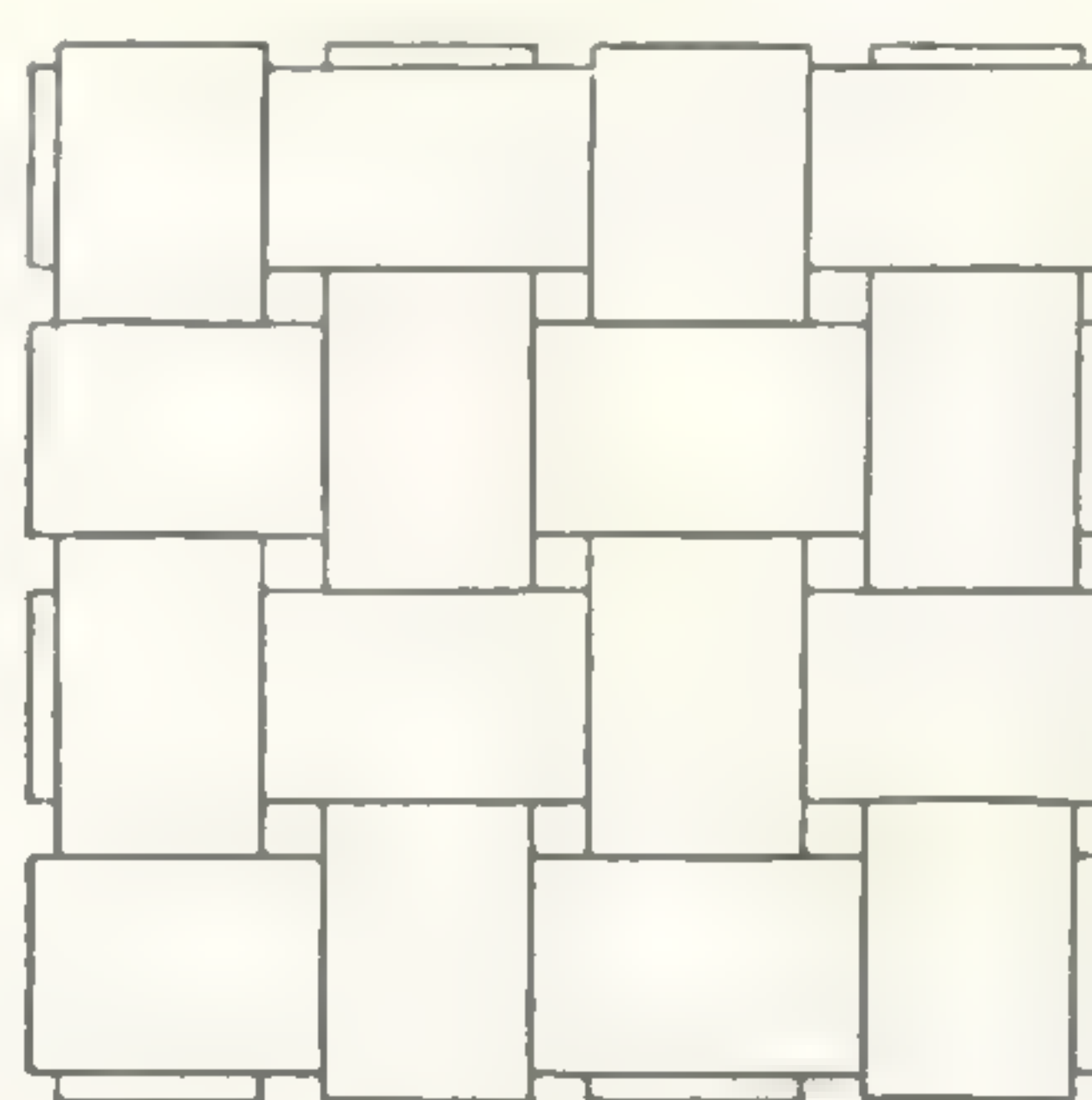
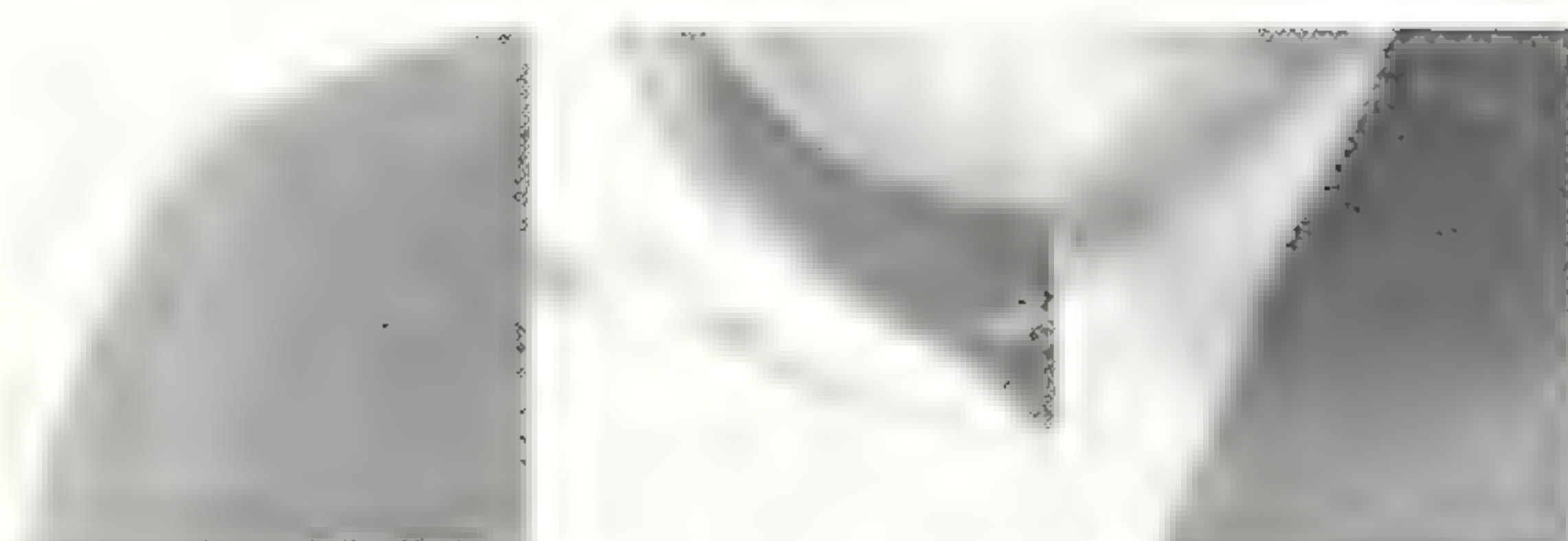
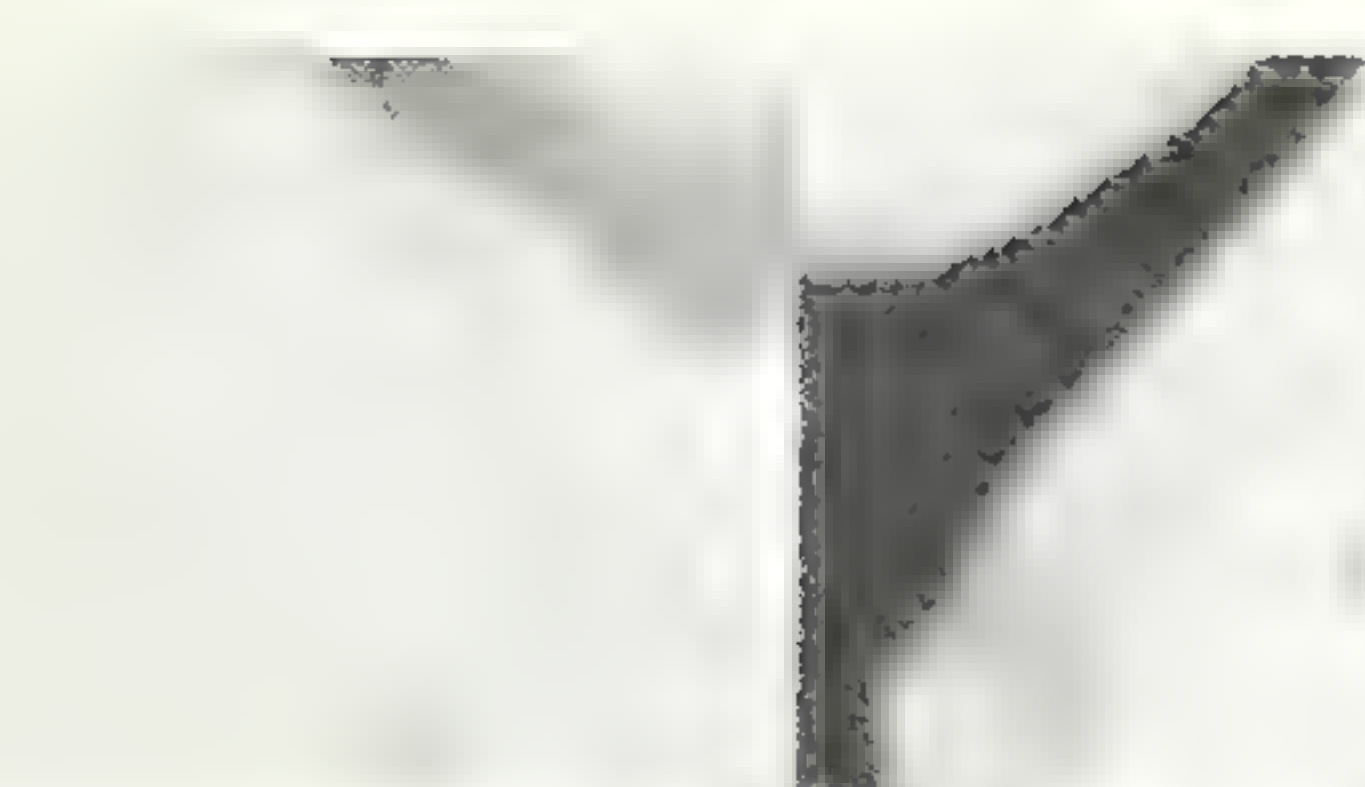
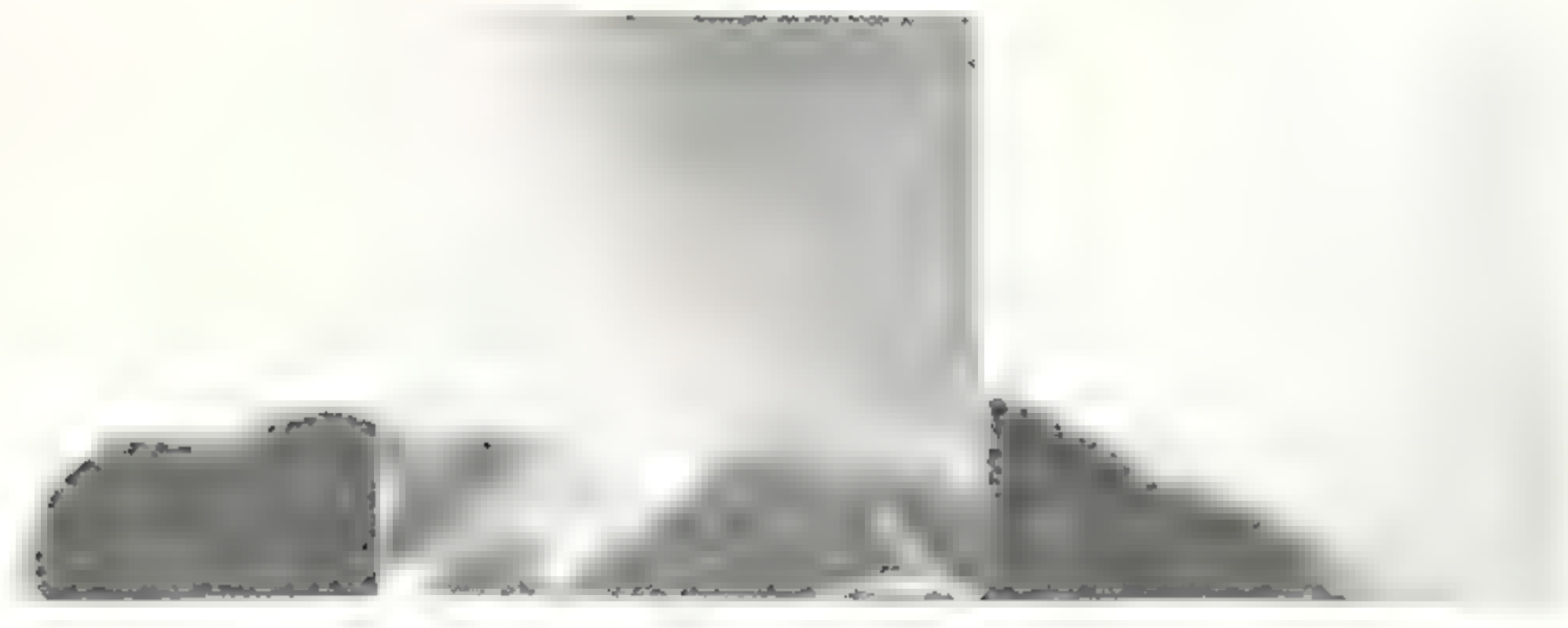


FIG. 2



Patent Pending

for Movie Muddles

1. Eighty-four cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$500.00
Second Prize.....	250.00
Third Prize.....	100.00
Fourth Prize.....	50.00
Forty Prizes of \$10 each.....	400.00
Forty Prizes of \$5 each.....	200.00

2. In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing "Movie Muddles" of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four pictures, each divided into sixteen parts, with the parts arranged upon sixteen strips, will appear in each issue; and the strips will constitute the "Muddle" for that issue.

3. The parts will be so arranged that eight strips, properly selected and properly interwoven, will present a picture of one actor or actress, while the remaining eight, properly interwoven, will present a picture of another actor or actress; but it will also be possible by a different interweaving, to obtain the pictures of two other actors, actresses, or of an actor and actress, as the case may be, with the sixteen strips.

4. Correct solution of the "Muddle" presented in each issue consists of two correctly interwoven pictures, together with the

correct names of the two persons shown, the correct names of the two other persons whose pictures could have been obtained by a different interweaving, and, with each of the four names of persons, the correct name of a motion picture in which that person has appeared.

5. Each of the three "Muddles," or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the required names written, lettered, or typewritten below the two pictures obtained from assembling each month's "Muddle."

6. \$1,500 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly arranged solutions of the three "Muddles" presented during the contest.

7. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third "Muddle" has appeared in the September issue. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Muddles," accompanied by the required names and information, as stated above. All solutions should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on, or attached to, your entry, and that it carries sufficient postage.

8. Aside from accuracy in solving the "Muddles" and giving the required

names, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Pictures must be mounted on paper or cardboard. Elaborate presentation of entries is not desired.

9. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You may copy or trace the strips from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free.

10. The judges will be a committee of members selected by PHOTOPLAY. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

11. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

12. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions should be in by that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It will be impossible to return any of the entries.

The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

O H, my dear, have you met Gracie? Little Gracie Allen, who talks (constantly and to no end) on the radio? About a brother she never had? And in the movies, "The Big Broadcast," "International House," "College Humor" and plenty of shorts about that same nitwit brother? Well, sir, Gracie has set more people wild to the square inch in Hollywood than any ten Marx Brothers on a rampage.

Oh, that Gracie! Mention that name to anyone on the "International House" set and they'd immediately throw up their hands, foam at the mouth and go into as first class a mess of jitters as was ever jittered.

Whew-w-w-w-w -eou.

Lookie. Production on "International House" was at full tilt. Chorus girls were prancing about at full steam in the marble lobby of the hotel. Eddie Sutherland, the director, was flying here, there, up on the balcony. On the marble stairs. In the lobby. W. C. Fields and his dilapidated silk hat sat in his Austin car ready to go bye bye through the hotel. Peggy Hopkins Joyce sat at her dressing table powdering her gorgeous nose and fondling her gorgeous diamonds. Stuart Erwin sat off by himself, on a barrel. George Burns, Gracie's partner in crime, sat off in a corner studying his script.

And then there was Gracie.

Oh, my sainted aunt! There indeed was Gracie.

A complicated and intricate dance scene was in progress. When suddenly—there goes Gracie—and no one can stop her. Hold on, everybody!

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland. Wait. Stop directing. I have the grandest idea. Oh, it's too

YOO HOO!

That Allen girl cracks up scenes like a blind man would an airplane

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

grand. Wait people. Mr. Sutherland, have these dancing girls stop a minute. I have—"

"But Gracie, look. We're in the midst of a scene. You can't—"

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland, you're going to love this. You're going to absolutely adore this idea. Now, here girls—" Gracie pushes the group of bewildered dancing girls to one side—"now wait everybody. Yoo hoo up there in the attic with the lights. Stop electrifying a moment. Oh, Mr. Sutherland, this is grand. I have a grand idea for a theme song."

"A theme— Oh, my gawd," the director groans.

"Now this story is about the International House. A hotel, isn't it? Well, now why couldn't we have these girls come in like this, see—and sing, 'Hotel me pretty maiden'?"

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland, don't you love it? See? 'Hotel me pretty maiden,' and right away everyone would know what the picture was about."

"GRACIE," the director moans. "I—oh, Gracie—"

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland, just the way you said that reminded me of my brother. Did I ever tell you—?"

Feebly, the director tottered to the open air.

While the whole disorganized set seethed with confusion, over popped Gracie to Peggy. At her dressing table.

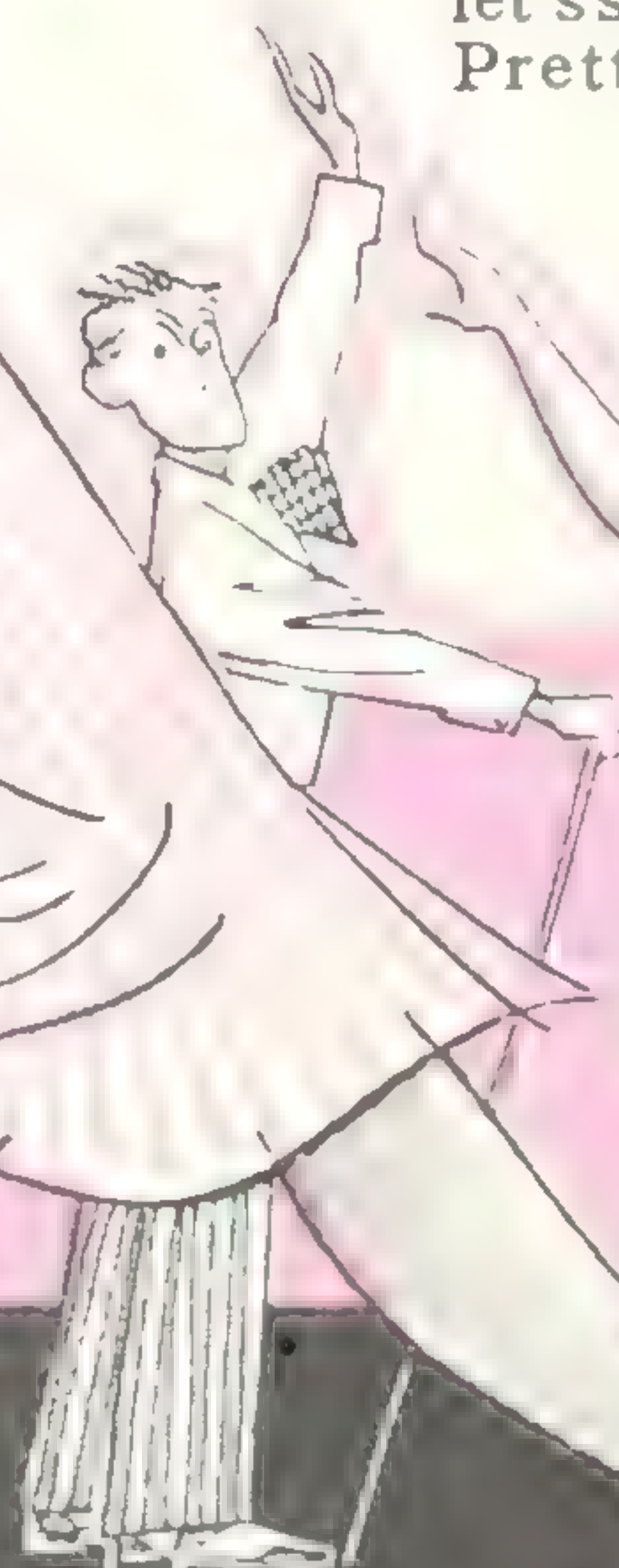
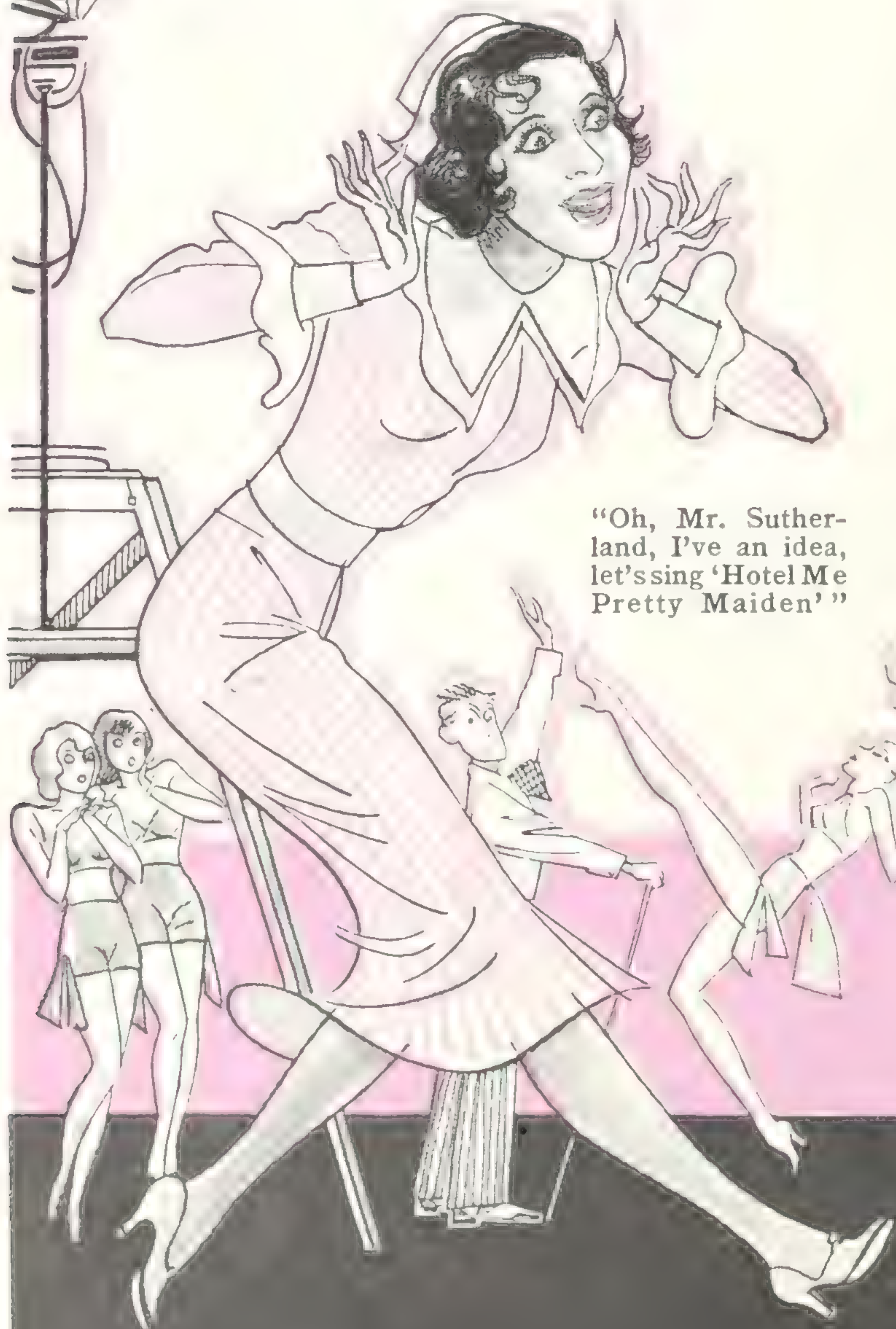
"Oh, Miss Joyce, you'll die at this but I never knew till this minute who you were."

"Who did you think I was, Gracie?"

"Oh, Miss Joyce, you'll love this but I thought all the time you were Aimee Semple McPherson."

"Oh, gawd help me. Gracie, you mean—you—"

"Yes sir, isn't that the funniest thing? I guess it was the three names. You both have so many names. And then when they said you got lost in the desert in this picture, why I just



Here Comes Gracie!

thought it was Aimee. I can't understand how I did it."

"Gracie—"

"Only I don't think Aimee had Stu Erwin with her on her desert trip. I'm not sure, but I don't think so. Oh, Miss Joyce, you've had a lotta husbands, haven't you?"

"I've had some."

"Well, I was wondering. Did you ever marry my brother? So many people have and I thought you might sort of look back over your husbands and try to remember. He's, well, he's sort of an Indian. My brother is."

"An Indian, for the love of heaven."

"Well, sort of an Indian, Miss Joyce. By marriage, I mean. You see when he was home last time he told me about it."

"OH, he was telling you about it?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. He tells me everything. My brother does. He was telling me how much he loved his squab on toast."

"His squab, Gracie?"

"Yes, that's Indian for wife. Only you would wonder what my brother was doing on the toast, wouldn't you. But that's the way my brother is, Miss Joyce. Why my brother—"

"Excuse me." Peggy arose, pale and trembling. Her diamonds clasped in her hands. Slowly she groped for the open door. Just as the director, slightly refreshed, staggered back.

Then Gracie was right up on the balcony. "Oh, Mr. Fields, I bet I know why you wear that hat. So you can pull a rabbit out of it. My brother—"

"Gracie, another word, and I mean this. I'll throw you over this balcony."

"Oh, Mr. Fields. I'll bet you say that to all the girls. Flatterer."

Below, in the lobby, the director was once again at work with the dancing girls.

"Oh wait. Yoo hoo, Mr. Sutherland," Gracie called. "I—"

"Now Gracie, quit it. I'm directing this—"

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland. I just accidently happened to think—"

"It would have to be an accident," Mr. Fields interrupted.

"Oh, Mr. Fields, you say the nicest things," Gracie smiled.

"But Mr. Sutherland, where are the animals?"

"What animals?" the bewildered director asked.

"Oooooooooo, Mr. Sutherland, aren't we going to have any animals in this picture? Oh, I couldn't act in a picture without animals. Everyone has animals. Like Fay Wray."

"Like Fay Wray, Gracie?"

"Yes, you know. She had a large buffoon called 'Ping Pong' in her picture."

"She [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

"Oh, Miss Joyce, you'll love this but I thought all the time you were Aimee Semple McPherson. You both got three names, see? But my brother says . . ."



Daddy of the Studio Family!



A fighter—"when you come to the end of your rope, tie a knot and hang on!" A friendly, keen, understanding adviser—Joan Crawford calls him "Pops." In short, meet Louis B. Mayer

WHEN the all-star production of "Dinner at Eight" was being cast, Clark Gable heard that he was to be the suave, "play-boy" doctor of the piece. That was bad news to Clark. Not that he minded, its being only one of many good rôles in the picture; such a thing wouldn't bother him. But Clark knows his Gable—and he figured that as a smooth society doctor, with perfect bedside manners, he wouldn't be so hot.

What to do?

In some studios, that would be a problem. The studio being

Joan's troubles, Clark's worries, all find their way to "L.B.'s" ears—and get settled nicely

By Harry Sanleigh

M-G-M, Clark simply marched through the hierarchy of offices—assistant-assistants, secretaries to secretaries, then the secretaries, and so right on up to the top. Asked in, he told his feelings—and that was that. Eddie Lowe became the doctor, and Clark went to work with Jean Harlow in "Hold Your Man."

That's one side of "L. B."—formally known as Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M. "Mr. Mayer told me, when I first came to the studio, not to hesitate to talk to him about anything," Clark explained. That, of course, is said often in many organizations—is just as routine as "Welcome" on the door-mat. The pay-off in this case was that L. B. meant it; so, as Clark says, "I go to him just as I would to a father. You can imagine how much it means to have someone like that, someone who knows what it's all about, to tell you what to do. And to help you out of your mistakes."

ONE might say that this is all right for a Clark Gable. He could invade the sanctum of a man who's always terrifically busy, who has a temper and may bang the desk when the temper's stirred, who's a driving executive and a shrewd bargainer, and always has a dozen and one matters awaiting his attention. What though, of others lacking the prestige of a Gable?

Well, after Dorothy Jordan's first picture at the studio, she got word—ominous to her at the time—that L. B. wanted to see her. Knees quaked a bit as she walked into the cream-colored office, and faced the grayish-haired man with the soft brown eyes hidden behind glasses. But as he talked, fright vanished. He was relating his impressions of her—his confidence in her future—also some things he thought would help. Result: she immediately enrolled in two schools, one for dancing and one for voice. There emerged the Dorothy of "Min and Bill"—an astonishing transformation from the demure, half-frightened little heroine of "Devil May Care."

The Mayer eye is always out for situations like that. Having battled his way up from a start at fourteen bossing a ship salvaging plant at St. John's, New Brunswick, he knows the value of a helping hand in those trying initial stages of a career, and he loves to extend it—just as, in his quiet way, he does a tremendous amount of good through philanthropic channels and through his active participation in Los Angeles civic affairs.

So the "babies" of the family, the Mary Carlises, Jean Parkers and the others have just as free access to him as any leading star.

His explanation of all this, if asked, undoubtedly would be that it's all good business. How can any family do good work unless it's a happy family—and what could be more of a family, needing understanding care, than a roster of high-strung stars? Which may be so, as far as it goes—but it doesn't go far enough to explain many things that happen.

Joan Crawford, for instance, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

LORETTA YOUNG, still fancy free, appears to be looking seriously into her future, despite rumors of that romance with Gene Raymond. Loretta has quit Warners and is freelancing now. Her most recent picture is "Midnight Lady" for M-G-M. With her divorce from Grant Withers nearly two years ago, she took on more dignified rôles



EVERYONE thought Ann Dvorak reckless when she ran out on Hollywood last year to go on a honeymoon cruise with husband Leslie Fenton. But she's back again, a serious minded little lady, anxious as ever to work, and work hard at the studio

ELIZABETH ALLAN hails from England and surely you recall her in "Looking Forward" where she did so well for M-G-M she was engaged for a part in RKO-Radio's "The Public Be Sold." And do you notice the metal mesh collar and cuff set she has?





Hurrell

IS that a gesture, we wonder, to hide the love light in your eye, Joan? Any one might wonder after the gossip linking you with Franchot Tone. Gone are the little Crawford artifices of high, narrow brows and exotic coiffure. La Crawford looks perfectly *au naturel* this summer, both in face and figure. "Dancing Lady" she is doing—and how!



IF Bing Crosby can sail a ship as thrillingly as he can croon a melody we don't wonder yachting is such a favorite sport off California shores. Bing's out there, you know, to make pictures for Paramount and you'll not only see him but hear him in "College Humor" his latest film. His devotees liked him so well, he won a grand contract



Ray Jones

BEHIND those soft brown eyes Heather Angel has a spirit which will carry her far. For she has studied everything from fencing to screaming which might tend to help her career. She once toured India and Arabia with a stock company just for experience. She's signed with Fox and will be in "Berkeley Square" with Leslie Howard

A Harp in Honolulu

And what an all-star circus they had when that Hawaiian beach and moon got to work!

From the diary of
Pat O'Brien

Wilmington, Calif.
On Board S. S. Mariposa

APRIL 7, 1933—I wanted to go to New York, my bride of two years wanted to go to Honolulu, so we compromised and sailed for Hawaii. Here we are on a grand ship which goes all the way to Australia. Honolulu will be far enough for the O'Briens, as this is our first boat ride since the Old Mill at Coney Island. We're due to shove off at 10 P.M., but upon our arrival we discover that everybody is celebrating the return of beer.

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey are on the boat with us. It looks like a tough spot for billing for O'Brien. With that gang of comics I'll be lucky to get a laugh in my stateroom.

The phone rings. It's Bill and Mary Gargan come to wish us bon voyage. Phone again. There's a party in Bert Wheeler's stateroom. We join the gang. Everybody in Hollywood is there. No wonder Bert is celebrating April 7. It's his birthday, beer is back, and he and Woolsey have just signed the biggest contract of their careers, with RKO-Radio. What a party! Done in real Wheeler and Woolsey fashion.



The little invalid girl—right—whom the movie people entertained, goes to the beach with Pat O'Brien, Ruby Keeler, and Al Jolson



Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien bid farewell to Hawaii and throw the leis they are wearing into the water. If the leis float to shore, the travelers are certain to return to the island

Between loading an enormous cargo of beer and unloading the guests, we finally shove off at 3 A.M. And so to bed.

April 8th.—It's night of the first day out. I'm relaxing in my stateroom. No, I'm not sick. Just tired, that's all. Looking over my shoulder, Patricia O'Brien is getting a laugh. May as well admit I'm seasick—and homesick for land, and only the first day out. This Pacific belies its name.

This isn't my day. I lose the ship's pool, but if I had won the Irish sweepstakes my enthusiasm would have been nil. One consolation—all my pals are sick, too, except Wheeler. He beats the rap. Woolsey gets all the laughs today, and Bert is too mad to get sick.

Today is the first time I have ever seen Bob Woolsey without the inevitable cigar. When he gets back to Hollywood he will be looking for the guy who told him to drink brandy as a preventive for seasickness. And, then there's the pal (?) who told me about champagne. But, the real tragedy of today tops everything. No beer! The entire cargo is consigned to the thirsty in Honolulu. We passengers can't get a drop. Might as well be sick.

April 9th.—Today we have had the "lying bee." Who didn't get sick and why not? Outside of the irrepressible Wheeler, the only good sailor in our gang is Mrs. Frank Borzage. She is traveling back and forth between Hollywood and the islands so often these days that she knows all the answers. Mrs. Jack Ford is with her. Rena is out to beat the Hawaiian travel records held by Dorothy [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



Cal York

Announcing-



A famous movie producer and a promising young ingénue are romancing, and they don't care who knows it! As a globe-trotting explorer, Merian C. Cooper sailed the seven seas and saw the capitals of Europe alone. But back in Hollywood he prefers company. His choice is Dorothy Jordan

THE two months Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer spent in Hollywood reached something of a climax just before they returned to Europe.

Michael appeared alone one evening at the Colony Club, that swank place run by the Wertheimer-Goldy combination which at the moment gets all the play from the motion picture crowd.

An hour later, Gloria came in with two other people.

And, whether or not it was the continental influence or something much closer home, Gloria and Michael moved about the place, each seemingly ignoring the other's presence.

"A LOT of people have strange ideas about acting," remarked a friend to Jack Barrymore.

"So have a lot of actors," reflected the Barrymore.

FRANCHOT TONE has rented a house out in Brentwood. And his back yard meets Joan Crawford's!

SOLVEIG DIETZ, the girl whose husband filed suit against Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for this, that and the other thing, had booked

Mae West learned long ago how it feels to face the judge, but only recently did she have a chance to turn her back on the jury and share the bench, gavel and all. The sheriff showed her the jail, too. "Nicest jail I ever was in," said Mae

Jean Harlow gets her bruises before she has her fight. Painlessly applied, the make-up man puts them on carefully and not too big, for in the film, "Hold Your Man," Clark Gable rescues Jean before she is wallowed to the limit



The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



passage upon the same ship on which Douglas was sailing for Europe!

That is what Douglas said he had learned just in the nick of time.

So he had cancelled his passage, Douglas phoned breathlessly, and was sailing later.

So Joan said something like:

"There, there, dear boy!"

And went on to dinner with Franchot Tone.

INFORMED that an obscure attorney in New York was threatening to file suit upon behalf of a client, a janitor, in which the janitor would charge his wife with bigamy and name Jack LaRue as her first husband, LaRue said:

"The girl and I went together for four years. Then she fell in love with a friend of mine. I went my way and she went hers. We were never married."

OVERHEARD in the extra girls' dressing room of the M-G-M studio in Culver City.

"Acting in the movies is swell, all right. I had this call this morning for a three dollar a day job and was I happy? Then I discovered there's no bus runs here any more and no way to get here.

"So I spent \$1.65 to get here in a taxi and it will cost me another \$1.65 to get back. At that rate I'm just out 30 cents so far and I've had no lunch yet. Ain't acting in the movies swell?"



Walter Winchell, the gossip who airs everybody's secrets, is very quiet about his own wife. But a cameraman snapped them together — no scandal — while they were handing out scallions and orchids on the West Coast

This lounge-ful of movie celebrities would be paradise for an autograph hound! Clark and Mrs. Gable are side by side; Leslie Howard, who pales next to Joan Crawford's sun-tan make-up, helps make the English actress, Heather Angel, feel at home. Franchot Tone tries to steal a glance across at Joan. The Gables gave the party at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel

DID you know that Marion Davies employs twenty servants in her beach home, and pays her cook \$250 a month? Instead of a housekeeper, she has a house manager, a man who has held the post for many years. Marion is very loyal to all her employees, and depression or no, never parted with one of them.

A YOUNG fellow walked up to the window of the RKO casting office and asked, "Anything for me today?" It was part of his daily routine; the question had become habitual. He didn't even notice that the clerk was out to lunch, the office empty. But an executive hurrying by saw the face at the window, grabbed the boy, had screen tests made, and cast him in "Fog Bound." The new "discovery" is Howard Wilson.

CLARA BOW doesn't want her picture taken until she reduces more of that excess poundage! And something else about Clara—she never goes to movies. Doesn't like them.



"I wuz a boid in a gilded cage, folks, but now I'm a free-livin' soul." Sounds like Jimmy and looks like Durante, but you'll have to guess again. It's Jerry Lester doing a Schnozzola impersonation in Fox's "Arizona to Broadway"



But oh, for the life of an Eskimo—with the thermometer grinning vengefully around 96. Here's Mala and Aba at home in their igloo in M-G-M's film "Eskimo" made in the chilly open spaces of the far North. Brrrrr ... mister could you spare a thin slice of ice?

CONSTANCE BENNETT had to give up her plans for a trip to Honolulu this summer simply because the gossipers began to point to the fact that Gilbert Roland was already there.

But she will not have to forego a frequent plunge in the surf or an occasional hour on the beach.

Roland is back in Hollywood and has taken a house at Santa Monica, where a gay little party gathers almost every afternoon.

And Connie is usually the gayest one of the crowd.

STU ERWIN says there ain't no justice, or he would collect two salaries all the time—one as actor and the other as dialogue writer. In nearly every script of the picture in which he is acting, the line appears frequently, "Erwin enters. Business."

So Stu invents his own business—and the dialogue to go with it.

WHEN Joan Crawford was questioned about Franchot Tone she said impatiently:

"Why does Hollywood always have to read romance into everything? Franchot and I are good friends. He's taught me things about acting. I shan't allow talk to spoil our association."

HENRY GARAT, in Janet Gaynor's "Adorable," made his American debut under the most distressing circumstances.

First, his wife had to leave for England several weeks ahead of him.

Second, he suffered all during the making of the film with a stomach ulcer. He was unable to eat or sleep for weeks.

Lastly, when about to leave Hollywood, he sent his trunk on ahead of him, only to discover he would have to remain a week longer for retakes.

And Henry with one suit to his name.

Henry comes back in the fall to star with Lilian Harvey.

OVERHEARD in a motion picture theater where "The White Sister" was playing.

Boy Friend: "What did you want to come to this show for?"

The Girl: "Because I like Helen Hayes."

Boy Friend: "Oh yeah? You mean Clark Gable, don't you?"

The Girl: "Now John, you know it's not Clark. It's Helen I like."

Boy Friend: "Listen, Mary, don't kid me. It's Gable. You've been with him from the first kiss."

Silence.



Cosmo-Sileo

Mrs. Barthelmess' movie star husband Dick (Richard to you) enjoying a vacation between pictures. Here are the popular couple on one of those Panama boat rides from ocean to ocean

BABY LeRoy's mother is a child herself in the eyes of the law. She is only sixteen and has to have a guardian so she can sign movie contracts for her baby.



"Of course, dear," agrees Dolores when John suggests going home. Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore leaving the Gold Room of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel after a quiet little dinner

THE Countess di Frasso is back in Hollywood again, and may be seen lunching, now and then, with Gary Cooper. But only now and then.

"What a bust!" sighs Jack Oakie as he waits for a reply to those nifty things he's been whispering to his plaster double. "Looks like one of us is dumb, and it surely can't be Oakie." Okay grins the bust . . . A bit from "College Humor"

Imagine the amusement of the press when the Countess showed up at a press party given by Gene Raymond and *refused to meet* the press.

Practically nobody minded.

"WELL, Peggy," a friend said to Peggy Hopkins Joyce recently, "I'm leaving for New York tomorrow. Want to say goodbye."

"Goodbye, Mary," Peggy said. And then added very quickly, "Could you let me have your telephone numbers while you're gone?"

A TALL, blonde girl walked through the Paramount gate the other day. "Gee, it's funny the number of people who look like Garbo out here," Jack LaRue remarked.

And then the bomb burst.

It was Garbo. At the Paramount studios with her friend, Mrs. Berthold Viertel, to get a glimpse of Dietrich's new picture, "The Song of Songs."

It looks very much as if Rouben Mamoulian, who directed "Song of Songs," will also direct Garbo in "Queen Christina."

CONNIE BENNETT'S husband, Henri de la Falaise, has gone to the Indies to make a picture, and expects to be gone four months.



Slim Summerville and friend wife taking their daily *two dozen* on the sands of Laguna Beach where they have their home. Slim says a dozen and a half of that double dozen is for the Missus as his lean frame needs only a ration of six

Connie is backing the picture and, as Hollywood knows its shrewd little Bennett, the picture better be good. Connie makes few mistakes in business.

"MISS GIBSON," said Wynne's cook Mamie, "you all shouldn't eat them things. Know what they are?"

"Why certainly, Mamie," Wynne replied, "they're sweetbreads."

"No ma'm, they ain't. Them things is a cow's tonsils."

THEY swear, out in Hollywood, that Lionel Barrymore turns in those marvelous performances without in the least knowing what picture he's working in or why.

Engrossed in his etching, he'll be summoned to the set. "All right, all right, where's the girl with the script? What do I say in this scene?"

And he'll go in, speak his lines and do his bits of business and hurry right back to his etching.

Half the time he hasn't the least idea whether he's still making "Dinner at Eight" or "Stranger's Return."

When Lionel isn't etching, he's sleeping. Movies are mere incidentals to this artist.

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AN entire waterfront was brought from Seattle to make this setting for M-G-M's "Tugboat Annie." The set is built on the shores of a large lake near the studios. Seattle buildings which couldn't be moved were photographed, and reproduced in exact detail



Photo by STARR

MARIE DRESSLER, as *Annie Brennan*, is having waterfront trouble with Captain Wallace Beery who has just wrecked *Annie's* tugboat. She is leading him off for punishment. Mervyn LeRoy, watching intently from gunwale of tug, is directing their exit

Meet Joan's Best Friend



When Joan and Doug were engaged, "the best friend" received this picture, inscribed from Joan: "To my dearest and only 'Daddy' Wood. My life's ambition is to make you proud of me. Ever—Billie." To which Doug added: "To Mr. Wood—I feel proud to know you—almost as proud as I am of having my 'Billie' (which was once your 'Billie' and I guess, in a way, will always be) as my affianced—which is saying a great deal—(Dodo) Douglas Fairbanks Jr." The date of this was March 25, 1929

HOLLYWOOD knows Joan Crawford today! Hollywood knew her when—Hollywood still talks of Doug's influence.

But Hollywood doesn't know of an influence that came into Joan's life ten years ago—the influence of a man who believed in her.

I had known of it. I had never felt the force of it until I saw them together.

We stood in a crowded theater lobby—the man and I. She stood on the first step of the balcony stairway—peering eagerly into that crowd.

They pressed close around her—eager for a smile, an autograph, a glance.

But Joan Crawford saw no one in the crowd until she saw the man by my side. In a second she had reached us.

"Daddy Wood! Daddy Wood!" She fairly shouted it.

I knew the story. Those people crowding around us didn't know. They must have wondered.

What could these two have in common? This gray-haired man of dignity—executive, scholar, educator. This gay, exuberant, vibrant girl—celebrity in her own right!

You have read of Joan's brief college career, which ended

She said it was her life's ambition to make him proud of her—and she did

By
Maurine
Parker

abruptly during her freshman year. Her school days meant little to Joan. But she has one lasting memento of those days that no one can ever take from her—the friendship of the man who will always be "Daddy Wood" to her, but who, in educational circles, is known as James Madison Wood, President of Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri.

I've known James Madison Wood for years and I know him to be a man whose heart is big enough to encompass the interests of every one of his seven hundred students. I have never seen him walk across the campus of Stephens College alone. I have seen him hundreds of times with four or five chattering young ladies on each arm.

IN my own days at the College I was feeling the pangs of "mental growing pains." I was confused about problems of discipline with which every student government contends. I said to him, "How can I judge another girl—how can I decide whether she's right or wrong, when her life and her background may have been entirely different from mine?" His only answer was a brief one. "Who are you to judge? Who am I to judge? If it is for anyone to do—it is certainly out of our realm."

In those words you have a picture of the man.

It was when Joan's picture "Sally, Irene and

Mary" was released, that President Wood told me the beginning of this story.

Joan, once Lucille Le Sueur, then Billie Cassin, came to the college in the fall of 1922. Billie Cassin was ambitious. The college field representatives said she could come if she was willing to work in the college dining-room to defray tuition fees. This offered a release from a wretched life at home. Billie's childhood had been a hard and disappointing one. She came to the college a disillusioned child.

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"Best friend," Dr. James Madison Wood

RONALD'S *Painted* Mustache

He was pestered into a screen test, and he failed—until they applied grease paint

By Rex Tarring

RECENT news that Ronald Colman is giving Hollywood the go-by in favor of a year's trip around the world and then whatever may strike his fancy, ends an eleven year saga of success—success that began with a mustache hastily painted on his upper lip by producer Henry King, after the said Henry had gone one night, half in earnest and half idly, to see "La Tendresse" at the Empire Theater in New York City.

The earnest part of Henry's visit was getting a line on an actress he was considering for a part in "The White Sister," which he was planning to produce with Lillian Gish in the stellar spot. He was in need, too, of a male lead to play opposite Lillian; but after trying everyone he could think of, he had about despaired of that. In fact, he was on the point of sailing for location in Rome without a lead, in the hope of picking up what he wanted in Europe.

Thus Henry King's thoughts when the curtain went up on the show—and incidentally, on Ronald Colman's screen career as well. For, while King was sitting with a half-hearted eye on the play, suddenly he saw something which made him sit up very straight. A young actor had come on the stage, leaping a wall and then making love in romantic fashion; an actor of slight, graceful figure with a clean shaven face and a mop of bushy hair. Mark that, the actor had bushy hair and was clean shaven.

As soon as he saw this youngster King forgot all about the play, about the actress he had come to see, and everything else. All he thought about was "The White Sister" he was going to make, and the young actor he saw on the stage before him now. In this quiet, positive personality which so strangely affected him, King believed that he had found, not a player to do a minor part, but the very leading man he wanted.

So sure of this was he that as soon as the show was over he sent his card to the young actor's dressing-room. The actor consented to see him, but as soon as he entered King received a tremendous surprise.

"I'll tell you quite frankly, before we even begin, that you'll simply be wasting your time," Colman told him as soon as he made known the object of his visit. "I've been all through that before, and I know that it is quite useless to consider me for the screen.



From the film that "made" Ronald Colman on the screen in one appearance—"The White Sister" with Lillian Gish! The "first time out" for the mustache that turned the trick

"I don't screen at all well; and I spent months in Hollywood trying to make a go of it. If there had been any chance, don't you suppose some of those directors out there would have seen it?"

ALL that was true. Ronnie had spent heart-breaking months in Hollywood, trying to get in—and rising occasionally to an extra's job, principally because he had, and could wear with distinction, a gentleman's wardrobe. So film offers were nothing but a siren song to Ronnie now.

But King didn't know this—and accustomed as he was to having unknown young actors and actresses jump at even a remote possibility of getting into pictures, he gasped.

"Well," he said as soon as he recovered. "I still think I'm right and that you are the man for it." Then, without going any farther for the moment toward a deal, he asked permission to sit down and tell the story of "The White Sister." Colman nodded politely. King's motive was to watch Ronald's reaction—and as the story progressed, he was more than satisfied. Colman's expressions [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

3 Days—and Sylvia had



FOR years Sylvia, America's most famous physical culturist and masseuse, has been Hollywood's court of last resort for problems in her field. This month she gives another revelation in her fascinating series about how she helped noted stars through crises that threatened their careers.

Also, Sylvia has agreed to do something wonderfully helpful for everybody. Now she will answer personally your letters. On page 84 she answers many questions, and tells how easily you too may obtain her help. Look now to learn how America's most expert help is yours for the asking! (Inset, Sylvia.)

Mysteriously attractive and charming—yet behind this aspect of Sidney's, once stood the specter of anemia. To banish it from Sidney's life was the task assigned Sylvia. She was going away in three days! Yet Sylvia succeeded, completely

WHEN I first heard Sidney Fox's voice it was just three days before I went to New York to sell my book "Hollywood Undressed." Her chaperon called me and asked me to take Sidney as a patient. I explained that I was leaving shortly and might be gone for a month or so, and I thought it would be foolish for Sidney to begin with me. What could I do in just three days?

I had hardly hung up the phone when it rang again. This time I heard a soft, timid voice saying, "This is Sidney Fox and please take me, Madame Sylvia. I know you've only three days, but take me twice a day, please."

"I don't know what I can do in three days," I told her, "but if it's a matter of life and death, okay."

Well, she came right over—she and her chaperon, and they

both were amazed when they saw my waiting room full of fat ones and thin ones and lumpy ones waiting to be treated. Sidney was very childish looking—dressed all in pink. I took Sidney by her little hand, and led her into my studio.

She was quite the little lady and very dignified and, believe me, she got a shock when I opened the door. For there were Carmel Myers, Dorothy Mac-

kaill, Helen Gahagan (Melvyn Douglas's wife), Vicki Baum, and a couple of others waiting for me. And every one of them was in nothing but an expectant smile. Sidney's eyes nearly popped out of her head and I think she wanted to run.

"Take your clothes off and make yourself comfortable while I work on these girls," I told her. Well, she was very modest and slowly slipped her clothes off, covering herself up with a sheet and then getting into the far corner of one of the couches.

I started on Vicki Baum and went at her like nobody's business—slapping and pounding. Sidney just sat there all huddled up, her eyes like saucers. "Ooh," she said, "did it hurt?"

"I love it," Vicki shouted back between slaps. "She's just stretching my muscles and it feels marvelous."

"Ooh," said Sidney, and got farther back in the corner.

Brightened *Sidney* *Fox's* Whole Life!

Just about that time Carmel Myers grabbed a sheet and disappeared. In a couple of minutes I heard my ice-box door slam and in another minute Carmel and my maid came in with a big dish of fruit jello and thin coffee cream. "Come on girls, light in," said Carmel. "This is good for you." And she imitated my accent to perfection.

Suddenly I heard a yell and a howl of laughter. Some way, I don't know how, Sidney had wiggled out of the sheet and fallen—sitting down—in the jello. Carmel and Dorothy Mackaill rolled on the floor laughing, but Sidney hardly cracked a smile.

"This jello was meant to be eaten," I shouted. "It's good for you, but it should be inside and not out. So just for that, Carmel, I'm going to take Sidney first and make the rest of you wait!"

Well, Carmel got mad at that and went out of the room, slamming the door. But I couldn't be bothered. You've got to be a philosopher in Hollywood.

SO I turned to Sidney. She has small bones—tiny ankles and shoulders—and she was nicely covered with fat all over. But her main trouble was anemia. She told me she loathed exercising and that came partly from the anemia. Anemic people just haven't the energy to take violent exercise; so somebody has to help them. You girls, get your mother or your sister or a friend to do what I did for Sidney. And anybody can do it. It isn't hard at all. You can't force an anemic person to do anything. They're always temperamental and cranky. That goes with it. When those people show pep, it's just sheer will power.

And now here's what I did for Sidney. I made her relax, lying with her arms at her sides. And slowly, little by little, I brought her toes over her head. And that can be done! But you've got to be absolutely relaxed and have confidence that it's possible. You'll think that the stretching under the knee is the worst, but it isn't. Relax those hip muscles! And make whoever is doing this to you stick at it until the toes are brought over the head. It makes you feel grand, for it gets the circulation going in the spine.

After that I made Sidney raise herself up and touch her toes (keeping her knees stiff) with the tips of her fingers. I mean, I tried to. She couldn't do it at first and I pushed and pushed her shoulders forward, trying to get her face down to her knees. And that's where you may have to have some help. Get a friend to help you to get down to your knees by pushing your shoulders.

While I was doing this to Sidney, the rest of the girls all laughed. "Shut up!" I told them. "None of you were so hot



Who can doubt that the Sidney Fox of this picture enjoys radiant health, after following the plan of treatment Sylvia devised for her guidance? Will power does the trick!

when you first started. Don't you laugh at Sidney." For I could see that she was a very sensitive girl. Later I was to discover that she has a brilliant mind.

The only other thing I had Sidney do was to turn on the radio to a snappy dance tune and just sway her hips from side to side with her arms over her head. That silly, simple exercise is marvelous. It gives you grace, it reduces hips and gets the blood circulating. But be sure to hold your shoulders up straight while you're doing it.

And now for the diet I gave her. Because she had anemia she had to take liver extract, which [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Sylvia's answers are on page 84, girls. Brimful of value for all!

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ ADORABLE—Fox

JANET'S back again, and how! The old elfin Janet—and the only difference is that she's a madcap princess this time, in love with Henry Garat, an officer of her personal regiment. And Henry—well, there's someone to draw feminine sighs from all over any audience! We say, hail to a new star, without any argument whatever.

The story is the light little tale one might expect it to be—just enough to carry the music and dancing through the gorgeous settings and gay love-making to the final fadeout. The skating scene is one that for sheer beauty will stay long in mind.

C. Aubrey Smith lends laughable incidents as the prime minister, and Herbert Mundin has some bits. Altogether, it's a fine summer night's fun.



★ THE MAYOR OF HELL—Warners

GET a load of this. The Cagney meets a tougher guy than he is—and reforms him!

Jimmy, as Patsy, controls a gang and a lot of votes, so he rates a soft political job, which includes routine inspection of a boys' reform school. Here he meets Jimmy Smith, played by Frankie Darro, who gives a performance of a tough, unmanageable kid you won't forget in a hurry. Patsy gets an eyeful of cruel discipline—also of Madge Evans, the school nurse. Both decide him to take the place over.

He ousts the superintendent, and institutes self-government, with Jimmy Smith as "mayor." Things go nicely until Patsy's gang goes haywire. He returns to show 'em who's who—and somebody gets shot. Patsy has to hide. The school superintendent returns—but see it.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933—Warners

IF you thought "42nd Street" was good, you have a date with any theater showing this one. It's another Ruby Keeler show that has everything "42nd Street" did!

To start things off, chorine Ruby is in love with Dick Powell, a penniless song writer. But when things look hopeless, Dick digs up money, the show goes big, and zowie! In pops Warren William, brother of the show's "angel," from staid old Boston. No chorus girls in his family. No sir!

What to do? Ruby's roommates, Joan Blondell and Aline MacMahon, decide to work on Warren and his co-killjoy, Guy Kibbee, and we'll let the film tell what happens to them. But it's rich, we promise you, and at that it's only the foundation upon which Director Mervyn LeRoy and dance impresario Busby Berkeley have built music, ensemble numbers, and acting that are splendid.

Coming to performances, Ruby still wins you at sight—although she has too little to do. Dick Powell, especially in his song numbers, is a treat; while Warren William, Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee turn in the excellent work you might expect from such artists. But the surprise of the show is the new Joan Blondell. Cast as a traditional gold digger, she achieves absolutely compelling emotional power. Wait till you hear her lead that "Forgotten Man" finale! Ginger Rogers and Ned Sparks, too, are delightful.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933
ADORABLE
DINNER AT EIGHT

WHEN LADIES MEET
THE MAYOR OF HELL
PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART

The Best Performances of the Month

Joan Blondell in "Gold Diggers of 1933"
Aline MacMahon in "Gold Diggers of 1933"
Ann Harding in "When Ladies Meet"
Myrna Loy in "When Ladies Meet"
Janet Gaynor in "Adorable"
Henry Garat in "Adorable"
Frankie Darro in "The Mayor of Hell"
Lee Tracy in "Dinner at Eight"
Billie Burke in "Dinner at Eight"
John Barrymore in "Dinner at Eight"
Marie Dressler in "Dinner at Eight"
Loretta Young in "Midnight Mary"
Sylvia Sidney in "Jennie Gerhardt"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 112



★ WHEN LADIES MEET—M-G-M

IF ever there has been more sparkling polite comedy, with an undercurrent of drama, we can't remember it. And it is that handling of the old reliable triangle plot—letting it run as an undercurrent to delightfully polished and perfect acting from a cast headed by Ann Harding, Myrna Loy and Frank Morgan, which makes this memorable.

Philandering publisher Frank Morgan makes the trouble, when his roving eye lights upon the young and "modern" author, Myrna Loy. Of course, many "conferences" ensue, while Myrna's devoted boy friend, Bob Montgomery, struggles desperately against it, and gushing widow Alice Brady urges the match on. (And how she can say the wrong thing at the right time!)

At last Bob, in despair, by a trick brings Frank's wife, Ann Harding, into the mix-up—and now the smoldering drama gathers strength, bursts into flame, and produces some of the finest acting of the year, doubly memorable for its repressed subtlety. Ann Harding's quiet, heartbroken denunciation of her husband is a masterpiece, while Myrna Loy never has drawn a character to better advantage.

It's not a picture to excite, nor is it a great treat for those liking their romance flaming, spicy, or red blooded. Its charm lies rather in its haunting, flawless delicacy, and utterly human treatment, plus dialogue that is a delight.



★ DINNER AT EIGHT—M-G-M

AGAIN a strong studio puts in most of the stars on its lot, adds some freelancers, plus a plot that was a smash hit on Broadway—and emerges with a grand evening's entertainment, if you don't mind a mixed-up affair.

Lionel Barrymore's wife (Billie Burke) decides to give a dinner, and invites the stage and screen has-beens, Marie Dressler and John Barrymore, Wally Beery, an uncouth financier with an uncouth wife to match in Jean Harlow; philanderer Eddie Lowe and wife Karen Morley, and Phillips Holmes, engaged to Madge Evans.

And then what a mix-up! The guests of honor depart for Florida, Lionel has a heart-attack, John ends all when his agent, Lee Tracy, tells him he's through—and so it goes. But if you like all-star entertainment—here it is!



★ PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART—RKO-Radio

GINGER ROGERS does a real star's job this time, with her particular type of material; and helped by a good cast, she turns out a good evening of entertainment.

It begins when ebullient press-agent Frank McHugh builds her up as the radio "Purity Girl," advertising manufacturer Gregory Ratoff's "Ippsie Wippie Wash Cloths." Ginger, however, sobs, then storms her desire to "sin and suffer"; so to save the day, Frank McHugh imports noble mountain-boy Norman Foster to provide romance. Ginger likes the idea; they have a radio wedding. Then fire-works!

ZaSu Pitts, Franklin Pangborn, Lucien Littlefield, and others, add fun—and while much more might have been made of the story, there's plenty a chuckle. And you'll be ready for an encore when you see Ginger do her stuff!

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

**MIDNIGHT
MARY—
M-G-M**



**JENNIE
GERHARDT—
Paramount**



LORETTA YOUNG proves conclusively that she is a distinguished dramatic actress—and we always knew she was beautiful. Here she's a new kind of gangster's moll, and finally she shoots Ricardo Cortez, the gangster, to save the young lawyer she has fallen in love with. Yes, he is Franchot Tone—and very nice, too. Andy Devine sings—don't miss that. Excellent cast, including Una Merkel and Martha Sleeper.

SYLVIA SIDNEY walks the Back Streets of Donald Cook's life, giving unselfishly of her love for years, only to have him discard her for another. The story, taken from the book by Theodore Dreiser, is aged and leisurely told, but the sincere performances given by Sylvia and Donald hold the interest to the end. Cora Sue Collins, as Sylvia's daughter, livens things up considerably.

**THE
BIG BRAIN—
RKO-Radio**



**MELODY
CRUISE—
RKO-Radio**



ALIVE with clever situations, bright spots and interesting details, this story of a barber who became a high powered and crooked financier is good fun up to the climax, which falls apart a bit. George E. Stone, a "little guy" with a big brain, is amazingly good, while Reginald Owen, his partner in crime, is a grand surprise. Phillips Holmes, Fay Wray, Minna Gombell, Lilian Bond are happily cast.

DISTINGUISHED by trick camera shots, interesting score, beautiful ice ballet, pretty girls—and Charlie Ruggles—this musical will give you a diverting evening. Not much plot—seems Charlie is in trouble with his wife, and two beauties accidentally sail off in his stateroom. The film can go on with the story from there. Production is on a lavish scale. You will remember a funny guy named Chic Chandler.

**COCKTAIL
HOUR—
Columbia**



**THE SILK
EXPRESS—
Warners**



INGREDIENTS, comedy, sex, melodrama, and a dash of music; Bebe Daniels shaking. A successful artist who wants "life," she scorns the love of Randolph Scott and sails to Europe; but on shipboard playboy Sidney Blackmer trips her. Seeking consolation with Muriel Kirkland, a pseudo-Russian pianist, she visits Paris, where Sidney is all but murdered. Satisfactory if not outstanding.

EXCITEMENT from the first shot to the last, after stock gamblers corner the silk market. The manufacturers order a special supply from Japan, and the question is, will the shipment be delayed between Seattle and New York? Neil Hamilton, Guy Kibbee and an excellent cast argue it out with the villains, and you'll feel the thrills as though you were on the train. Thoroughly acceptable melodrama.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**BELOW
THE SEA—**
Columbia



EVERYTHING but the kitchen sink—including *such* an octopus—is in this one; but Fay Wray, Ralph Bellamy and Fredrik Vogeding achieve good thrills and chills. Bad Freddie, once captain of a U-boat, knows where much gold is sunk; so he and diver Ralph go on a deep-sea scientific expedition financed by Fay. Gold, greed and love do the rest; great under-seas scenes. (Also released as "Hell's Cargo.")

**BED
OF ROSES—**
RKO-Radio



IT'S labeled a Connie Bennett picture, but there must be some mistake. The star is really a little girl named Perf Kelton, who gets out of reform school the same time Connie does—and promptly reverts to type. Connie decides on the "bed of roses" system, with some initial success—but the roses develop thorns when she meets a cotton-barge boy named Joel McCrea and falls in love. Not for the little kiddies.

**HOLD ME
TIGHT—**
Fox



JAMES DUNN, just married to Sally Eilers, loses his job in the department store where Sally also works. Things go to pieces, and a jealous house detective plans a fur robbery to implicate Sally and James. He's discovered, there's a fight, all's well. Sally and Jimmie charming as usual—but wouldn't a new (and intelligent) plot be in order for this good team? Frank McHugh and June Clyde help freshen it a bit.

**SUNSET
PASS—**
Paramount



IF you've been holding out against Westerns all these years, you might as well give in. This one has everything, up to and including a plot which thickens as it should. Perfectly miraculous shots of Red Rock Canyon, taking you far, far away from worry and heat, plus wonderful horses and riding. Randy Scott is a lovable heavy, and Tom Keene, Harry Carey, Fuzzy Knight, Kathleen Burke do nicely.

**THE
NARROW
CORNER—**
Warners



BEAUTIFULLY photographed, acted and directed, this depressing Somerset Maugham tale of a young outcast who steals his best friend's girl, leaves one with a deep blue hang-over. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ralph Bellamy, Dudley Digges, are splendid, while magnificent storm scenes at sea and several scenes between two old sea captains, Arthur Hohl and William V. Mong, add splashes of color.

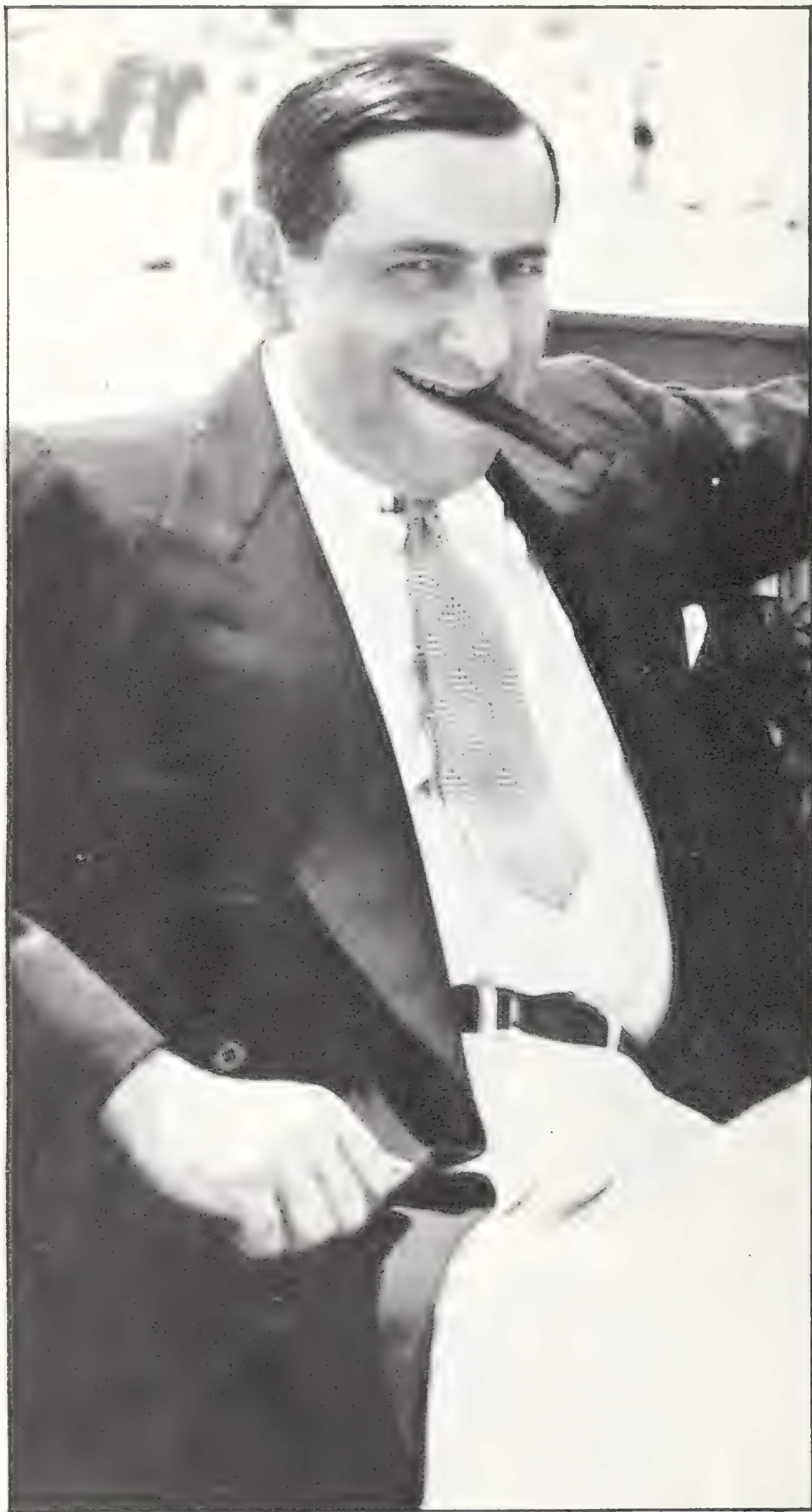
**HEROES
FOR SALE—**
First National



POOR Dick Barthelmess in the war gets the grief and the dope habit; another gets the medals. Then his mother commits suicide, his wife is killed in a riot; Dick is unjustly jailed for it. Things get worse—but we just couldn't stand more! This should end headline pictures; what's left for any actor (or audience) to suffer through?

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 98]

"All Women Are Sirens at Heart"



Ernst Lubitsch, creator of stars, believes that charm is the most important thing in the world to a woman. That, given proper setting and opportunity, every woman desires to be a seductress

NIGHTLY in Hollywood, there are big stars and little starlets who pray, in pajamas and other things, "Oh, dear Lord, let me make a picture with Lubitsch before it is too late."

For Ernst Lubitsch is a molder of personalities. No screen player has ever passed through his direction without emerging a more vital actor or actress.

His ability to breathe life into a character that would be drab in other hands; his ability to make phlegmatic personalities

says Mister
Lubitsch

*To May Allison
Quirk*

The great director
analyzes some famous
screen personalities

suddenly seem subtle and brilliant, has always had something of the Svengali touch about it.

I cannot recall a single piece of bad acting given under his direction.

From the time, about fourteen years ago, that he led Pola Negri through the torturous, dramatic heights of the German-made picture, "Passion," right down to Miriam Hopkins' scintillating performance in "Trouble in Paradise," his record is unbroken. "Passion" brought Pola international fame and gave them both Hollywood contracts.

Lubitsch was born in Berlin, Germany, about forty-one years ago. He was brought up in his native city, received all his early training as an actor in the theater there, and directed his first motion pictures in Germany.

Yet his fundamental qualities are as un-Germanic as is the lissome body of Marlene Dietrich.

LUBITSCH'S handling of risqué situations is French in its subtlety. His sense of humor and play might be Gaelic. His worship of beauty, whether it be in a human being, a landscape, or an exquisite bar of music, might easily come from some early Latin lineage.

I have heard him search for words to describe his emotions over a purple sunset in the desert canyons of Palm Springs, or the dark massive line of oak trees silhouetted against the gray dawn of a new day.

Furthermore, he knows more about feminine psychology than any man I have ever met. That, in itself, is disconcerting.

But one day recently I took courage in hand and obtained an interview. I wanted to learn more about his special brand of wizardry.

"How is it that every actress acquires unsuspected sex allure under your direction?"

He grinned at me and then scored one with his answer. He knows the frailties of our sex, that man.

"All women are sirens at heart," he said. "No matter how unemotional, how stolid, a woman may be, she has moments when her greatest desire is to be—shall we call it, a courtesan, siren or seductress? The exactly proper emotional condition and environment will bring it to the surface.

"If I manage to develop some quality in a player that the public has been unaware of, it is [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



Carl DeVos

YOU'VE seen him as banker, broker and bad man; now Warren William goes high hat in his latest picture, "Lady for a Day." Just what the well-dressed man is wearing to ultra swanky functions this summer Warren demonstrates with the dash that is so characteristic of him. But what other man could be so nonchalant in these formal togs?

Dark Dress With White Piqué Coat



WHAT a fashion scoop this is! Charming Adrienne Ames has permitted us to have several of her stunning personal fashions for reproduction—and that means that all of you may wear the exact copies. One of Adrienne's favorite costumes for hot days in Hollywood is this ensemble of dark cotton dress and cool white piqué coat. Her dress is black linen. Black is one of the big fashion surprises of this summer, you know. White piqué trims her short sleeves and makes the clever collar.



AND here is the coat trimly buttoned over the dress. Isn't it good looking? Slightly fitted through the waist, it deviates from the usual three-quarter swagger coat by buttoning part way down the front with crystal buttons. The shoulder detail is interesting, tucks giving the wider shoulder line. White piqué gauntlets and a white piqué hat are Adrienne's finishing touches. You will see her next in "Disgraced." Smart fashions in it, too!

Two Costumes That Look Toward Fall—



— Seymour —



It isn't too early to start thinking about new fall fashions, so when you see Helen Twelvetrees in "Disgraced," be sure to note this striking ensemble. You can wear it now for traveling, later for all sorts of smart events. A yellow and brown tweed dress is trimmed with yellow leather—and the top-coat is leather, lined with tweed. Shallow tweed sailor to match. A stunning Travis Banton design.

A PERFECT first fall dress, this blue-gray woolen two-piece dress designed by Travis Banton for Helen Twelvetrees' rôle of fashion model in "Disgraced." Note how cleverly the shoulder detail gives both height and width—an important trend. A fabric cord fastens the blouse, cleverly circling each button.

Black And White In Print For Adrienne



HERE it is in black and white—one of the smartest summer evening ensembles from Adrienne Ames' own wardrobe. Huge fuzzy white leaves are boldly printed on black pebble crepe with a black satin sash making a striking splash of contrast at the bodice. The skirt is slim and straight, but very long.



WITH the coat it is completely charming. The puffed out sleeves and the demure high neckline are nice touches. The diamond bracelet on the right arm is Adrienne's only jewelry accent. You will need such a gown for vacation parties.

Chiffon Is A Perfect Midsummer Selection

— Seymour —



THIS is the back view to show you how the gown is cut deeply—an interesting contrast to the high neckline in front. Two rows of pleating give the sleeves grace, the same pleating edges the hemline. Notice that the sash sweeps down to the floor.



YOU need so many dinner gowns for hot midsummer evenings. At least, so thinks Adrienne Ames who chooses soft printed chiffon as one of those charming "extras" in her own wardrobe. Blue and red flowers on a gray background is the color scheme—cool sounding, isn't it? The sash is of vivid blue and red silk, giving the dress a demure touch.

Just a
Hollywood



A STARCHED white shirt bosom with tiny crystal buttons like shirt studs and a huge piqué bow, are the amusing touches Marlene Dietrich gives this black costume.



JUST touch a button and it opens — press another and the picture is snapped in a jiffy! A camera Hollywood uses for its snapshooting.

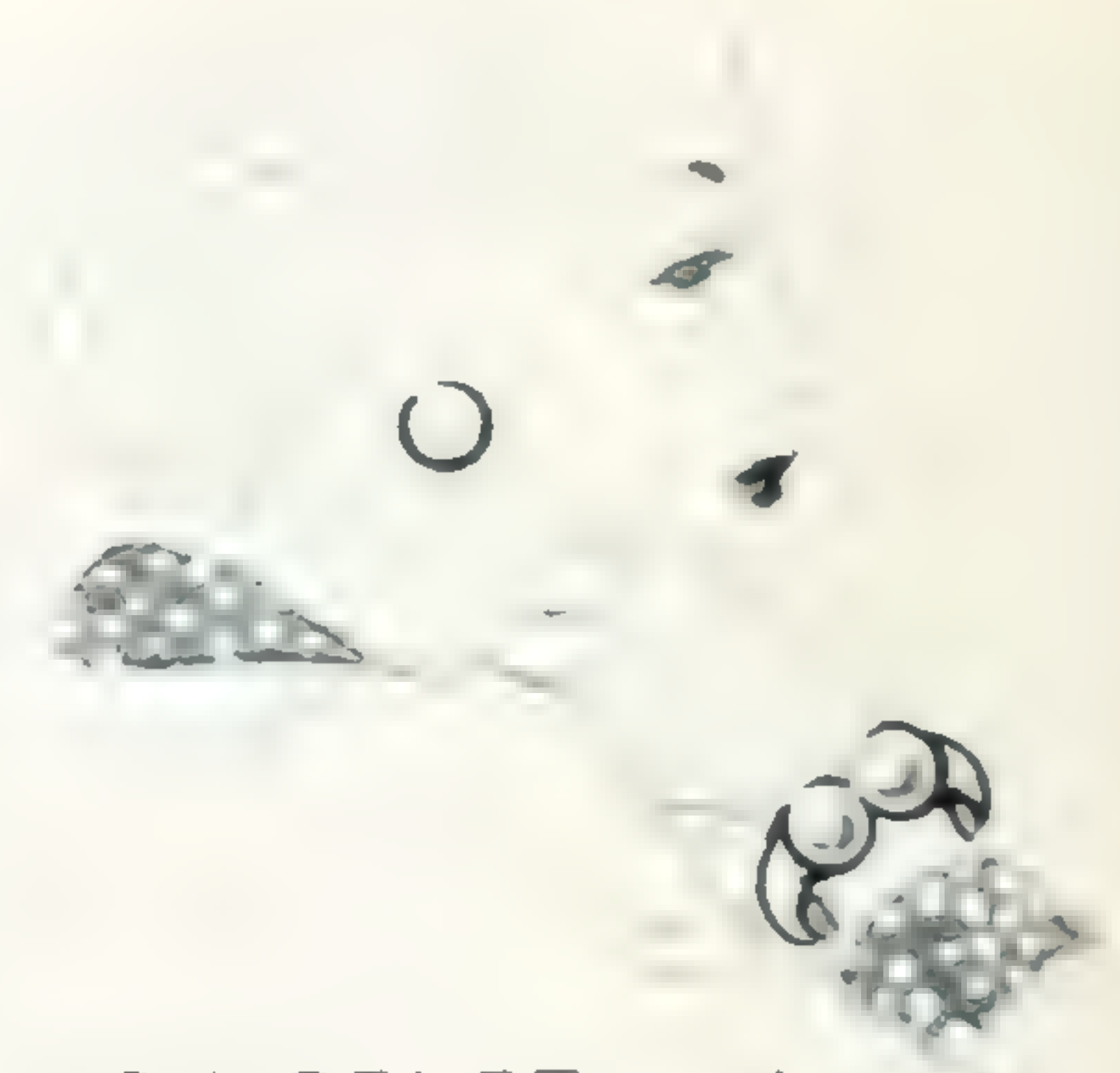
HERE'S a note from Miriam Jordan's lunching costume the other day. A striped silk bow and floppy matching flowers arranged down the opening of her jacket casually but smartly.



PLAID skirts are a new Hollywood vogue. Everyone is wearing them for daytime about town. Arline Judge tops hers by a piqué blouse and mess jacket.



THE newest bicycling costume around Hollywood is this one. Trousers that are like jodhpurs made in all sorts of fabrics and colors. A tricky idea.



BRACELET and Earrings of crystal, onyx, silver worn by Gloria Swanson.



BLUE and white gingham checks make a big sports handkerchief carried about Hollywood by Lona Andre.

Three Stars in Own Fashions

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTO-PLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTO-PLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 111.



ANOTHER personal fashion of Adrienne Ames—this ensemble that offers an unusual fabric combination. The swagger coat fastens with metal clips, in white piqué. The dress is a light-weight diagonal woolen in blue and white. Piqué at the neckline—belt in green.

LORETTA YOUNG designed this charming dress herself. She says it is one of her prized costumes. Gray lightweight woolen with a bloused back which becomes a bolero in front. The collar is organdie ruching, cleverly placed



MINNA GOMBELL adopts the plaid skirt fad in this smart suit from her personal wardrobe which she has kindly permitted us to copy for you. Brown and white plaid with brown jacket and a cape collar of the plaid. Grand for traveling on summer or fall days.

— Seymour —



Bert Longworth

THE lady of a thousand moods—that's what they call Ruth Chatterton in Hollywood. And no wonder when Ruth can go from society drawing-room rôles to that of dance hall dizzy with the easy grace of a finished actress. She is now playing the bad lady in "Lilly Turner." Gossip says she'll soon be doing a real life mother rôle

The Beauty Search Is On

Hollywood is constantly on the lookout for new faces to take the places of old

By
Reginald Tavinor

THERE'S always a bull market in beauty, and in Hollywood the search for beauty never ends. The screen must have new personalities, both men and women, unceasingly; and the bill comes high. An army of scouts is employed by all the major studios constantly looking for the kind of face which will ring the bell at the box-office. And even these professional scouts, haunting every hamlet and village, every town and city throughout the land, cannot keep up with the demand.

A new personality which "catches on" is worth millions to the fortunate producer who discovers it, and from the stages of Broadway or small-time vaudeville, from bargain basements and small farms, an endless procession of recruits is brought to Hollywood upon the chance that some will click. Streams of the world's most beautiful women and handsomest men constantly flow to the movie city; most of them, alas, to quickly drift away again.

For every new screen personality who is discovered, thousands who are never heard of pass before the testing cameras. But once in a blue moon the camera catches that elusive something which foreshadows a new sensation—a Garbo, a Hepburn, a Mae West. Each of these pays the bills for the others and makes the never-ceasing search worth while. The producer who discovers such a star knows the exultation of the prospector who stumbles upon gold.

WHENEVER a new stage star skyrockets above the horizon, a producer's agent is there waiting with his fountain pen in hand. Whenever a pretty girl flies across the ocean or does any other spectacular stunt, a film scout is ready at the spot she lands. For the turnover in beauty is enormous; the life of even an established screen star being only a few years. And when the public, always fickle, tires of one personality, the vacant place must be filled by another.

Competition between the various studios is keen. Within the past few years the trend had been to depend largely upon the importation of foreign stars; the Dietrichs, Wynnyards, Lilian Harveys, Sari Maritzas, Wera Engels, and so on. But there are never enough people to satisfy the almost inexhaustible maw of the cinema; the camera devours beauty just as the old ogres of the fairy tales used to do. For every descending star there must be an ascending star, because the public appetite for new faces, new personalities, is insatiable.



This is how Janet would look if the size of her body conformed to set artistic standards. Fortunately the movies judge beauty by screen tests, not tape measures

Chevalier, Del Rio, Lupe Velez, Clive Brook, Charles Laughton, Claudette Colbert, El Brendel, Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman, Karen Morley—these are but a drop in the bucket. They are the top now, but they will not last forever.

So the search must go on. Millions of feet of film must be exposed to find even one face that can be made immortal, and yet the one must not be missed. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

IT'S PLAY TIME HOUR



The bad man of the movies offers Joan Bennett a cup of tea, straight. Mr. LaRue should know that pretzels require a beverage with a *little* alcoholic content! Jack is serving Joan at one of those parties which are so popular at the new Vendome Cafe



Shirley Mason, a favorite star in the silent days, is shown here with her husband, Director Sid Lanfield. Shirley's sister, Viola Dana, is going back on the screen. But Shirley is too busy taking care of Sid and their two-year-old daughter, Sheila, to think of acting



Doug has lost his moustache! Maybe that's why he is looking so glum. Katharine Hepburn is gaily trying to cheer him up and make him forget his loss with rapid-fire conversation. But Doug won't be fooled. Katie is back at the studio to stay a while now

When the stars become hosts and hostesses or just plain guests

PHOTOS BY
WILLIAM
PHILLIPS



Ever since gossips began to pair Gary Cooper's name with Countess di Frasso, snoopy people and photographers have been trying to snap them together. The Countess, who has absolutely no screen ambitions, is visiting in Hollywood, where most of her friends are famous stars

Clark Gable and his wife seem to be having a good time at the party given at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Mrs. Gable is an ideal mate for a star—never wants the limelight and has no desire to act in films

Even on a hot day Jackie Cooper will leave the pool to talk with Loretta Young. They enjoy frequent chats together at the Beverly Hills Athletic Club where Loretta goes to take her daily dozen and Jackie swims





See Jimmy's halo—pinned on when he promised to be good! Part of the promise, though, was “no more handouts”—Jimmy's watch-dogs must pass on every application for help he receives

IF you knew Jimmy Cagney “away back when”—
And if you met him in Hollywood, with a hard-luck tale about being broke—

You'd get the address of a certain Hollywood restaurant where you could eat at his expense. You'd get a pleasant smile—and that's all.

Hard-hearted? Is Jimmy feeling the need to pinch pennies himself?

Far from it. That's what would happen because—well, because they've handcuffed Jimmy, put padlocks on his pockets, to save him from himself; and from those who knew him “in the good old days.” He doesn't get a cent that he can give away; he has been sternly spoken to about giving checks to those needing help, in the effort to break through the iron control; and even this restaurant to which you would be referred is paid by those in charge of saving his money.

In spite of himself, Jimmy's days as a handy Christmas tree for all those wanting a new, shiny present, are over.

All of which is the latest installment in the long and interesting serial story entitled “Pinning the Halo on Jimmy Cagney—and Making It Stay Pinned.” It began back in those days, as you may remember, that fairly sizzled and crackled all over Hollywood—the days when Warner Bros. wanted him to do “Blessed Event” and he was willing—at double the salary called for by his contract.

You've heard how the argument ran. In substance, Jimmy: “My two brothers are doctors. I've always wanted to be one. So twice the money—or it'll be James Cagney, M.D.”

Warners: “Oh, no. We hold a contract, and under its terms you can't do anything but act—and act at the contract price.”

He Can't Even Feed A Friend!

Ridiculous, when it's Cagney? Still it's so. He was trying to feed all who “touched” him

By Roma Banton

Jimmy: “Izzat so? Well, just try to make me act. Just try!”

And slammed out. Also letting word drift back that on a certain day he was going to tell all to the gentlemen of the press—his grievances, what he thought, what he had seen, what he had heard, about this whole movie business. Which, what with Jimmy's tongue, his mind, and his temper, promised to result in one sizzling interview.

Whereupon an Important and Dignified Body entered the picture—the Motion Picture Academy, no less. It took Jimmy's producers and Jimmy, himself, unto its big, used-to-trouble bosom and said, “Now, you two *must* get together.”

It was when Jimmy emerged from that meeting that his eyes were downcast; his red hair smoothed from its usual on-end position to sleek lines of meekness. Jimmy had taken the veil. The Motion Picture Academy had crowned him with a halo!

Jimmy had consented to wear it—for a price: the salary he had originally desired. But he could keep the salary only as long as he wore the halo, which meant, among things:

HE must not talk to or with producers. His managers would tend to all necessary or unnecessary conversation. Hence the lowered eyes when Jimmy meets them.

Second. He must never talk of anything that happened in that meeting. He can talk about his love-life or his preference in flowers and breakfast foods; he can even give out his life story, *if* he omits all references to private courts held in the motion picture business.

Third. He must seek the Academy's advice on anything important. The *papas* of this business must be given a chance to add rules which they may have forgotten under pressure of the original meeting. (Jimmy asked them this spring, for example, about taking the half-salary cut. They said, *take it*. He took it.)

There were other out-of-court restraints hanging constantly over Jimmy. Even before the Academy meeting, he had given his agents power of attorney, doing so at the conclusion of his first year in pictures.

“I fixed that up when I found that after a year's work, I'd come up even. Not a cent lost—nor saved, either,” he explains. Still he had not spent [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

Well! Well! So This Is Hepburn!

By Sara Hamilton

KATHARINE HEPBURN has a face full of freckles. And an amazing way of eating her salad. She breaks her lettuce into small shreds and dips each piece into the salad oil. For no reason. One way or the other.

She's crazy about the freckles. And hopes one day to have them featured. On the screen. Wearing no make-up whatsoever. So that each brown spot may stand out like a head light. And knock the customers out of their seats.

She uses no creams. Or powders. Or anything. And has each freckle named. Minnie, Lizzie, Tillie, Gertrude, etc. Gertrude is a "beaut." Over her left eye. Tillie, on the nose, is no slouch, herself.

Her hair is a light, reddish brown. Slightly faded by the sun. It's parted on the left side. And flies about hysterically. After a shampoo, the ends are wrapped in innumerable curl papers. While the hair is damp. And allowed to dry. The result is astounding. There's less curl than before she began.

Her greatest acting is done off the screen. And done to a crisp. She came to Hollywood a slightly known actress. With no beauty. Little charm. And decided to do something to make up for lacks. She has.

THE Hepburn antics are the talk of the town. In the polite drawing-room vernacular of Hollywood, the "gal is nerts." As a matter of fact, she's a little girl dressing up in "funny" clothes. Having a gorgeous time. You must all come over sometime. Katie is liable to dress up like Aunt Hettie. Ruffled panties and all.

Her walk is rather graceful. Because she studied ballet dancing for years. But she seldom sits on chairs. It's usually on pianos. Or the middle of roadways.

She has a disturbing way of completely looking right through one. And knowing all. Heaven forbid. She'll take apart every new person she encounters. If he's not intelligent. Or witty. Or amusing. Goodbye to him. And please slam the door on your way out. She loves loud noises.

On days she feels particularly kittenish, out comes the shawl. It's silk. With fringe. And things. This she ties tightly about her head. With a knot under her chin. And goes flying into beauty parlors. And places. As nonchalantly as Lil Tashman. In something by Chanel.

"The gal is nerts," says Hollywood, as it watches dynamic Katharine Hepburn flying about in the oddest ways. But the truth is, she's crazy—like a fox!

Her shoes are something to write home about. She buys them from peasants. In strange, little, out-of-the-way places. In Europe. And they look it. One pair is made entirely of cloth. Wrapped and wrapped and wrapped. Exactly like Uncle Herman with the gout. But the hobnail pair are the Lulu's. They clink. Or something. When she walks.

One day her director, George Cukor, announced that visitors, very important visitors, were coming the next day. And would Katharine please wear civilized clothes. On that occasion she chose the silk shawl. Tied tightly. And the hobnails. The visitors aren't over it yet. Never will be, as a matter of fact.

The overalls (you've heard about the overalls, of course) have been washed. And laundered. Until they are very soft. And ridiculously faded. In places. Her top coats are made of tweed. Imported. And beautifully tailored. With wide shoulders. And everything. These she wears with a delightful piece of rope. Plain rope. Tied about the middle. And how's your Aunt Gracie, these days?

The minute one of her scenes calls for the slightest emotion, off come her shoes. All her love [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]



To Be

Happy- Give!

*By Jane
Hampton*



JEAN HARLOW is the only star in the whole history of Hollywood who has not only survived notoriety but who has come through the barrage of mud bombs that burst upon her, a better understood and better liked woman. And certainly a greater actress.

What has she said? What has she done to accomplish this?

The answer is—nothing. And, yet, not quite that, either. In her own, individualistic way, the real Jean Harlow asserted herself.

When Paul Bern, Jean's husband of a few months, was found dead on the floor of his bedroom, a tornado of gossip and trouble burst about the gleaming white head of his bride. But women, or at least a great majority of them, did not turn against her. They didn't need to then. They already loathed her.

She was the most thoroughly disliked star in Hollywood, not only by the women of Hollywood, but by women all over the country. She represented, on the screen, of course, the type of woman they all feared and hated the most. The type of woman who can and may steal the other woman's man.

Yet today Jean Harlow has hundreds of thousands of loyal followers and loyal friends. Ready, anxious to stand by her. And day by day they multiply.

People like Marie Dressler, Frances Marion, Marion Davies, have all come to respect and love Jean Harlow. The roster of friends and admirers grows daily out in Hollywood, where the idea is to trample on anyone thought

Behold the radiant Jean that emerged from one of life's most crushing trials! When she tells how she did it, we can all afford to lend an ear

to be down. The worth of the girl has certainly been proved over and over by the dignified manner in which she has borne her trouble.

How did this happen?

Fatty Arbuckle, a beloved and popular comedian, achieved a wretched exit from pictures through scandal. Mabel Normand died of a broken heart when the women's clubs of the country turned their backs on her for just such notoriety. Mary Miles Minter, a sweet-faced little ingénue of promise, never made another picture after the Taylor murder.

"They've set the death watch for Jean Harlow," a daily columnist wrote. Meaning that her home was constantly surrounded by reporters. Watching. Waiting.

Questions were hurled at her. All kinds of pressure was used to force her to talk.

They hammered. Hammered. Threatened. High hatted. But never once did she open those lips to utter the words they wanted her to say.

Words that would have immediately removed every bit of blame from her shoulders. Words that would have cleared her name forever.

But words that would have, at the same time, reflected on the man she loved, who now lay dead.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

**So Jean Harlow says.
And after her bitter
time, she should know**

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck

All the beauty
tricks of all the
stars brought to
you each month



CAN you believe it? Artificial nails
are now made to replace your
broken, scarred or unattractive ones.
They come in shapes and colors to match
your own. You can apply them or have
your manicurist do it for you. Lona
Andre shows you how to fit a thumb-nail.



HERE is Joan Craw-
ford in her back-
yard, acquiring the
famous Crawford tan.
If you can tan pleas-
ingly, as Joan does,
time your sunbaths, use
glasses to protect the
eyes and a sun-tan oil
to give you even tone,
yet keep the skin soft.

THERE is noth-
ing like soap and water
for skin beauty, thinks
June Vasek. June
finds a complexion
brush a great help in
preventing normal skin
ailments. Use with
soap and water
skim over the dry,
cream-cleansed skin.

Thoughts For All Girls Who



UNA MERKEL has worked out for us six plans whereby you may make yourself both look and feel entirely different, at will. With your summery dance frocks, try scooping up your curled ends in this bewitching top-knot. Cut a few wisps for the face, long enough to be combed back on other occasions. This truly Victorian ruse is guaranteed to floor the most discriminating male. You will like it, too. Very cunning.

If your mood prompts you to appear queen-like and coolly beautiful, comb back your hair from a short center part in this manner. For the unusual chignon, use a braid or arrange sedate curls in a quaint Gibson-girlish knot. Stunning!

HERE Una becomes very glamorous with both coronet and curls for evening. I doubt if you can all supply coronets, but that tight fringe of curls is lovely and solves perfectly the problem of every girl with a long, slender neck.



Like To Look Different!



FOR general purposes, from dusk to dawn, Una suggests this simple and attractive arrangement for the girl with permanent or natural curls. If your face is broad, bring the ear curls slightly forward to lengthen the contour. A modern permanent will give the original curl design from which you achieve these and other charming arrangements. Insist upon one of the recognized permanent methods.



UNA appears to like herself this way as much as we do. A center part, a halo of soft hair, dizzy bangs and clips, if you like them. This style is usually flattering unless your features are heavy. Then brush back the bangs. No clips.

A JEWELED clip lends an evening air to this coiffure. Without the clip, it is perfect for afternoon. Comb the curls into a fluff; from a low, short part brush a band of hair smoothly across the head. Comfortable with hats.

Practical Thoughts For Summer Girls



DOROTHY WILSON took down her long hair, pinned a velvet band about it, donned an Alice-in-Wonderland frock just to show us an appealing summer hair trick. Long or short-haired, you will find a ribbon or one of those new bandeaux ideal for outdoor looks and comfort. Include a gay ribbon or bandeau in your vacation bag.



"HOW to Outwit Summer Suns" might be the title of these two poses by Maureen O'Sullivan. After exposure, always cleanse with cream. Follow by patting a skin and tissue cream gently over the entire face. Sleep with a little under the eyes.

(For more beauty tips
turn to page 80)



How Irene Dunne keeps her frocks Fresh and Smart as New

**"LIKE MOST EVERYONE
IN HOLLYWOOD"** she says
"I INSIST ON LUX"

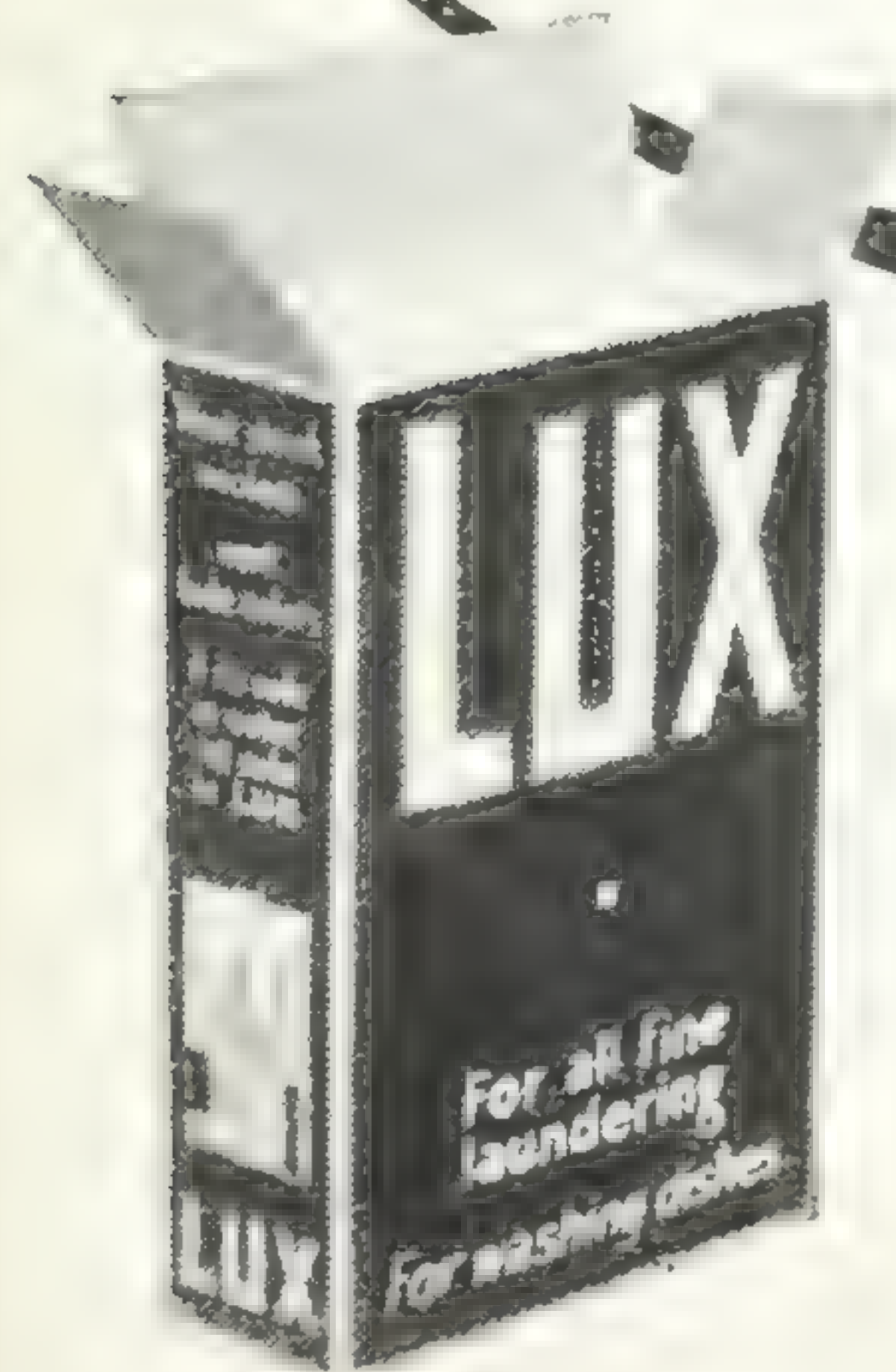
"Daintiness without extravagance—that's what Lux makes possible," says this exquisite young star. "Lux protects colors and fabrics, leaves my things like new. My maid washes my lingerie in Lux after *every* wearing. Also, stockings washed in Lux every night wear longer and fit better."

Protect *your* pretty things with Lux, just as Irene Dunne does. Keep them like new *twice* as long! Lux has none of the harmful alkali ordinary soaps often contain. Remember—anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



Official in all the big studios...

Wardrobe Director of the R. K. O.-Radio Studio, Walter Plunkett (shown with Gladys Baxter) says: "Some of our costumes have been used in many pictures—yet they look new. Lux saves us thousands in cleaning bills and cost of replacement, for stockings and fabrics stay new twice as long."



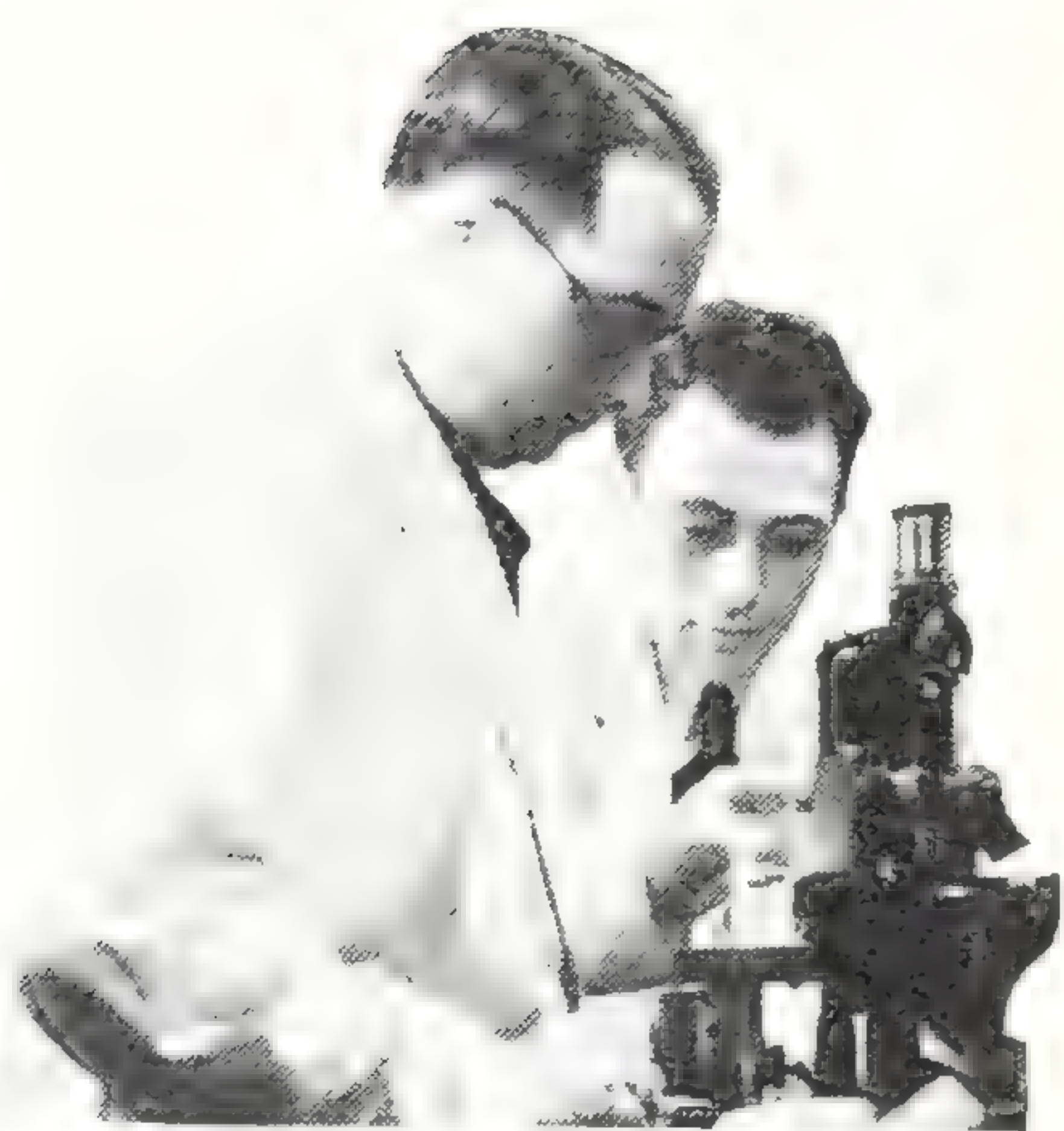
Hollywood says—don't trust to luck

— TRUST TO LUX

IRENE DUNNE—now appearing in R. K. O.-Radio's "The Silver Cord"—tells you how to have that out-of-the-bandbox look—always use Lux!



Hollywood is simply wild



AUTHORITIES STATE...

"Lux Toilet Soap contains precious elements all skin needs"... Read about it!

SCIENTISTS

EXPLAIN: It contains has...and must have

SKIN, science has found, contains certain precious elements. These elements, found in youthful skin of every type, keep it fresh, smooth, attractive, young... help guard it when exposed to wind, dust and sun.

The gradual loss of these elements is what makes skin get old-looking, dry, rough, unattractive.

But scientists give this welcome and all-important message... you can now *check the loss* of these precious elements.

*This Soap actually contains
Precious Elements found
in skin itself*

Now scientists attest the fact that Lux Toilet Soap, with its complete freedom from harshness, its ready solubility *and its content of such precious elements*, is an unquestionable aid in keeping the skin young-looking... softly smooth.

Small wonder that Lux Toilet Soap is used by nearly all of the famous

screen stars, who *must* keep their skin radiant, smooth, young-looking! Small wonder it is the *official* soap in all the large Hollywood film studios.

A Younger-Looking, Lovelier YOU

Science tells you that pure, safe Lux Toilet Soap actually contains precious elements all skin *must have* to look youthful.

For EVERY Type of Skin





Photographed in Hollywood
... where 9 out of 10 screen stars use
Lux Toilet Soap because it keeps skin
young-looking. The Hollywood stars
in the foreground, reading from left
to right, are GENEVIEVE TOBIN,
'BOOTS' MALLORY (Fox star),
GWILI ANDRE and ANITA PAGE.

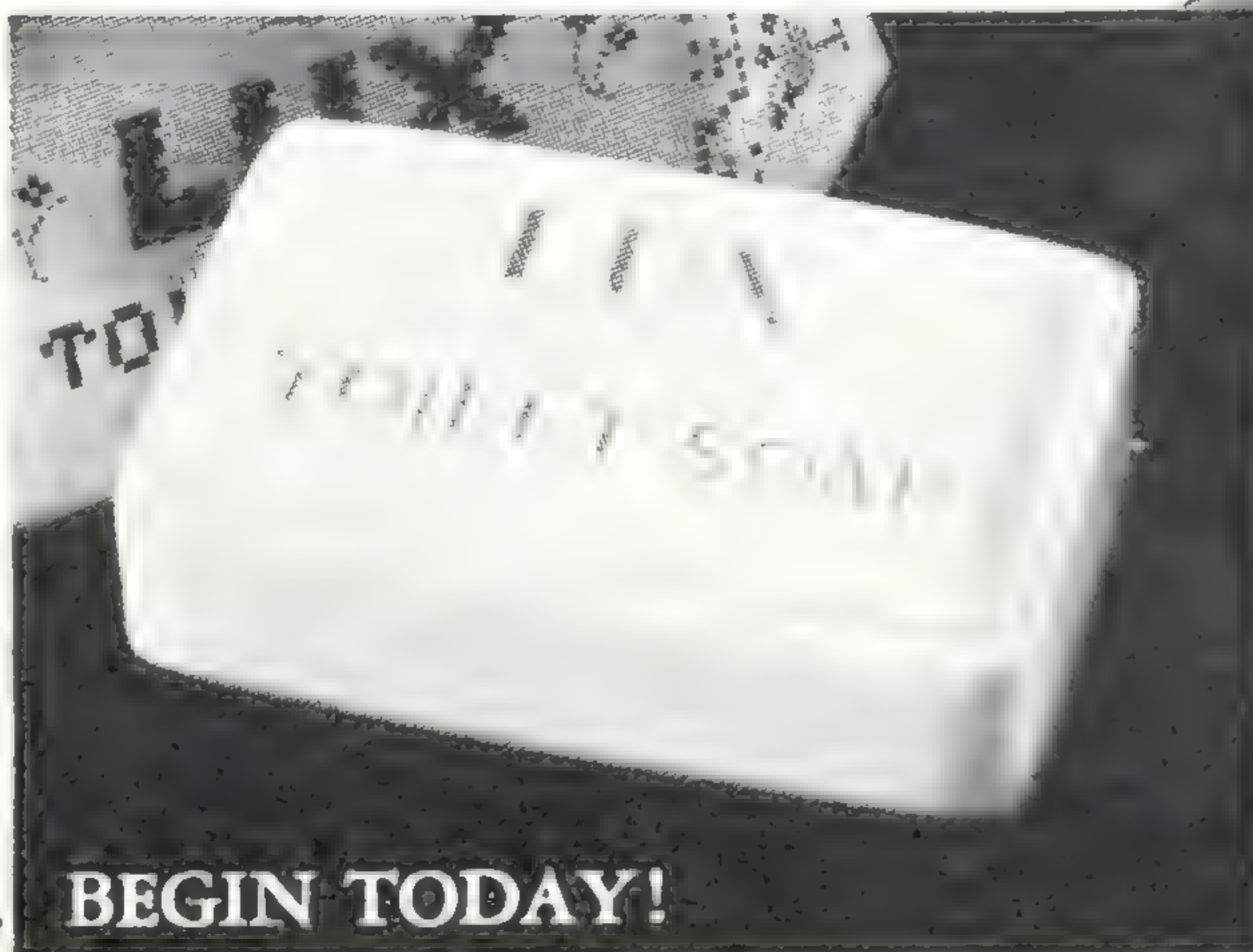
precious elements skin itself to stay YOUTHFUL!

HOLLYWOOD has proved, through years of daily use, that this soap actually keeps every type of skin young-looking.

MILLIONS of women (and men) everywhere confirm Hollywood's experience.

Won't YOU prove the beautifying effect this fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap can have on *your* skin?

...oily...dry..."in-between"—



"It really has made MY skin look younger..."

"What the Hollywood stars say about Lux Toilet Soap is exactly what I've found out in my own case," writes Miss Evelene Miller of New York. Miss Miller adds: "I've been using this soap for three years now and I find it really has made my skin much younger-looking. I will never use any other!"

Vacation Suggestions For Beauty

By Carolyn Van Wyck



BETTY FURNESS reminds you not to forget your elbows in summer. They have a way of darkening and roughening. Betty applies bleach cream at night, vanishing cream by day to keep them soft for summer.



WHO is the young lady beneath those absorbent cotton blinders? None other than merry Mary Carlisle, who knows enough to protect her eyes while sunbathing. Glasses do, also.



If you use a bleach cream for freckles or burn, as many of you will, Susan Fleming warns you to cover the lashes and brows first with an eyelash grower or vaseline to protect them from the bleaching effect.

HERE is a new summer trick that one of the Hollywood gentleman stars whispered to me. Rub Eau de Cologne or toilet water over your ankles, legs and arms, and mosquitoes will not bite you. Mosquitoes will not bite Carolyn anyway, so I can't vouch for the accuracy of this statement. But I think it's worth trying.

The prize trick of the month comes to us from Fifth Avenue, and consists of a new leg make-up that permits you to go stockingless without that usual ungroomed look. It is a smooth, velvety finish for the legs in smart summer tones that does something simply grand for you, especially when you wear white. Recommended for beach, country, vacation and week-ends. Lovely for evening, also.

Janet Gaynor, in "Adorable," makes the most of her entrancing smile. Some girls have that gift of a rare smile that actually transfigures the face. No other human spontaneous act is as miraculous as a perfect smile. But to make yours perfect, watch your teeth. They should be white, sparkling, clean, clean, clean.

Lupe Velez tells me that much of her dazzling smile is due to her cleaning methods. After the use of her preferred dentifrice, she brushes her teeth with a mixture of bicarbonate of soda mixed to paste consistency with peroxide. This gives an extra cleansing and whitening touch, and is very worth trying.

Joan Crawford recently appeared with a hair arrangement that ought to be good for one trial, at least. Her fairly full bob was parted

on the side, the hair swept across to the other side and the ends of this wisp braided and looped around in a circle. At least, that's different, isn't it? And if you can make a nice, neat little braid, that ought to earn you some comments on your personal appearance. Try it once, just for fun.

If you expect to have any bodily coolness and comfort this summer, add to your bathroom accessories a big box of dusting powder and a big bottle of toilet water or Eau de Cologne. After your shower, take a few palmfuls of the lotion and slap it over your body.

KEEPING cool, dainty and fresh in summer is often a problem. And so I have delved into the subject and found a number of Hollywood secrets for you, together with names of preparations. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for this leaflet, or others on hair, skin, perfume and make-up. Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City

Let it dry, then dust yourself with the powder. That will make you feel like an angel. Or if you are very hurried and simply can't squeeze in the shower, use the lotion and then powder. It will wake you up and revitalize you, no end.

A new summer beauty kit, that is just about all anyone could desire, comes in gaily striped rubberized fabric to resemble a generous handbag. Inside, is everything to protect your skin, to keep it lovely on all occasions and to make you your most enchanting self at the moment. There is a bleach cream, which cleanses, removes impurities and keeps your skin smooth and supple; an astringent tonic to be used after the cream or as a liquid facial cleanser. A sunproof beauty lotion actually protects against the sun, soothes any burn you may have previously accumulated and acts as an evening make-up base. A grand sunburn oil permits just the degree of tan you desire, yet protects against sunburn and freckles. A waterproof rouge means that you may go in the ocean with a radiant face and also come out with it, instead of that purplish or deadly white look that many faces get from salt water. A deodorant talcum assures personal daintiness on all occasions.

The flattering warm, red-brown tone of a new gypsy-tan sunproof powder also included not only gives you a perfect summer glow but counteracts the burning rays of the sun. What more could you ask?

A little eyelash grower or vaseline smoothed over the brows and lashes before you swim seems to protect them and makes you better looking as a sand siren.

"If our figures expand...our salaries shrink"

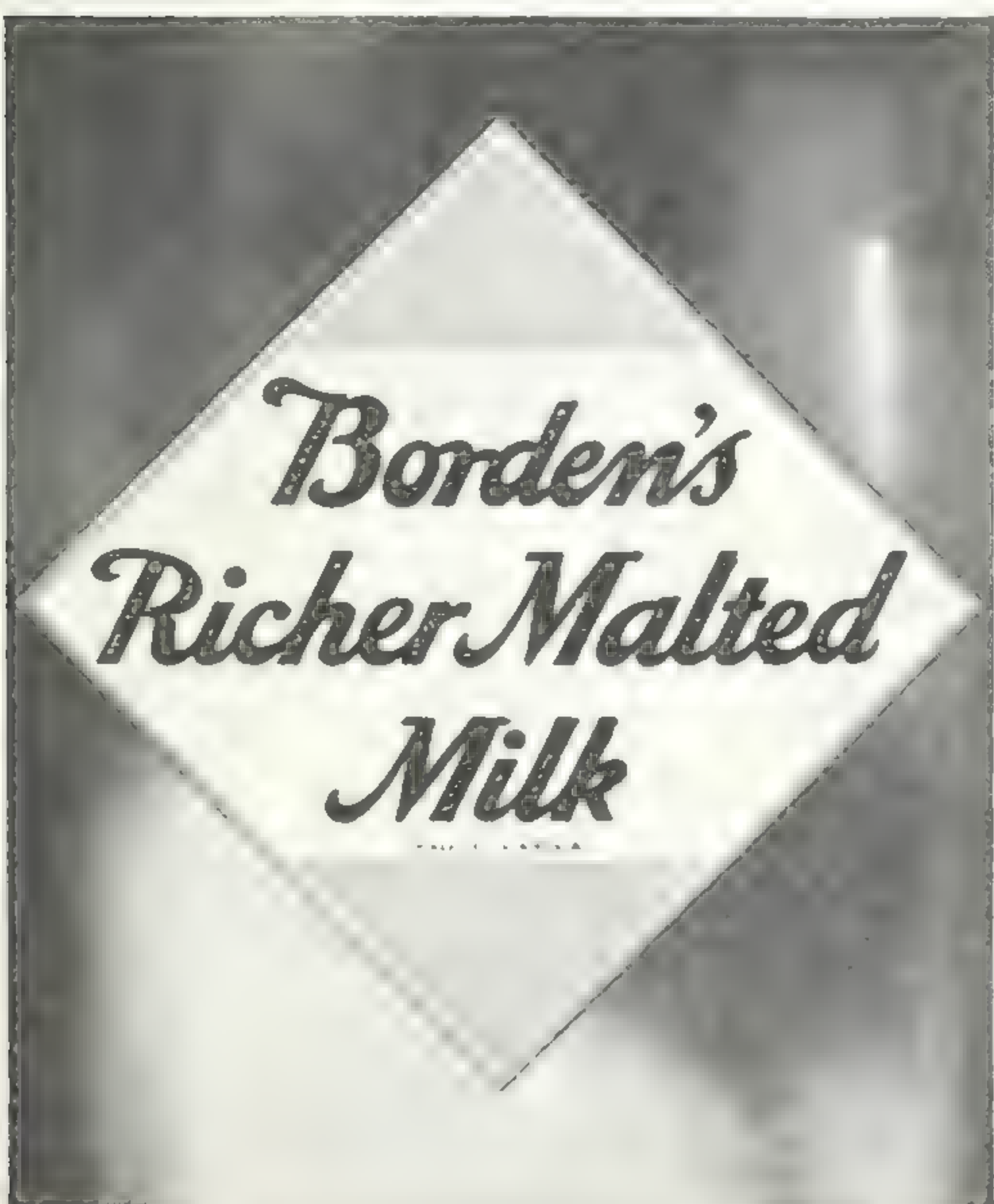
say GENEVIEVE TOBIN and JACK HOLT



Closeups of charming Genevieve Tobin (above) and Jack Holt (below) enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" between scenes of "The Wrecker" . . . a new Columbia production.



KEEP FIT WITH THE HOLLYWOOD LUNCH . . . A SANDWICH . . . AND A GLASS OF BORDEN'S RICHER MALTED MILK



GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND

KEEPING SLIM is a hobby with some people . . . and a matter of pride with others. But with movie stars, keeping slim is a *necessity*! For a few extra pounds can cost a star a contract.

That's why screen celebrities insist on meals that give plenty of nourishment . . . without bulging the silhouette!

Heavy lunches are out!

When the work of a studio pauses at noon . . . mighty few stars eat a heavy, fattening lunch. They need *energy* for the afternoon's grind. And many of them get it in a light, nourishing lunch . . . the "Hollywood Lunch."

For example, here are Genevieve Tobin and Jack Holt, getting the energy they need . . . without fear of fat. For

they're enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" . . . a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit!

If you want to keep fit . . . pass up the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and a glass of the grandest, creamiest malted milk you ever tasted . . . Borden's Malted Milk!

Borden's is better

Borden's is a richer malted milk. Richer in energy-building nourishment. Richer in vitamins A, B and G. And every attendant serving Borden's is trained to mix the *best* malted milk!

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit tomorrow! And don't forget . . . for home use, buy Borden's Malted Milk in the handy glass jars.

Ask The Answer Man

THE readers' letters went West with a bang this month, and I don't mean Mac West. Just good old wild and woolly West with cowboys and horses and thrills. Tom Keene, Bob Steele, Tom Tyler, Ken Maynard and John Wayne are the popular daredevil, hard-riding heroes they are asking about.

I'll wager my best panama that most of you asking about Tom Keene have seen him on the screen as George Duryea and didn't know that the two names belonged to the one lad. Don't you remember Duryea in DeMille's "Godless Girl"? With Renee Adoree in "Tide of the Empire," and with Sophie Tucker in "Honky Tonk"? Tom was born in Sleepy Hollow, N. Y., on December 30, 1903. Duryea is his real name. When he went into Westerns he changed it because he didn't think a French name suited his Irish pan. He is of French and Irish parentage. Is 6 feet tall; weighs 175 and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is married to Grace Stafford, stage actress.

Prior to entering pictures he was on the stage. Played in "Abie's Irish Rose" in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Australia and New Zealand. He is a graduate of Carnegie Tech. For pastime he prefers riding his favorite mount "Flash." Swimming and tennis are his favorite sports.

Tom Tyler came into this world of ours as William Burns in Port Henry, N. Y., on August 8, 1903. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 190 and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He entered pictures in 1920. Believe it or not, he was a singer and entertainer before that. For several years now he has held the world's weight-lifting record in his class. Tom's pony answers to the name of "Flashlight."

Ken Maynard hails from Mission, Texas. Was born there on July 21, 1895. He is 6 feet tall; weighs 160 and has black hair and gray eyes. Is of Scotch-Irish descent. Entered pictures in 1922. His superior horsemanship won him the rôle of *Paul Revere* in Marion Davies' picture "Janice Meredith." Ken plays a fiddle and banjo. Has compiled a book of famous cowboy songs. Holds the world's championship medal for riding and has several medals for roping. He is a graduate of the Virginia Military School and holds a degree as an engineer. He is married to a non-professional. Tarzan, his horse, whom he trained for pictures, is a regular scene stealer. When Ken's not riding him, he's airplane riding. Is a licensed pilot, but his

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

contract anchors him to the ground during the production of a picture. The studio is afraid he might get injured.

Bob Steele, in private life Robert Bradbury, Jr., was born in Portland, Ore., on January 23, 1907. His father, Robert, Sr., trained him for his picture career which began in 1920. Both his parents were well-known on the stage. Has a twin brother, Bill. Bob is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 165 and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Has made a name for himself as a trick gunman, roper and rider. His horse, who supports him in pictures, is called "Boy."

John Wayne was working at Fox as a prop boy with dreams of some day becoming a director, when Raoul Walsh discovered him and gave him the hero rôle in "The Big Trail." John was born in Winterset, Iowa, on May 26, 1907. When a child, his family moved West where he learned to ride Western ponies. Later they moved to Glendale, Calif., where John attended school. He was a student at the University of Southern California when he got the job at Fox. He was well-known on the University football team as Duke Morrison. That's his own name. He adopted the other name when he went into pictures. John is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 200 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His fancy riding on "Duke," his wonder horse, would stand out in any rodeo. Several months ago his engagement to Josephine Saenz, daughter of Joe Saenz, Panama Consul in Los Angeles, was announced.

MAUDE MASON—I don't think you are too tall, Maude. However, the movies and stage are rather hard fields to try to break into

just now. Gail Patrick is 5 feet, 7 inches tall; Kathleen Burke is 5 feet, 6; Diana Wynyard is half an inch taller than Kathleen. Benita Hume is just 5 feet, 5.

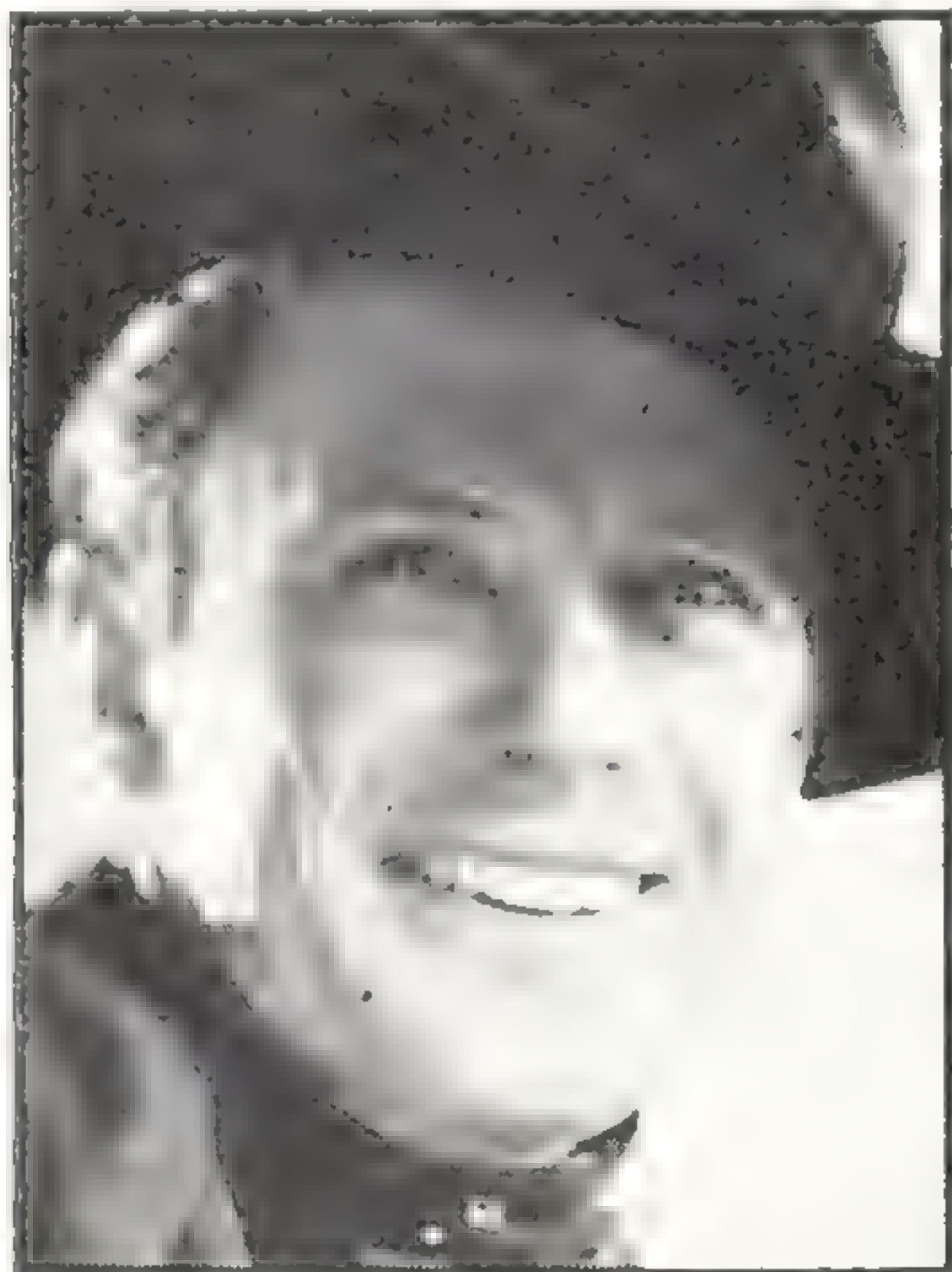
KEMP IVIE, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Show this to your opponent and let him be convinced. The rôle of the Spanish girl in "The Passionate Plumber" was played by Mona Maris. The words she said when throwing dishes, etc. were, "Can't you see how I love you?" And Gilbert Roland, not John Gilbert, was the villain. This picture was reviewed in our April 1932 issue.

M. FARRELL—The picture "Les Miserables" was brought to the silver screen in January 1918 by Fox. William Farnum played the rôle of *Jean Valjean*. In September 1927, Universal imported a French version of this with an all foreign cast headed by Gabriel Gabrio.

JULIE BENNETT, SEDALIA, MO.—One of Jack Oakie's hometowners, eh? Joan Crawford is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Frances Dee is one inch shorter and seven pounds lighter than Joan. Jack LaRue was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on May 4th. He doesn't tell what year.

NORMA GRESSELLE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Limited space keeps me from giving you all the information you requested. John Warburton was born in Liverpool, Eng., on June 18, 1899. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 165 and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Was on the stage for 12 years before he started in pictures in 1931. He can play nineteen musical instruments, but not all at the same time.

Frank Lawton is the son of Frank Mokeley, an American actor and Daisy May Collier, British stage actress. He was born in London on September 30, 1904. Was educated at Langley Hall and studied for the stage at the Academy of Dramatic Arts. Appeared in "Young Woodley," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Interference" and many other plays. Made his movie début in 1928 when he brought "Young Woodley" to the British screen. Fox brought him here from London to play the rôle of *Joe Marryot* in "Cavalcade." With that finished, he returned to England to resume his stage work. He expects to return to Hollywood for further picture work. Send me a stamped return envelope and I will answer your other questions.



As George Duryea he made his film début. Now he's Tom Keene



Tom Tyler holds the world's weight-lifting record in his class



Ken's contract keeps him on terra firma while making a picture



When it comes to trick roping, Bob Steele's record can't be beat

VIRGINIA SPOOR, UNION CITY, MICH.—Betty Bronson deserted the kliegs when she became Mrs. Ludwig Lauerhaus in April 1932.

ELIZABETH STROTHER, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.—Don't be a stranger, Betty, write me as often as you like. "After the Ball" was a Gaumont-British picture. The address of Gaumont is 147 Wardour Street, London, Eng. I do not have the address of Basil Rathbone.

LELA HUSINGER, MAYS, IND.—I'll keep your little request in mind and help whenever I can. William Powell is 40 years old. He celebrates his birthday on July 29th. His latest picture is "Private Detective 62." Robert Young is fifteen years younger than Bill and does his birthday celebrating on February 22nd.

JAMES BOLDT, HANOVER, N. H.—Clarence Nordstrom was the man who appeared with Ruby Keeler in the Pullman scene in "42nd Street."

NATAL CUTROPIO—Sorry I cannot help you. If you will look at the little paragraph on this page titled "Read This Before Asking Questions," you will see that I do not answer questions concerning scenario writing.

E. R. THOMPSON, EAST CHICAGO, IND.—Just address your letter to Madame Sylvia at this office and it will be promptly turned over to her.

DOROTHY ARNOLD, AURORA, ILL.—You're not the only one, Dot, who thought Lionel Atwill was a newcomer to the screen. Lionel made his picture debut back in 1919. He appeared in "The Marriage Price," "The Highest Bidder" and "Indiscretion." He deserted the screen then for ten years and came back in "The Silent Witness" in 1931. This was followed by "Doctor X," "The Mystery of the Wax Museum," "The Secret of Madame Blanche," "The Vampire Bat" and "Murders in the Zoo." Lionel is a native of London, England, born there on March 1, 1885. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and gray eyes. He began his stage career in 1905, in London. Came to America in 1916 appearing in "The Lodger." Is fond of motoring, golf and other outdoor sports.

DAVE MATHEWS, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Beth Sully is Doug Fairbanks Jr.'s mother. She is now Mrs. Jack Whiting. Doug was born on December 9, 1907.



Una Merkel on her sea-worthy steed, *Pride of Old Kentucky*, is on her way out to ride the waves and to make good her home state's boast of "beautiful women and fast horses." Una's next is "Salt Water" with ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville

"Here's the one we took when Dick wasn't looking"

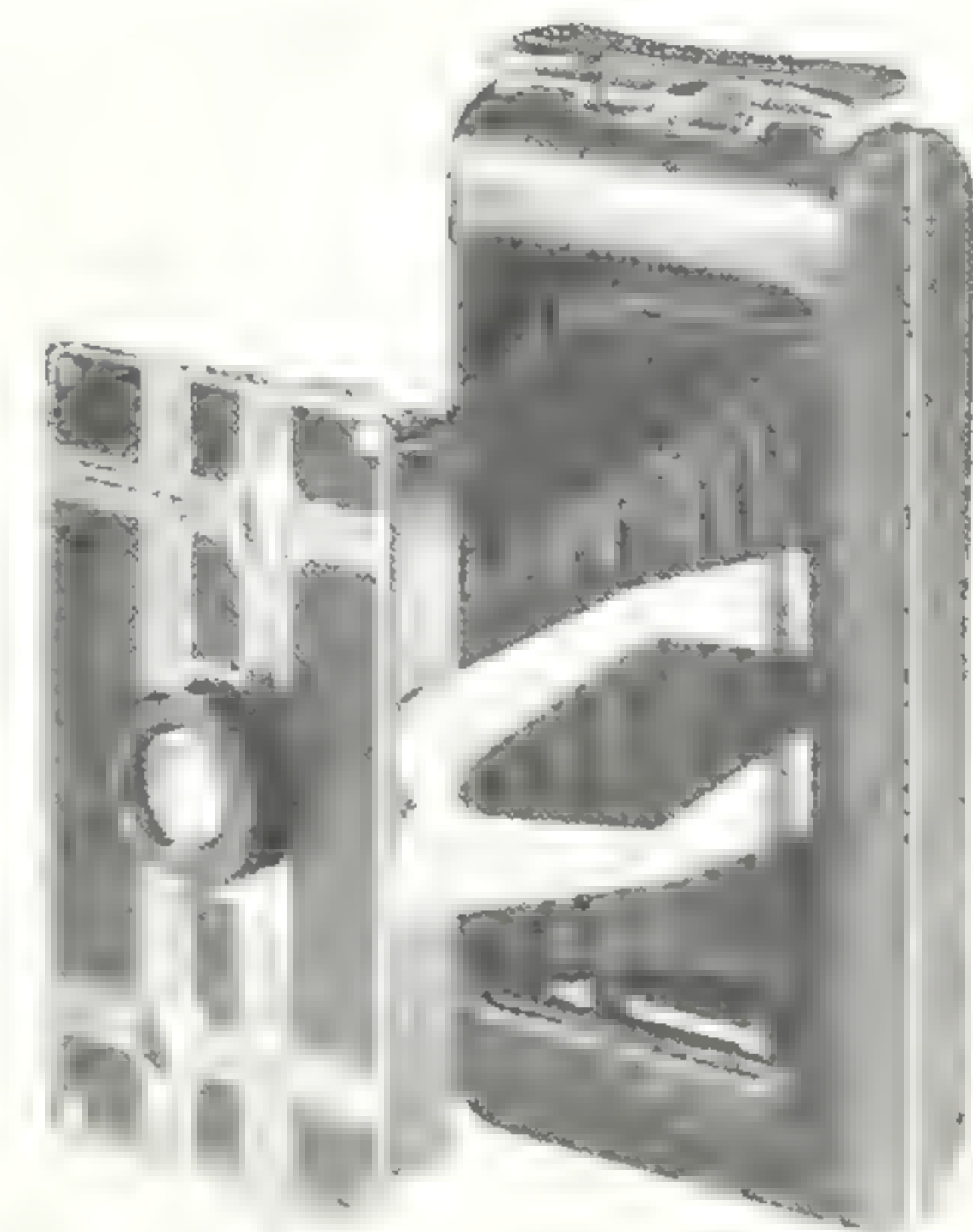


"I've got the pictures!" That brings them running. It was fun when the snapshots were taken . . . It's even more fun when you get your first look at the prints.

You can now make snapshots that were never possible before. Kodak VERICHROME Film has simply revolutionized picture making. Bright light isn't necessary. Nobody need be posed, or squint at the sun. Just snap folks in their easiest, gayest moments—you'll get pictures to exclaim over. Pictures for your memory book.

Today, try a roll of Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK



Jiffy KODAK
SIMPLEST FOLDING CAMERA
EVER DEvised

● Eastman's latest: a folding camera as easy to use as a Brownie. Touch a button—"pop"—it opens. Touch another—"click"—it snaps the picture. No fuss, no fiddling . . . nothing but simplicity. *Jiffy Kodak Six-20* (2½ x 4¼ pictures), \$7.50. *Jiffy Kodak Six-20* (2¼ x 3¼ pictures), \$6.75. See this new, unusual camera; your dealer is showing it now.

How Sylvia Brightened Sidney Fox's Whole Life!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

she hated. But at last I made her put it in vegetable soup and in her other vegetables; then she didn't mind it so much. I had her take a bottle of it a day. Then I had her eat plenty of cooked turnip tops, cooked celery, lettuce, carrots, lima beans, rare meat, fruit juices and tons and tons of gelatin.

Ripe, black cherries should be put in the gelatin, for they are very blood-producing. Also red raspberries. Gelatin twice a day, every day! And it's good for anemic people even three times a day; they should add a dish of it before going to bed at night.

FOR the three days before I went to New York I treated Sidney twice a day and I showed her chaperon what to do while I was gone. There's no use making an anemic person take violent exercises, but Sidney had to lose some weight, too, so here's what she had to do. And here's what you can do, too.

Place an enormous bath towel all over yourself and have someone slap you good and hard all over, paying particular attention to the spine but pounding the spine with the side of the hands, rat-a-tat-tat, as fast as you can go up and down the spine. This makes the blood rush through your veins and you want to get right up and do things. Sidney was polly-polly all over, but this slapping opens up the pores and the fat-producing water that we all have under the skin has a chance to get out. Slapping—that hard and vigorous slapping—is a wonderful general reducer.

I made Sidney go to bed at eleven and get up at seven. Then she took a lukewarm shower

and afterward rubbed herself with a Turkish towel all over, mostly on the spine, until she was as pink as a baby. Then she put on as few clothes as possible and ate her breakfast. This gave her pores a chance to breathe and to get rid of the water under the skin.

Well, you should have seen the difference in that girl when I returned to Hollywood a month later. Not only was she much better physically, but mentally as well, for Sidney is a most peculiar mental type. One minute she acts like the Queen of Sheba (and that's an attitude they don't like in Hollywood) and the next minute she is just a lonely little girl. She always felt she was misunderstood, and she was; but I learned to love her very much and she is one of the most generous people I know. While I was treating her those three days I happened to mention that I needed a steamer trunk and the next day she sent one to me and also a pair of lovely pajamas.

After she was in my care I remember just one temperamental outburst. It was when I had gotten back and she had signed me up just to guide her diet and slap her a bit (she paid me \$250 a week for that and I'm telling you girls exactly what I did for her, which you can have done for yourselves). I was dressed to go out to dinner when the phone rang and the chaperon asked me to come to Universal Studios at once. When I got to Sidney's dressing-room—it was the one poor Mary Nolan used to have—I found a physician there. He told me that Sidney was suffering from a bad case of nerves.

Pretty soon we heard Sidney's heels on the

walk and in she came. But she walked straight through the outside room and into the dressing-room. We waited for a minute, but I've never stood for nonsense and, besides, I was ready to go out to dinner. So I went into the dressing-room and found her there throwing all the pillows on the floor. She was in a regular Sarah Bernhardt rage.

I don't often lose my own temper, but I went up to her and shook her and yelled at her to stop it. She was so surprised that she went limp in my arms, for no one else had dared to do that. And then she began to cry and to tell me that she had just seen her "rushes" and that they were awful.

"Snap out of it," I said. "You're pretty. You can act. And you're just as good as you believe you are."

She had never had anyone talk straight to her before. Once she was quieted down she thanked me for what I had done, telling me that I had saved her from being a fool.

AND that, I want you to know, is part of my treatments. You know, it isn't just diet and exercise that makes you beautiful and healthy. Your disposition has a lot to do with it. One big emotional scene can tear you down worse than a rich pie. Honestly! And you know how I feel about rich pies! So don't give way to your feelings. Control yourself, because you haven't got me around all the time to make you snap out of it, as I did with Sidney. You've got to do it for yourself. And you can if you'll just use a little will power and common sense.

Answers by Sylvia

DIETING AND REDUCING

Dear Sylvia:

I've tried and tried to take your exercises, but I can't. I know that I'm slightly anemic and when I force myself to exercise I'm all worn out.

M. L., Portland, Ore.

Of course you can't take exercises when you're anemic. But here's what you can do. Read this month's article about Sidney Fox carefully and have somebody help you to do all the things I did for her.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Mine is a peculiar problem. I weigh 160 pounds and I look awful, but my husband won't let me reduce. He says if I go on a diet I'll be cranky. I wish there were some way to make him understand.

Mrs. R. L., Birmingham, Ala.

You won't get cranky on my diets because you'll have plenty of food. I don't believe in starving people. And you'll never have that haggard look. Convince your husband by taking the diet lists to your doctor and asking his advice. I am sure the doctor will tell you they're okay. Then ask your husband if you may take the diet for a week and if you're cranky you'll give it up. You won't be. When those pounds start rolling off you'll be so full of pep and so happy that your husband will write a letter and thank me.

Dear Sylvia:

I am 5 feet 4 inches tall; weigh 115 pounds, but have a double chin. Would a diet help?

B. D., Newburg, W. Va.

Diet is not necessary. Try this simple ex-

POOR Aunt Sylvia—how those letters do come! But what a joy when I see how many are finding life brighter and happier through my help! So send them in—the more the merrier. If you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope attached, you will get a personal reply. Others will be answered on these pages. No obligation either way—just say what troubles you, and I'll tell you what to do.

SYLVIA

ercise. Smear cold cream on both hands. With palm of left hand rub down and well under chin. With back of the right hand rub up. Do this briskly. Then slap under chin with the back of the hands.

LUMPY HIPS CURED

My dear Sylvia:

The lumps over my hips are black and blue—or rather the places where the lumps used to be. It's marvelous to have that fat off. But now I want to know what I should do to keep them off. Will they come back?

R. T. H., Butte, Mont.

You bet they won't come back—not when you've dug and pounded at them as you have. But to play safe and keep the fat off all over, be careful of your diet—no rich foods, no heavy starches, and not too much of anything. Congratulations on your will power. Letters like yours make me feel great.

GOOD FOR WEAK ANKLES

Dear Sylvia:

My ankles are very weak and when I walk fast they turn and throw me all off balance. I wish you could give me an exercise to strengthen them.

E. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

In the first place get sensible shoes for walking—with medium heels. Here's your exercise. Sit in a chair very straight with your legs out straight in front of you. Then, without bending the knee, stretch the toes down as far as possible and then forward as far as possible. You can do this twenty or thirty times a day. Whenever you're sitting reading or sewing just stick out your legs and start doing this exercise. It will be marvelous for you. Then practice walking with your feet straight ahead. Forget turning the toes out, as you were probably taught in school. It's better to walk a little pigeon-toed than to turn the toes out.

SMALL HEAD?

Dear Madame Sylvia:

My head is too small for my body. I look out of proportion and it worries me all the time.

R. T., Boston, Mass.

I know what you've been doing—listening to a lot of catty girl friends who have been telling you this. Are you sure your head is "too small for your body"? I think small, trim heads are very nice. But if you're convinced, then get your body more slim and arrange your hair so that it makes your head seem larger. But above all, trust your own judgment and don't listen to what other people tell you.

Now It's \$12,500 A Week

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

fell upon her. Didn't she realize that film fame was tricky? A year away from the public eye, and her world-wide favor might be gone! She didn't answer, but she didn't budge, either. Just sat stonily, although they knew that she knew. (Hadn't she seen John Gilbert, with whom she had been happy to do one of her first films, go in a twinkling?)

Didn't she know that with conditions what they were, it might well be impossible for any company to offer her any such sum a year later, however much it might want to?

STILL, no argument—just two bombshell statements, each more devastating than the other. She didn't know whether she'd care to make any pictures next year. And as though that weren't enough, there came the second—like unto nothing, it is safe to say, that Hollywood had ever heard before:

"How then do you know I will be worth eight thousand dollars a week to you a year from now?"

That had them all gasping—and while they gasped, the press of the world literally blazed with rumors. Garbo, as was her way, said nothing. And the doughty battlers of M-G-M, recovering from their shock, tried another tack. They felt sure that if she should want to make pictures again, their chances of getting her were best of anyone in the world. So—

They presented her with one of the most unusual offers ever made to a star. She was invited to agree that if she should ever want to make another picture, she would do so under Metro's banner—at \$12,500 a week, for every week she felt like working. Not quite that, of course; pictures begun were to be finished. But that meant nothing in this case; Garbo always had been a good trouper about her work. If, while on one picture, she wanted to make another, her salary would run during whatever time it took the studio to get ready. For the rest—

There wasn't any "rest." No strings, no conditions; just that standing offer. She could go to Sweden, stay as long as she liked; there would be no pleas, no pressure, no harassment. When, as, and if she wanted to come back, M-G-M would be ready. So would \$12,500 a week.

And that was why, after Garbo had sailed, M-G-M was within the strictest limits of truth when they answered all queries with "We don't know."

They literally didn't know; so far as they could judge, Garbo herself didn't know; nobody did. All they could cling to was the faith that if she did come back, it would be under the M-G-M banner—

WHAT happened away off in Sweden this past spring, to bring the word that thrilled the whole Metro lot—"Garbo is coming back"? It's a guess—Garbo being what she is—but the best place to lay a bet seems to be that among other factors, was the lure of playing *Queen Christina*, Sweden's great ruler. Her mother, sitting in a darkened theater in Sweden, proudly watching her little daughter Greta—poor little Greta Gustafsson, who as a child lathered faces in a Stockholm barber shop—portraying to an admiring world Sweden's great national woman hero—

However that may be, Garbo is now busy with her friend, Mrs. Berthold Viertel, wife of the German motion picture director, hunting a house and otherwise getting established. Metro is humming with excitement—and there matters stand until the next development. And meanwhile the paymaster chalks up \$12,500 a week.



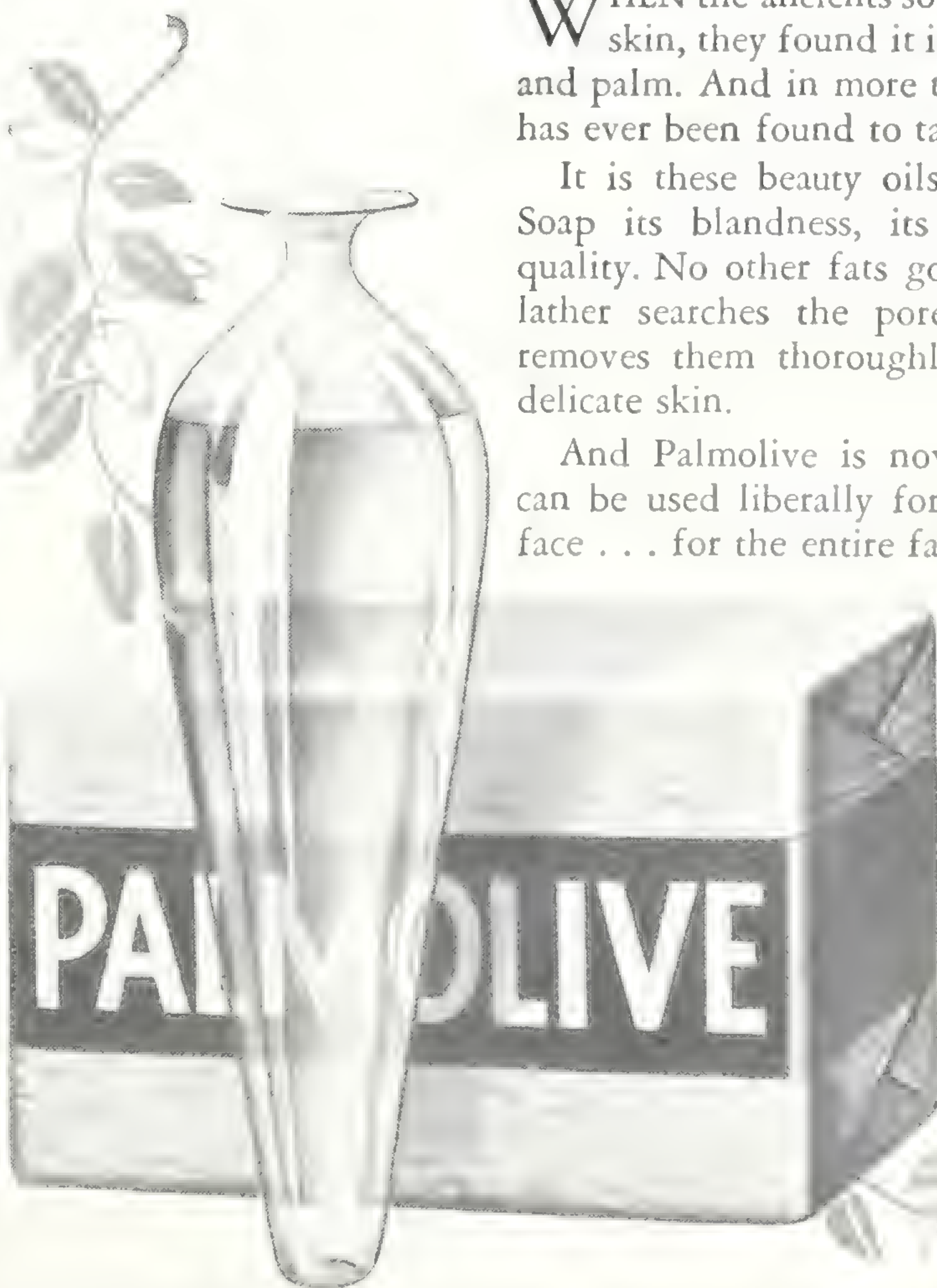
Olive oil protects the youth of your skin

—and it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

WHEN the ancients sought protection for lovely skin, they found it in the natural oils of olive and palm. And in more than 3,000 years, nothing has ever been found to take their place.

It is these beauty oils that give to Palmolive Soap its blandness, its mild, gentle cleansing quality. No other fats go into Palmolive. Its rich lather searches the pores for impurities—and removes them thoroughly but in utter safety to delicate skin.

And Palmolive is now so inexpensive that it can be used liberally for the bath as well as the face . . . for the entire family.



Follow this treatment
prescribed by over
20,000 experts

Morning and evening:
work a rich, thick lather
of Palmolive Soap and
lukewarm water into
the skin of face, throat
and shoulders. Rinse—
first with warm water,
then with cold. Watch
how this revives and
refreshes the beauty of
your skin.

*The vial at the left shows
the exact amount of olive
oil we put into each cake.*

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]



Ernest A. Bachrach

The suave Menjou and the sophisticated Hepburn pool their charms and popularity stocks rise to dizzying heights in "The Morning Glory" in which they play opposite each other. Katharine abandons her overalls for sequins but Menjou is right at home in his old reliable "soup and fish" outfit

TRY and be patient—but you will view the Mae West legs, so far shrouded in mystery and voluminous ruffles, in her next picture, "I'm No Angel."

She goes right into a lion's cage in a Hussar's uniform, with tights and boots. And (hold everything) she does a Rhumba, in "suitable costume," whatever that is. All we can do is sit tight and try to keep from gnawing our fingernails until this opus is released.

CREDIT Conrad Camy with:

"If Joe E. Brown had Jimmy Durante's nose he'd look like a tennis racquet."

HEATHER ANGEL sneezed. And the consequences!

The sneeze burst open a seam in Heather's tight fitting bodice she wears in "Berkeley Square." Two wardrobe girls, who were just ready to leave, were compelled to remain and mend the dress. The delay caused one of the girls to miss a dinner date with her young man, who in a huff at the supposed slight, up and married her blonde rival.

The other girl arrived just too late to intercept a burglar who had walked off with everything she owned.

The makeup girl who had to remain to redress the wig that flew off with the sneeze, ran into a police car in her hurry to make up time getting home, and landed in a police court.

The delay held up the whole cast and cost, in

round money, somewhere around \$1,276.82.

Please don't sneeze again, Heather!

DOROTHEA WIECK is unconsciously advertising Marion Davies' "Peg O' My Heart," as one sees her walking across the lot at a slight distance. In a large floppy black hat, with her Sealyham tucked under one arm, you would swear it was Marion.

FOR the first time within our memory, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe are both making a picture on the Paramount lot . . . but not the same picture. Lowe is playing opposite Wynne Gibson in "Her Bodyguard" and Lilyan is appearing in the Charlie Ruggles epic, "Mama Loves Papa." Charlie is "Papa"—but Lilyan is *not* "Mama." Mary Boland is.

PARAMOUNT can't get over it.

A fan wrote the studio a letter saying her favorite picture of the year was "The Sin of Claudette Colbert" and would they please make another like it.

They hope she means "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" which was made by M-G-M.

HE'S known in Hollywood as "Fickle Jack LaRue." He will spy lovely Peggy Hopkins Joyce and kiss her hand. Out of the corner of his eye, he'll be observing the gorgeous Adrienne Ames, and he's off for more

hand kissing, leaving an astonished Peggy flat.

And then the wandering eye will light on the blonde Shirley Grey at another table and off he's gone. Leaving Adrienne and Peggy to stare together.

No wonder they call him "Fickle Jack."

ROMANCING. Miriam Hopkins is dividing her time between Director King and Jean Negulesco. . . . Maurice Chavalier and Benita Hume dining together—a romance? . . . Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow shopping in the ten-cent store. Looks serious! . . . Rumor reports a romance between Estelle Taylor and Russ Columbo. . . . When Abe Lyman arrived in Hollywood, Estelle was the first one he wanted to see. . . . Can it be Estelle's interest in music? . . . Glenda Farrell, gossipers say, will be led to the altar by Edwin Gelsey. . . . Alan Dinehart and Mozelle Brittone have announced their engagement.

MARRIAGES. Minna Gombell was quietly married to banker Joseph Sefton. . . . Lottie Pickford and John Locke were married in Mexico without saying a word to sister Mary. . . . This is Lottie's fourth venture. . . . Her divorce from husband No. 3 doesn't become final until next December. . . . Constance Cummings cabled friends that she was recently married to playwright Ben Levy in London.



Frances Fuller, imported from the stage, brings a refreshing, unsophisticated personality to the screen in "One Sunday Afternoon," in which she plays opposite Gary Cooper. This marks Frances' screen debut, and looks as though we'll see her often

A NEW way to earn money is open to beautiful young things in Hollywood. A bicycle magnate is giving a couple of luscious little blondes ten dollars apiece every Sunday, bicycle ensembles and bicycles, just to spend the day on the highways and byways of the countryside.

Salary, etc., under the heading, "Advertising."

AFTER her success in "42nd Street," Ruby Keeler had a long letter from her mother. "I've only seen your picture seven times, Ruby," she wrote, "so I'm going with your aunt Ella tonight, your sister tomorrow night, Mrs. Evans the next night and—"

Warm support, that!

"HOLLYWOOD is ten days away from anywhere," says Constance Bennett as she announces she will quit the screen in another eighteen months and retire to the South of France.

"There it is only an over-night trip to most of the gay places of the world."

She and her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, will build a home in France, she says.

"He came to Hollywood where my work was. It is only fair we should go to France to live where his people are."

THE biggest laugh Hollywood has had for a long time was the other night when Jack Oakie, master of ceremonies at a benefit performance, made a soulful, dramatic speech introducing Peggy Hopkins Joyce, and Ben Turpin came on the stage instead. Ben hadn't been listening—just thought his turn was next.

DOROTHEA WIECK, the new German actress, has no superstitions except the number 13 . . . and it is her *lucky* number. She says every successful play in which she has appeared has opened on the 13th. Production in "Maedchen in Uniform" began on the 13th. She was recently married on that lucky date, and it was a terrible wrench to leave her husband in Berlin, where he is manager of the largest radio broadcasting station.

AND there's that rather ambiguous little remark of Dorothea Wieck's. After a press party given by the studio, someone asked Dorothea how she liked Hollywood.

"Vell, I don't know yet," she said, "I've only met newspaper people so far. But it may be all right after awhile."

Or, who knows, Dorothea, it may get even "vorse."

AND George Raft says Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante is the only man in the world who can smoke a cigar in the rain without getting it wet.

NOW that Sergei Eisenstein's picture, "Thunder Over Mexico," is released, we recall something a young art student who was in Mexico at the same time, told us about this extraordinary man.

When Eisenstein was in Hollywood, some time before the Mexican trip, he took a fancy to the blue and white striped overalls worn by milkmen. He bought dozens of pairs. This was his costume all the time he was in Mexico, on every occasion. He considered it in keeping with his radical and socialistic beliefs.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Greatest Improvements ever made in NAIL POLISH!

50% LONGER WEAR

NEW LACQUERS OF RICHER LUSTRE

SIX AUTHENTIC SHADES . . . COLOR CHART PACKAGE

NEW METAL-SHAFT BRUSH . . . EXTRA-SIZE POLISH REMOVER

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Glazo, frankly, has always been a high-priced polish, designed for the smartest, most fastidious women. And exceptional quality has made it by far the most preferred nail polish of its price.

So it should delight every woman who cherishes lovely hands that Glazo today costs you even less than ordinary polishes. And still more exciting—that Glazo presents six unique improvements which simply change all old ideas of nail polishes.

A new, more lustrous lacquer, that wears 50% longer and applies more easily. Six glorious, authentic shades—and the Glazo Color Chart right on the package to guide your choice.

New metal-shaft brush, for perfect brushing control with either hand. And extra-large Polish Remover to last as long as your polish.

It's the very polish you've long hoped to find! And it's just sheer good luck that the price is now so low.

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I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .

☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87]



John Miehle

"How beautiful are thy feet in sandals," said King Solomon to the Queen of Sheba. And here's Betty Furness, a queen in her own right, wearing a new kind of beach footwear, known in Hollywood as "kaks"

A NICE sweet little dumb-dora met Gary Cooper on the set, and was doing her best to interest him in a conversation.

"I've seen every one of your pictures except 'The Virginian'," exclaimed the blue-eyed babe. "Just why did they call you the Virginian?"

"Why, uh," explained Gary, logically, "because I come from Montana!"

BY mistake Helen Morgan was accused of trying to smuggle \$2,000 worth of French lingerie through the customs without paying duty. "Hmmm, that's funny," Helen commented when confronted with the lingerie addressed to her, "because I never wear underwear."

THEY were discussing a certain lady who has been married several times and Al Scott, Colleen Moore's husband, said he thought she should be given a medal for bravery.

"Why that?" inquired Gloria Swanson. "I think she should be stuffed."

And Gloria herself has been married FOUR times.

RUBY KEELER has never seen a rush of herself. Every night, after the day's shooting, every actor in the picture makes one grand leap for the projection room to look over the scenes taken on the previous day. Not Ruby. She is too afraid of seeing a bad one and having it influence her future work in the picture. She goes only to the preview.

BABY LEROY is back home in Altadena, catching up with his sun-bathing, after a triumphant interval as a movie actor in Hollywood. His mother took him to the studio on a visit the other day—and all production automatically ceased, while everybody down to the last hard-boiled prop man made strange sounds.

MIRIAM HOPKINS is getting very scotch these days since she has established a trust fund for the baby. Now she has moved into a cheaper apartment.

ACCUSED of being primly English, Miriam Jordan bobbed her hair, had a permanent wave, and changed her name to Mimi. Jolly well gone Hollywood, what?

MR. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy were on that long planned vacation in the Yosemite Valley. Mrs. Tracy was feeding the bears peanuts while Spencer snapped her picture.

"Hold it," Spencer yelled and the bear took him literally. He grabbed Mrs. Tracy by the arm and "held it." She was bitten so badly

they were forced to return to Hollywood after one hour in the park.

A FRIEND of Jimmy Cagney's who has two youngsters had promised them a trip to the zoo. Thinking Cagney might be amused, he called him and said, "Would you like me to take you to the zoo?"

"Oh, I dunno," said Cagney, "if they want me, let them come after me."

KATHARINE HEPBURN was coming back to Hollywood on the train and the conductor entered her compartment at San Francisco to check on her ticket and baggage.

"Name?" he asked.

"Hepburn," she answered.

"Hebbard?" he wanted to know.

"How do you spell it?" he asked.

"What's the first name?" he wanted to know next.

"Just make it K., Mister, and forget it."

So the conductor very neatly wrote the information out and handed her the slip. It read "Kay Heppurn."

THE Fredric Marches were in the market for a new cook. Florence handed Freddie a handful of letters, remarking, "Here are some references to look over."

"References!" Freddie snorted. "Get them to submit samples!"



Richard Ralston Arlen—you'd guess by his name this newly arrived youngster was the son of Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston and you'd be right. For this new movie celebrity boasts a composite of the names his Dad and Mom made known everywhere. He knows how to pose, too

FIVE times they had shot the same scene in "Hold Your Man" and each time the director was dissatisfied. "Something wrong with the way that bit player says those lines," Sam Wood, the director, fumed. "And she was fine yesterday. Hate to stop production now and hunt some one else."

Timidly the little bit player approached the director. "Mr. Wood," she said, "I think I could do better if I could take out my chewing gum."

"My gawd," he screamed, "have you chewing gum in your mouth? Why don't you throw it out?"

"Well, I was afraid someone would step on it in here," she said, "and I was afraid to take time to run outside and throw it away. I was afraid someone else might get my lines."

So time was taken out while a nervous little girl parked her gum.

NILS ASTHER'S Great Dane, frightened at the rough appearance of Wally Beery in his "Tugboat Annie" make-up, decided to take a nip at Beery. Nils tied the dog in his dressing room. The dog took another nip at the night watchman.

Now all dogs in the future are banned from the M-G-M lot. But Alice Brady swears that unless her four dogs are allowed to remain in her dressing room on the lot, she'll never make another scene in her picture. Just dog nip!

THE second generation of male Moores is with us. John Thomas Moore, Jr., is the name of the latest Moore, born May 10th at the Santa Monica Hospital.

Eleanor Merry, of the stage, is his mother. His father is Tom Moore, the smilingest of the "Smilin' Moores."

Owen and Matt are his uncles.

"And he's a fine boy," declares his Grandmother Merry, "just the very image of his father!"

JACK OAKIE took his mother to San Francisco with him on that benefit performance trip. He was being paged all one day by newspaper people who wanted an interview—but no Oakie. Seems Jack and mama were out riding up and down the hills in cable cars, and had a perfectly grand time.

GEORGE KAUFMAN, the playwright, was attending a revival of one of his plays.

The company was bad. The leading man was bad. The whole thing was bad.

At the end of the second act, Kaufman could stand it no longer.

He rushed out and sent the leading man a telegram which read:

"Am sitting in the back row. Wish you were here."

EXTRA! EXTRA! Mae West has actually invested in a pair of slacks and wears them to the studio!

After holding out in utter horror, La West admits they are the most comfortable informal attire she has ever worn, but adds she will make a handsome present to anyone who ever finds her gallivanting down Hollywood Boulevard in a pair of the darn things.

CREDIT Dolores Del Rio with something new in the way of dog kennels.

She has had a house built for Mike, her bull dog, that matches the architecture of her own home.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



Clothes washed this way last much longer ...you save lots of money!

WHY scrub clothes these sweltering days—why boil them and fill up the kitchen with steam? *Keep comfortable—keep cool!* Just *soak* the clothes in creamy Rinso suds, and they'll come 4 or 5 shades whiter—safely.

In fact, clothes washed the gentle, "scrubless" Rinso way last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save lots of money! Your colored clothes will stay bright and fresh. You'll save your strength—save your hands, too.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps. Home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—makers of 40 famous washers—recommend Rinso. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning.

*It's safe for your finest
cottons and linens
—white or colors*



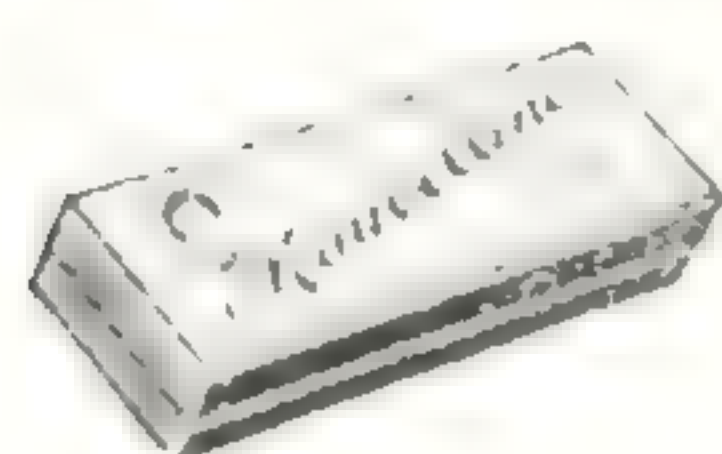
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ALLURING
YOUR EYES
could BE
WITH
MAYBELLINE

Like magic, your lashes can be made to appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant . . . a rich, dense fringe that will instantly transform your eyes into bewitching pools of loveliness. Brilliant! Fascinating! Exciting! Truly, this added enchantment will give you a great advantage over women who have not yet learned the Maybelline secret. But, you must use the genuine New Maybelline . . . because this mascara is tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless, beneficial to your lashes and delightfully easy to use. Obtainable at all leading Drug and Department Stores. Black or Brown, 75c.

Maybelline



EYELASH
DARKENER

The PERFECT
MASCARA

He Can't Even Feed A Friend

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

it on himself—wherein we begin to glimpse the reasons for his present status.

His home was not only modest; it was almost *immodest*, as Hollywood looks at homes. Eight rooms, including baths. No swimming pool; no tennis court. One couple for servants. A frankly-old roadster.

CAGNEY'S trouble lay in his generosity. Anyone who could reach him to make a touch, came away with something in his hand. Broadway had known him as an easy-mark; Broadway had moved to Hollywood. So Cagney turned to his managers for self-protection.

And started something that led directly to the existing situation.

At that time his managers made him a weekly spending allowance. He was not supposed to give away one cent above what he could spare from it.

At once that led to trouble—plenty of it. They could—and did—refuse to hand out more money—but they couldn't very well refuse to make good checks which Jimmy had no legal right to draw. The publicity would be bad for Jimmy.

"You're absolutely right," Jimmy always confessed. "I had no right to draw that check. I don't blame you a bit. I hired you to protect me. I'll promise—"

Then he might go right out and draw another for some new hard-story teller.

FINALLY, they reached an agreement. Jimmy was to stop giving away money. Even his allowance. He was to inform everyone who claimed to be hungry that they could get a meal at The Pig and Whistle on Hollywood boulevard and charge it to James Cagney. The managers made *carte blanche* arrangements with the restaurant.

Immediately Jimmy discovered a side of human nature during that month which his managers, wife and friends had been trying to tell him all along. When the askers couldn't get cash, only *two* took advantage of that meal arrangement during the first month.

Jimmy didn't like that. He'd rather have spent the money to keep from knowing.

But conditions changed as the depression deepened. Now those free meal bills are run-

ning so high that the managers are threatening a limit. The last row was about that. Jimmy agreed, again, that the managers were right, but he held out against the limit. Jimmy's been hungry, himself, you see—

So there's no telling how the arrangement will wind up. But if the past means anything, Jimmy at least will manage to continue feeding all and sundry. At least, that was my impression, gathered when I asked him about all this halo business. My leading question had been in substance, how long can it last?

"IT *should* last forever. My contract does. At least, four years seems forever. But I never know how much a thing irks me until I blow up. Then, when the explosion comes, I know it's been getting on my nerves!"

That sounds like the day in 1920 when, just out of school, he slapped on his derby hat, stuck a copy of "Jean Christophe" under his arm and went to work as a clerk scanning the windows of the curb market—reporting stock sales; checking orders, etc.

A call for a quotation came in. He laid down "Jean Christophe"; dispatched a boy into the street to get the quotation; picked up "Christophe" . . . Ten minutes passed. The boy had not returned.

"I decided he'd disappeared into a crap game or cellar. The bosses kept calling. Each one was a man just above the man who had called the moment before. Finally, the big-gun himself came to the phone. And, without warning, I found myself telling him exactly what he could do with his job—and went out with my derby and 'Christophe.' Incidentally, I was dead broke."

OR a later incident, closer to the stage: "I had been broke and without a job for a long time. I *had to work*. I took a job as property man in the theater. They gave me a call for 7:30 P.M., so I would get things ready before the actors arrived. I am always late. That is just a part of me. I arrived at twenty minutes to eight.

"The stage manager, who was English, met me when I came in. I said I was sorry but he became abusive. Again, I found myself telling him exactly what I had told the head bawler—



Noah used to be the big shot until brother Wally Beery scored so triumphantly Noah's movie villaining became blurred. Over the luncheon table at the Brown Derby Wally admits there's a lion and a mouse in almost every family but insists you can never tell which will be which in film business

out on the stock job. Again, I had no money and no job."

Then came the day, six years ago, when he was chosen to play a rôle in England which Lee Tracy had played in this country. All through the rehearsals there were difficulties because Jimmy did not look and act exactly as had Lee Tracy.

"I couldn't and I wouldn't imitate." Jimmy does not lower his eyes when he makes this statement!

He wanted to tell the producers what he had told the stock and stage managers.

Only, there was good money involved. He'd wait—

THE night before the boat sailed for London, he was fired.

The producers expected him to take a small cash settlement and forget it. "There was one, long, continual, drawn-out blow-up. We had another act every night—until *they* got tired. I collected salary for seven months; the run of the show."

So this battle with Warner Bros. was not his initial fight to secure the money he thought he deserved. He had been good before—

"Just what did you mean, Jimmy, when you said, 'My halo *should* last indefinitely?'"

He looked at me; he looked around the Warner Bros. commissary. There were no members of the Academy hiding in corners. "Well, if a halo rests easily on your head for the time being, you'd be a fool not to wear one, wouldn't you? And then, again, I'm told it's becoming! If it slips to a rakish angle now and then—

"Do you think anyone ever really takes advice? Your judgment is influenced only when the advice is in pretty strict accordance with your own ideas, isn't it?"

"They talk about politics. But perhaps the best politics is letting people think you are taking their advice!"

I looked at him a long moment. I had been told that Jimmy was straining at the bit. I asked him about it.

"Can't tell until I blow up. But if it wouldn't be good common sense to blow up right now—"

I tried another tack.

"Have you given up all desires, then, to become a doctor?"

Jimmy laughed. A good, loud, infectious laugh. "Never had any. Say, I have two brothers who are doctors. I've seen enough of *their* hard work so I wouldn't touch it. Their lives are never their own."

"But you told the producers—"

"I had to tell them something, didn't I? I've always reacted to the need of the moment. I sort of needed another profession. My brothers being doctors, it looked sensible—

"Say, I've never acted on anyone's advice—ah, before. It's always been a response to the need of the moment. If the need is a doctor or a halo—"

This time, I laughed. That—"ah, before" had been such an obvious after-thought. And suddenly I realized that we have all misunderstood this beloved, inimitable Cagney person. We'd agreed, in Hollywood, that he'd changed his entire nature for money. He'd sunk his own personality into the background because he was greedy.

HOLLYWOOD is wrong again. Laughingly, tragically wrong. Jimmy Cagney's halo will last just as long as he wants it to. Not a moment longer. And it was placed over his head just as he willed it to be. He set the date with newspaper men; he used his brothers' profession.

He promised to be a good little boy because he wanted to be a good little boy. He called up the Academy about the cut—but he had already written saying he would take it!

"I have always responded to the need of the moment."

He always will! Whoever heard of an Irishman who is not a *true* politician?



A SANDWICH
TO YOU—BUT A
stain
TO YOUR TEETH!

7 kinds of stains discolor teeth— COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN!

PERHAPS, like many women, you have noticed that sometimes your teeth remain dull—cloudy . . . even after brushing.

Here's why! The things you eat and drink leave *seven kinds* of stains on teeth. And *all* are a menace to the beauty of teeth unless removed daily.

Two cleaning actions needed

Most toothpastes have only one way of attacking *all* stains. But all stains will not yield to *any one* way.

Some stains can be removed by *emulsive* action. Others respond only to *polishing* action.

Colgate's does a *complete* job because it gives you both actions. As you brush it

over your teeth it foams. The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away.

The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists recommend—completes the job of removing the stains; leaving your teeth thoroughly clean—lustrous!

Notice the difference!

Stop trying to get your teeth clean with a toothpaste that does only *half* the job. Get a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it for 10 days. Notice how much cleaner it gets your teeth—what a difference it makes in your appearance. The large-size tube is only 25c.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—
use Colgate's after every meal.
See your dentist regularly.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods, Group
No. 2—Sugar foods, Group No. 3—Protein
foods, Group No. 4—Fatty foods, Group
No. 5—Minerals, Group No. 6—Fruits,
Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.



Jack LaRue's Big Secret

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

which I had provided I completely forgot that I was holding her to bring entertainment to others."

While he struggled for strength to leave the troupe, he walked the streets of New York, arguing with himself. Should he lose those brief moments which seemed, then, all that made life worth living? He had no other job. It might mean months of privation, even near-starvation, to renounce the monies which his moments of ecstasy brought him.

The troupe left New York without him. For six months, Jack LaRue did nothing. Managers could not be expected to understand why an actor should renounce a good part in a money-making show in the middle of its engagement. And Jack did not talk.

A half dozen men followed in the rôle of the Spanish lover. One after another, they fell from the show. Not one could give the zest, the realism, which Jack LaRue had given. Mae and her famous manager, Timony, were in despair seeking another young man to make love as Jack LaRue had done.

OF course, Mae knew. What woman wouldn't? For the first time, she must have realized that a young man in love can play a scene with the woman loved better than the best trained professional actor.

Manager Timony went to New York. He sought Jack. He offered him back his job at a large increase in salary. Jack needed that money.

Yet, he refused. Either acceptance or rejection meant misery. But the misery of privation in money was less potent and less subtle than the misery of privation in love.

It was on the night after Timony had returned to "Diamond Lil" with Jack's refusal, that Jack really wondered whether life was worth living, and whether—

What might have come of that had circumstances been different, as he walked the streets wrestling with his problem, no one—not even Jack—will ever know. Perhaps life, in itself, was asserting its instinctive demand to be preserved more strongly than his torn emotions allowed him to sense. Perhaps it was, as he thought, that the convenient, clinching suggestion of a ready means of death was not at hand.

That night he had no gun. No poison. No extra dose of veronal. Of course, there was the river. But the river was so ordinary; so colorless. Remember, Jack LaRue had been an actor for ten years. If there was to be an exit, it had to be a *good* one, a sensation. So all the elements needed to complete such a

tragedy did not click together to bring decisive action.

So, morning came from behind the skyscrapers with Jack still walking the streets of New York, as so many young men in love and out of work have walked them for generations. And with the dawn came hunger. A postponement! During that day he would decide.

So often postponement means a change of mind. With the return of the sun—Jack has never decided how much he owes the fair weather that embraced New York on that day—came a stir of ambition. Just one more visit to a manager. If he could find work—

And that day, Jack was cast in "Fiesta."

If this were a fiction story we would tell, of course, how Jack recovered to find the inevitable sweet little girl waiting to heal his wounded heart and darn his pavement-worn stockings. But this is life. Jack LaRue did not recover. He has not yet forgotten.

Less than three years after the night when he thought of suicide because of love for Mae West, he found himself working on the same motion picture lot with her. He and Mae signed contracts with the same company!

Mae was to make "Diamond Lil," the play which for a year and a half had brought him fifteen minutes of his greatest happiness and twenty-three hours and forty-five moments of his greatest hell.

When they first met on the Paramount lot, Jack was not yet under contract. He was playing a comparatively inconsequential rôle in Helen Hayes' and Gary Cooper's "A Farewell to Arms." He was far from fame and stardom. In fact he was searching for the one rôle which would make the thousands of picture-goers remember him as an *individual*, rather than overlook him as an adequate background for better-known players.

"Diamond Lil"! If he could only play that fifteen minutes which he had lived on the stage! The rôle in which he knew he could make the public remember!

That is the way he explained to Ruth Collier, his manager, his desire for a comparatively small rôle in Mae's first big picture.

He did not need to explain to himself. His heart was already pounding its throbbing reason to him. "If I can only hold her in my arms again. What does anything else matter. *Just once*, even for a motion picture."

He fought for that rôle with the energy which love, rather than ambition, gave him. Yet he lost. His failure was due neither to himself nor to Mae. Mae's name was new, too, in pictures. Paramount officials intended to surround her new name with actors

whose fame was already built. Gilbert Roland had been known as a picture player for years. He was chosen for the fifteen minutes for which Jack LaRue had almost given his life some years previously. But this time Jack did not walk the streets trying to decide upon a weapon. Love always varies in its reactions—even upon the same person.

"I pounded the streets before. I pounded on executive doors this time. I was determined to make my name big enough so I could play with Mae West!"

And therein lies the secret of why Jack was willing to play the hard-boiled, sinister lead in "The Story of Temple Drake," which George Raft had refused. If that part would make his name remembered; if it would make picture-goers conscious of his existence, then *maybe* he would be cast in the next Mae West production.

HE is trying to secure a rôle now in "I'm No Angel." As this is written, no decision has been made. "But if I don't get in this one, I'll get in another."

"I was a sap to hunt for weapons that night. I was a fool to act like a love-sick calf. But I guess we're all calves when we first get hit like that. Love is a bombshell and no soldier thinks clearly when a bomb knocks him coo-coo."

"I don't know what it is about Mae. It isn't only her voluptuousness; not only those soft, warm lips that make you want to keep right on kissing them. It's her straightforwardness. Her punches are always clean. You have a sort of a sporting admiration for her while you are dying to grab her in your arms. Mae West is the only woman whom I've known *exactly how to handle on the stage*. You don't have to act. You know just how to put your arm around her; just how to hold her."

"Oh, gosh, I've been running around talking like a press-agent for Mae West for four years now. I even knocked a guy down in a night club when I thought he was laughing at her. Anyway, working on the same lot gives pictures an added thrill. I always think when I walk around a corner that I may run into her. I never know when I *may* be cast in her new picture. I will, some day. You wait and see. I probably wouldn't have been under contract even, if it hadn't been for Mae. I tell you, not getting that part in 'Diamond Lil,' the one I *created*—nearly broke my heart. But it *made* me get something—"

"My God, of course you can say I love her. It's the truth. And the truth can't hurt anyone, can it?"

Ronald's Painted Mustache

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

as he listened were both emotionally adequate and intelligent.

"Now I'm sure of it," King remarked when he had finished. "I'm certain you can play that part."

Again the young Englishman shrugged his shoulders. "On the stage—perhaps," he smiled. "On the screen, I'm afraid not."

"Just the same," King insisted, "I'd like to make a test anyway, if you don't mind. I'd do it now, if only for my own satisfaction."

Colman nodded. But King could readily see Colman agreed only to gratify him—that the young actor was sure it was only a waste of time.

"Very well," he said, "if you are willing to

waste both your time and your money to satisfy yourself that I won't do, I suppose I should be willing to give you the time. However, I'd like to emphasize again the fact that I know it will be useless—you see, I've seen myself on the screen."

"We'll let it go at that then," said King, "for the time being."

The next day the two met at Jim Abbey's photographic studio—King had no studio in New York where he could make the test. So he put Ronald's make-up on for him while an antiquated news-reel camera was being set up. He directed the young actor in a few scenes and then breathlessly awaited the next day when they should be developed and

screened. Colman was seated beside him when the film was run off.

"What did I tell you?" the actor turned to the director and said as the lights came up in the projection room. "I hope you're not too disappointed. I'm not, you see, because I knew it was hopeless all the time."

King sat staring at Ronnie's features for a long time without answering. Suddenly a light leaped into his eyes.

"I'm not convinced even yet that I am mistaken," he said stubbornly. "The personality is there—I can feel it." He paused. "Tell me," he asked, "would you mind if I plastered down that bushy hair of yours and made another test?"

Again protesting that it would be useless, Ronald nevertheless acquiesced. King sent out to a nearby drugstore for a bottle of hair oil, and with it thoroughly doused Colman's scalp. Then he combed the hair straight back from his forehead, and, as an afterthought, borrowed an eyebrow pencil from the stenographer in the next room and drew in a mustache on Colman's upper lip.

The actor, looking on in a mirror as King did as he pleased, simply smiled that same enigmatic smile.

"It's very good of you to take so much trouble," his eyes seemed to say, "but I'm afraid you simply can't make a screen actor of me."

"I know it's there," King thought to himself as he brushed and pencilled, "and I'm going to get it on the screen somehow."

WHEN the make-up was finished King again placed Colman before the same antiquated camera, and this time directed him even more carefully than before.

When the second test was ready for the projection room, King took not only Colman to see it, but Lillian Gish as well.

The rest is cinema history, for all the world now knows what the three of them saw on the screen that day. It was not the hair-oil and the little pencilled mustache which made Colman, of course; these, as King explains, were merely touches to heighten the screen personality he saw on the stage that night.

"When I first saw the man," he said, "I knew he had what I wanted—what the world wanted. When I saw that first test, I knew that the bushy hair which he wore then and his clean shaven face made his head photograph too long. All I did was plaster down the hair and pencil in the mustache to shorten the camera features—the rest, everything that has made Ronald what he is on the screen, is Colman himself."



Wide World

Mary Pickford is an enthusiastic follower of the bicycle fad and her costume is both cool and practical. Two-wheelers have become so popular in Hollywood that rent-a-bike stations have been opened near the studios and all the stars are pedalling

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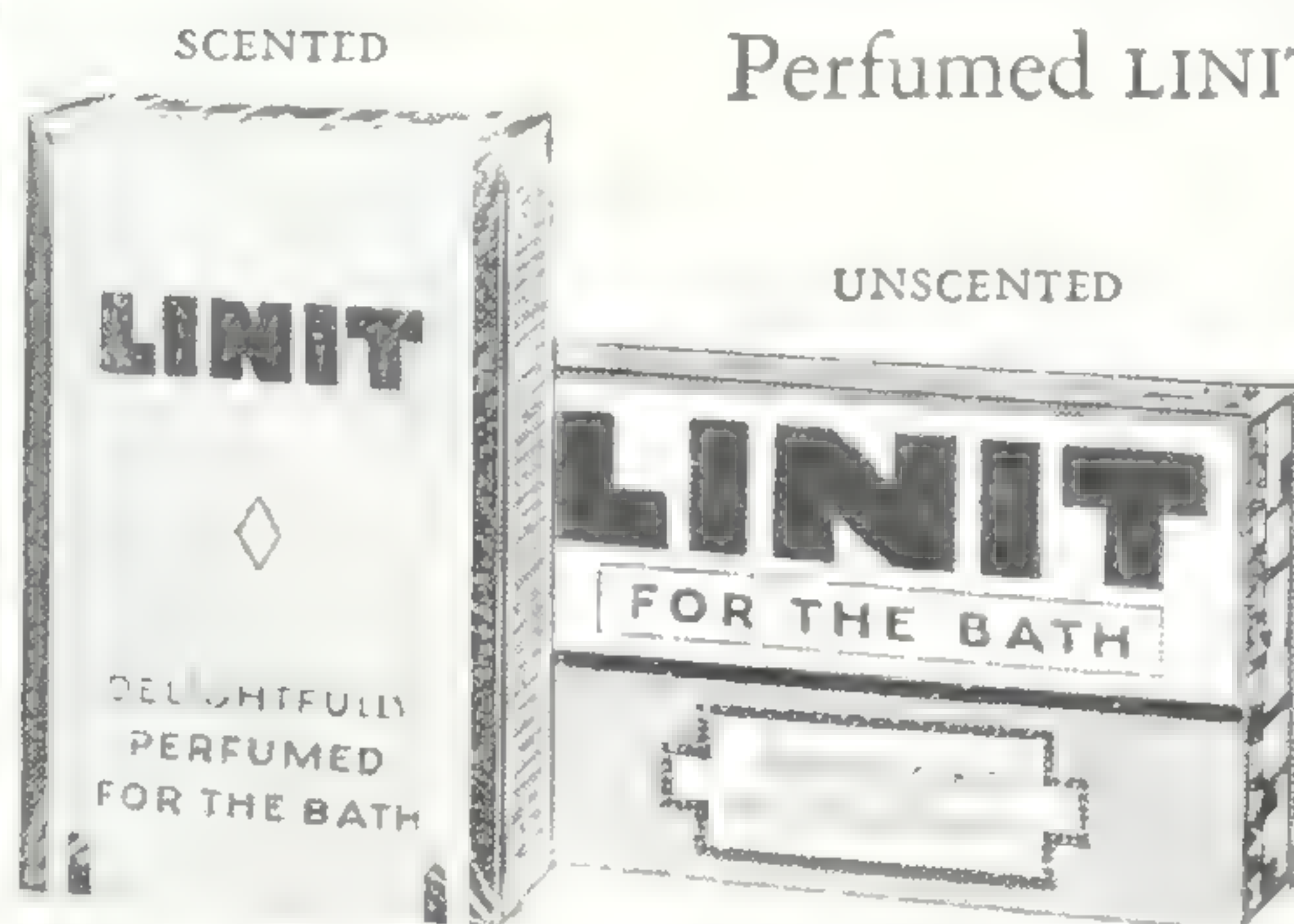
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Meet Joan's Best Friend

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

Her position there humiliated her. She was desperately unhappy. She tried to hide it. She danced—tirelessly.

She danced with university students at all their parties—always in borrowed clothes.

She danced into the kitchen with trays full of dishes—antagonized the stewardess.

She danced into her clothes as she dressed for class.

ONE of her school chums told me when she saw the opening shot of "Our Dancing Daughters" that she would have known it was Billie if the picture had ended there. She had seen her do that dozens of times.

She broke every rule—she laughed at discipline

She was broke most of the time—she laughed it off.

No one knew how hard up she really was. No one except Mr. Lake, the watchman.

When she was entirely insolvent, Mr. Lake seemed to sense it and would slip a dollar in her pocket. She kept an account of those loans—twelve dollars in all. As soon as she arrived in Hollywood she sent him a check for fifteen dollars. The last time I saw him he had the check—still uncashed—a cherished possession.

She put up a brave front. But underneath, Joan was unhappy.

NO one knew that. No one except President Wood. He had known it for weeks, but he was afraid she would be even less happy elsewhere

One day the college steward passed the Wabash station, saw her getting on the train

and asked what the trouble was. Billie, by that time in tears, said, "I can't stand it any longer. I've got to go home!" The steward asked her to come back and talk to the President.

She refused. "No. I don't want him to know anything about it. I've disappointed him. I don't want him to persuade me to stay." Then, with tears and protests, she went back.

She told President Wood that she was completely licked—that she had thought her pride would help her over the rough spots, but the whole thing was too much for her.

He didn't propound the advantages of higher education. He told her, with that warm understanding of which he is capable, that it was a question for her to decide—that his only concern was for her success and happiness. The one promise he exacted from her was that no matter what happened, she always would keep in touch with him.

HE told me afterwards that it was with serious misgivings he saw her leave his office that afternoon—a little sixteen-year-old girl—highly artistic in temperament—tragically sensitive.

He said, "With the right breaks after leaving here, I knew she would come through with flying colors. If the winds were too bitter, I did not know what might happen."

The winds were bitter—the sea was rough. You know the story of her hard work and harder luck—her hard won but mediocre successes in Chicago and New York. Her advent to Hollywood—months and months and months of harsh publicity—the play girl—the

home-wrecker—heart-breaker—life of the party!

Dr. Wood read all this. He had seen her only once after she left school—that was for a brief visit on a trip back to Kansas City. He knew the struggle Joan was having—knew, because he had seen in her a deep and fine intelligence, a sensitive and artistic temperament, a fund of talents, and with it all an eager zest for life.

A BUSINESS trip took him to the Coast and he was determined to see her.

She had dinner with him at the Biltmore Hotel.

During the course of the dinner she asked, "Am I still your Billie?"

His reply was, "Yes and no. There is an even more apparent *surface* happiness. But there is an expression I don't like—a kind of cynicism, Billie. Why?"

She knew the answer, even in those dancing days when she was apparently getting all she wanted from life.

"Daddy Wood, we live such a life of sham that life itself gets to be like a dream. You are the only one, among the thousands who shout my praises, who is an honest-to-goodness friend, who would stand by me through all kinds of weather."

THEY talked of life and love and friendship, marriage and education and world affairs—Joan and this man of learning.

They still do.

She often writes to tell him what she is reading—what she is thinking.

When Joan saw President Wood again she



"Gazing at Gable" is a highly popular pastime in most circles—and here's Sam Wood indulging in it, while Clark does some hot stuff with Jean Harlow for "Hold Your Man." Well, Jean isn't so tepid herself—so Sam ought to be satisfied

was in the throes of that engagement to Michael Cudahy—the engagement the newspapers pounced upon with such gusto.

Joan told him all those feelings she couldn't express to anyone else—didn't dare voice. She argued the thing pro and con—thinking aloud with an understanding listener.

He didn't advise. He knew that once Joan had put those thoughts into words she was on solid ground. She wasn't in love with Mike Cudahy—knew she wasn't. Knew he wasn't in love with her—not the kind of love she wanted.

Knew he wouldn't have noticed her if she hadn't been the much publicized celebrity—the dancing, laughing, untiring companion for many, many evenings at the Grove.

PRESIDENT WOOD could have told the newspapers there would be no Crawford-Cudahy nuptials, long before the news broke.

When they were together again after several months, President Wood saw a change. He asked the reason.

Joan said simply, "I had dinner with you on the 9th of October. Just two weeks later I found the friend for whom I was looking. On the 23rd of October I met Dodo for the first time!"

Dr. Wood told me he had never before seen this girl whom he knew so well as happy as she was at that moment. That was recommendation enough. Doug and the college president were to be friends. And thus was formed one of Hollywood's unknown triangles—a man of fifty years of wisdom and experience and a boy and a girl equally ardent in their esteem for him.

That night at the theater, we were in Doug's dressing-room showering praises upon the young Fairbanks for his performance. It was the opening night of "The Youngest." Joan turned to me and said, "Is there anything in life better than being proud of someone you love?"

THEN to the gray-haired man she said, "Daddy Wood, my life's ambition is to make *you* proud of me." To which he smiled an answer that said more honestly than words that he *was*!

I want Joan Crawford to be sure of that! I want her to know that he said to me, not many days ago:

"I am proud of her achievements. I am even more proud of her as a person, for her success is not to be measured in terms of box-office receipts. These are but tributes to her greatness as an artist and a woman. I am proud to be her friend."

Heart Throb

My work has always been along the literary lines; and I have found it to be a most entertaining, interesting form of occupation. I have met up with people much to my liking, it has helped me to understand human nature and given me an insight into life generally. An accident bereft me of my sight, and although there are times when I am deeply depressed, I force myself to realize that in spite of all, I have the keen memories of days and times which will always be mine. Thanks to all this, the loss of sight no longer overcomes me. The "Brickbats and Bouquets" are alive in my heart and the characters and various surrounding episodes they reveal never can be taken from me.

Mrs. Charlotte H. Twombly,
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EXCESS HAIR LOOKS BLACKER WHEN WET - - - MARCHAND'S MAKES IT UNNOTICEABLE!

WET your arm. See how the light, fuzzy hair seems to grow blacker. And leg hair when wet shows up even heavier and uglier!

Men look at your legs and arms. How can they fail to see excess hair—made darker than ever, when you go in bathing?

For the sake of appearance, daintiness—keep arms and legs attractive.

Make excess hair unnoticeable with Marchand's—quickly, easily. Then you won't mind how wet arms get!

WEARING SLEEVELESS DRESSES, sheer stockings, or going barelegged—

take the same precaution—because excess hair may be quite noticeable, even when dry.

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Marchand's Golden Hair Wash has a nation-wide reputation for reliability. Thousands of attractive blonde women use Marchand's—to impart youthful color and beauty to faded hair—to make drab hair lustrous and lovely. It is used at home, safely and successfully.

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"All Women Are Sirens At Heart"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

because I try to avoid the obvious in type. I never cast a typical vampire for a vampire rôle. There is no great excitement in seeing that sort of woman preparing her net for a man. One anticipates every move before she makes it. But there is a thrill in seeing a lady of refined background and culture lose herself in the game of love.

"Perhaps also I get good results from my players because I do not start a picture until I know every character in the story as intimately as if they had been friends of mine in the flesh. Consequently, there is no indecision in characterization after we get going."

"I want to know your purely personal impressions of the lovely ladies you've directed," I pleaded. "There come to mind Pola Negri, Mary Pickford, Florence Vidor, Jeanette MacDonald and Miriam Hopkins."

"Thoughts of Pola are saddening," he mused. "She should be at the summit of her career today. She is not old, some years under forty, which is young for an emotional actress. And Pola has almost limitless emotional depths."

"At the beginning of her career, her work was her passion. Everything and everybody were subservient to it. I have never known anyone so tireless and conscientious about her work as Pola was in those early days. Her ambition consumed her."

"But when success and world adulation were hers, Pola could not control herself. She could not hold her own emotions in check. She allowed that great caldron of suppressed desire to overflow, spread itself, and be wasted in a dozen different directions."

"POLA should never have married. She is one person whose nature is absolutely true to her physical type. She is brunette all through. There is something of the savage in her. Perhaps primitive would be a better word. Refined, of course, through education and associations, but dangerous when not under leash."

"Of course, one can never say when a great actress' career is over. There's no time limit for those things if the will is strong enough."

"If Pola can conquer herself, she might again conquer the public."

"And Mary?" I queried.

He shifted his cigar and was thoughtful for a moment.

"Mary Pickford is something more than a great actress. She is a great person. My first

American picture, 'Rosita,' was made with her. That was eleven years ago. My English was very poor then. Her kindness and coöperation made working with her a joy.

"Mary is trembling before what someone has called, the altar of time. Yet she is not old. It is only because the world insists that Mary shall always be a child. It seems to me that the public has always expected more of Mary Pickford than any other screen actress. It's because she represents an idealism never to be associated with any of the newer actresses."

"She is a great comédienne. She has what Marie Dressler has as an older woman—comedy touched with pathos. Mary possesses indomitable courage and pluck."

"FINANCIAL insecurity gave her a great driving force in earlier life. Perhaps a hunger for further artistic development at this period of her life may carry her to greater things."

"But in any event, somewhere in the corridors of time, Mary Pickford's flame will still flare on."

"What do you consider a woman's greatest asset?" I suddenly asked him.

"Charm," he answered without waiting a split second. "Charm is the most important thing in the world to a woman. It is a composite quality, impossible to analyze. It takes a little part of so many things to produce charm."

"Florence Vidor has it to a large degree. She is the essence of refinement. Under the right circumstances, her type might defy the rules of chastity, but never the rules of decorum."

"She has a very sensitive, intelligent mind. There is constant conflict between thought and emotion with her. At times, it may have retarded her professional career, but it produced an intensely fascinating woman."

"Florence is what I call a brunette with a blonde soul. Marriage and motherhood have been good for her. Should she ever return to the screen, you would see a deeper, more highly versatile actress, with fire and emotional intensity."

"You know, of course," I reminded him, "that the public gives you full credit for having developed both Jeanette MacDonald and Miriam Hopkins?"

"It has been fun working with them," he answered. "They are both very interesting personalities, and totally different."

"When Jeanette first worked for me in 'The Love Parade' she was still an ingénue. I mean by that, an ingénue at heart, within her own soul. She was very, very pretty and knew it. Her beauty and voice had given her some success on the stage, but she was undeveloped within."

"She did not make you feel."

"In sophisticated comedy today, she has few equals. And Jeanette is still improving herself. She will go on. How far, depends on how long her ambition remains at the pitch it is today."

"There is a very level head underneath that red gold hair, and a sense of humor not often found in beautiful women."

The Maestro got up to take a turn around the room. He's a restless fellow. The big cigar was being replaced by a fresh one. I bolted headlong into the subject of "Design for Living" and the fact that Miriam Hopkins was to play the lead in it. As the Noel Coward play stands now, she seems unsuited to the part.

He grinned at me again. "Are you rabid on the subject of the Coward play? I find nearly everyone goes to extremes about it. They either think it is the very best, or the very worst play, they've seen. I hope your heart will not be broken to know that we are completely re-writing it. Had to, of course, for the screen. Miriam Hopkins will be ideal for the girl who loves two men very, very much as we are developing it."

"MIRIAM is a very complex personality, and fascinating because of it. She is that most unusual combination, a blonde with an earthly quality not suggested by her physical make-up."

"Her type is an irresistible siren. Her almost baby face gives no hint of the tigerish possibilities of her emotions. If she cared enough, she could be all things to a man, a wife, companion and mistress, but Miriam will seldom care enough."

"She is a self-sufficient person in many ways, loving her books, loving her solitude. There's nothing spurious about any part that she plays. She's capable of feeling every scene she does."

"Well, here's to them, and the many other lovely ladies I've directed," he said.

We drained glasses of Herr Lubitsch's favorite Pilsner. Life, love and lager! Great combination—

The Miracle of Louise Fazenda's Baby

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

There were cozy little beds for the children of these families, nurseries fixed up with cute trimmings, rattles and drums and kites. One of the American ladies gave little Louise a doll one day when she'd delivered the groceries. And Louise has that doll to this day.

At the time, with her Latin predisposition to affection, Louise would walk hours, happily pushing a baby buggy up and down the old crooked streets with her charge, being as attentive a little-girl-mama as any of the older women who'd reared anywhere from thirteen to twenty children.

She would be happy, too, minding the neighbors' children. And many a fashionable young business man today in Los Angeles can recall the terrible orgy of ear-swabbing and nose-wiping which Louise Fazenda considered her maternal duty when as a child she would

be set to mind a brood of neighborhood kids while their mothers went shopping.

Louise looked forward eagerly to the time when she would be all grown up and her Prince Charming would come riding into her life. Then, she could have a house full of children, little pals to keep her company, to come running to her with their troubles and their little joys, noisy youngsters to whose mother their playtime was music no matter how nerve-wracking the din.

WHEN Louise was fourteen, she got a job in a candy factory. She told her mother it paid more than office work. But in reality she wanted to be able to bring home boxes of licorice drops, all-day suckers, chocolate strings—and watch the faces of poor children light up with joy when she handed out the goodies.

That's the way Louise Fazenda has always been.

It was the bitterest moment of her life when, years later, a physician told her gently one day that motherhood would probably never be for her. Louise had been playing an especially rough scene in one of her inimitable comedies when a studio funster pulled a chair from beneath her just as she was about to sit down. Down she went. And for the count.

She was carried from the studio, agonized with pain. There was a brief recuperation, then she went back to her clowning. She typified the pathos of the world twisted into a grimace.

But behind the hilarious gaiety of her mirth-provoking pictures, there was always secreted the proverbial sadness of most clowns. Louise had married young. She was Mrs. Noel Smith

at the time. And a few years later, Louise Fazenda was divorced—she brought the suit against her husband to give him back his freedom. They never had any children.

THE little ugly duckling of Mexican town had grown up to be quite a beauty. For Louise is an entirely different personality off-screen in looks and mannerisms than she is when doing her stuff before the camera. She is chic, hazel-eyed, brown haired, and wears the most fashionable clothes as only Hollywood can turn them out.

But there was always that terrific longing for a baby. Louise would pick up little children in the streets, hug them to her a moment, then set them down and walk quickly away. Always there was a tear in her eye, ready to trickle down her cheek if anyone remarked how much she loved children. She wanted a baby. She wanted just a mite of humanity to cuddle; just a little bit of loveliness out of the nowhere into the here, as the immortal poem goes.

Then came Hal Wallis into her life. Hal was a publicity man with Warners when Louise first met him. They fell in love on sight; one of those silent, wordless love affairs because words were inadequate to express the depth of emotion they felt for each other.

When Hal and Louise were married over five years ago, all Hollywood turned out for the occasion. Louise is very popular. And Hal was her man; the man she'd chosen for her husband. So everyone came to Louise's wedding and wished her happiness. Secretly, not a guest that day shook her hand as they left but didn't wish that Louise would have a baby. Her closest friends knew it would bethe fulfillment of the supreme desire of her life.

BUT time rolled on. And Louise was a hit in talkies. Her squeaks and squeals delighted millions of movie-goers. Her custard pie antics were the joy of children everywhere. And with her new popularity in talkies, Louise's income rolled up accordingly. Hal Wallis, too, rose to the heights.

He is now an important Warner Bros. executive.

More than ever Louise wanted a baby now. She not only had all of her maternal devotion

to give a child, but she and her husband could supply the luxuries which make life run so smoothly. Making good in pictures, she confessed recently, was merely the inspiration for this great adventure—the adventure of giving her baby his chance in life. She's held to that thought for many years. But Louise never had had a baby; and had all but come to believe that life meant to cheat her forever of this joy, when there came the answer to her prayer at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré.

NOR was Louise Fazenda the only one to be impressed by the seeming miracle of Hal, Jr. As she tells it:

"I wish you could have seen the strange, abashed look on the faces of the men who have worked with me for years around the studios, ever since I was a kid at Sennett's. They couldn't seem to realize it. It gave me the funniest feeling at first, but then I figured out what was the matter.

"You see, for years I had not been a girl or a woman to these men at all. I had been a comic, who wore funny clothes, hung from chandeliers, slid down stairways and was a target for pies and plaster. They've never thought of me as a woman.

That was why I got all those funny looks when the studio announced to the newspapers that Louise Fazenda would retire temporarily from the screen while she was waiting for the stork.

"NO one but myself can know the happiness which was mine the day they set my own baby in my arms. I know that other mothers have felt this joy. But to me there was something divine about it—something of that indescribable soulful beauty which came to me at the shrine that evening when I had been so close to God.

"And how glad I am now, for him, that I've been a comic all the years I've been waiting. I have a grand big attic all fixed for him when he begins to grow up and play pirate. I've scads of toys already picked out for little Hal. I'm glad now I've saved all my old picture costumes.

He'll have such a glorious time up in that attic, dressing up in costumes and showing his chums how grand he can be."

Guard your DRESSES Spare your FRIENDS

Perspiration can Cost
You Both



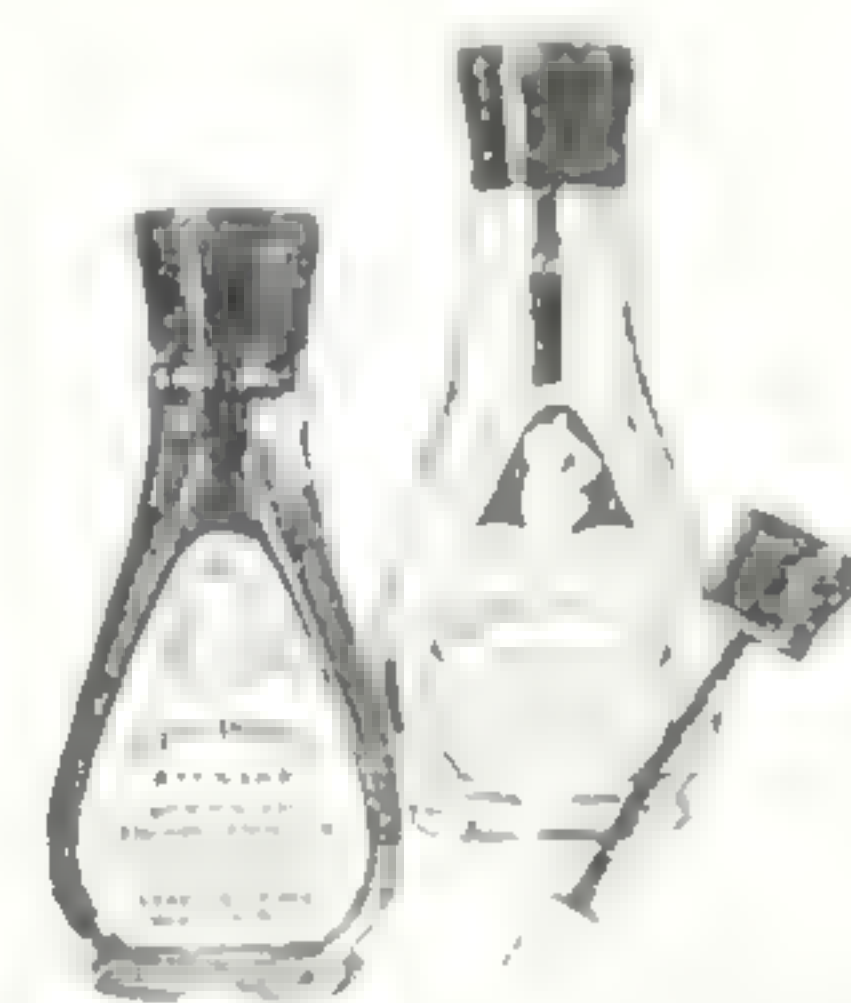
New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you *can* afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

*Odorono Protects your Charm
and Saves your Dresses*

Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This, Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture *must be prevented* for the sake of your dresses and your friends. And greasy creams, sticks, powders, perfumes and soaps cannot save you. But with Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



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for use before retiring
—gives 3 to 7 days'
complete protection.

is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
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ODO·RO·NO



There's plenty of Browns in the telephone book but only one Brown family to Joe. And here they are, the famous movie comedian with the Missus and his son, Joe, Jr., out for an evening's fun together. Joe E. Brown is a riot in a restaurant and capers aren't just salad trimmings to him, either

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

THE SPHINX—Monogram

A MURDER mystery film that ranks well up. Packed with a big name cast, among which Lionel Atwill as the deaf-and-dumb center of the mystery, Theodore Newton as the swift-spoken reporter, Sheila Terry as a society editor, and Paul Hurst and Luis Alberni stand out. The suspense is all that mystery lovers would ask.

THUNDER OVER MEXICO— Sol Lesser Prod.

PERHAPS plain Americans are just dumb when confronted with Russian art; but this opus from the Communist expert, Sergei Eisenstein, showing Mexican peon woes, seemed to score most with its absolutely magnificent scenes of mountains, clouds, ruins. Shows a terrific punishment for a peon revolt over seduction of a girl, and other good bits, taken with peons; but Sergei couldn't help thinking Mexico was Russia, at the end.

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM— Columbia

A NEAT personal triumph for Regis Toomey, as an aviator of Uncle Sam's Mexican border patrol. By sheer hustling good work he takes the usual melodramatic stuff about liquor runners and the nice daughter (Anita Page) of the political big shot and crook, and makes it into strong entertainment. Good flying, too; and the youngsters should love it. Robert Ellis a deliciously villainous villain.

FORGOTTEN MEN—Jewel Prod.

HERE'S the real stuff in war pictures—Official films from fourteen countries. Nothing, it seems, was too strong or too gruesome to put in. Submarines, airplanes, infantry, everything in all its drama and horror, from the first shot to the Peace Conference; it's the next thing to having been there. Unhappily, someone just couldn't let great material tell its own story; but you needn't listen to the talk.

COUGAR, THE KING KILLER— Sidney Snow Prod.

JAY C. BRUCE, official lion hunter for the State of California, gives us a season's glimpse of the thrilling and dangerous business of slaying or capturing the cougar, or puma. One of the thrills is subduing a female cat with nothing but a stick and rope. Producer Snow did the photography in the same fine fashion that gave us "Big Game Hunting in Africa," and also explains what happens.

GAMBLING SHIP—Paramount

THE gangsters go nautical—at least, they do along about the fourth reel. Previously, Cary Grant, deported gunman, and Benita Hume, the gambler's moll, give each other the old fake name gag on a train to develop a tedious two-timing situation. Then the film gets all involved with a gangster's feud, hijacking water-taxis, and so on. A good idea gone wrong; Cary Grant excellent, Benita Hume badly miscast.

NIGHT AND DAY—Gaumont-British

A MIXTURE of music and melodrama that, thanks perhaps to English fondness for talk and then more talk, doesn't quite jell. Jack Hulbert, the comic, wants to get on the police force; papa, a Scotland Yard man, says

no, so Jack does anyway, and makes good when sweetheart Winifred Shotter gets tangled with crooks. That's the story, and it has funny moments; but it's not worth any strenuous effort to see it.

THE FLYING DEVILS—RKO-Radio

A FEW breath-taking air thrills tend to liven up the old story of one brother's sacrifice for another. Ralph Bellamy, boss of an air circus, tries to crack up Eric Linden when Eric falls in love with his wife, Arline Judge. Bruce Cabot, an ace flyer, saves his brother's life. Cliff Edwards, as an inebriated stunt flyer, adds a bit of fun. Not much entertainment value.

OVER THE SEVEN SEAS— William K. Vanderbilt

IF you'd like to know something of how it feels to be a multimillionaire sailing your own yacht around the world, here you are: it's Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's own record of a trip in search of marine specimens for his museum. Most of the footage is in equatorial waters of the Pacific, with splendid South Sea Island shots and some breath-taking color. Mr. Vanderbilt explains events as we go.

A STUDY IN SCARLET—World Wide

THE title is authentic and that's as near as it comes to being Conan Doyle's tale of that name. Reginald Owen as *Sherlock Holmes* unearths a Hollywoodish gang of jewel thieves headed by Alan Dinehart; Anna May Wong spices the villainy. Fairish melodrama, if you don't know what fiction's all-time greatest detective could and should be.

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible

FOR those who like their lion taming, Melvin Koontz demonstrates the authoritative



Gentleman Alexander Kirkland always prefers blondes. This time it's Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Peggy and Mr. Kirkland were snapped unawares by a sneaky cameraman at the Coconut Grove. Wouldn't sound effects have been interesting, now?

masculine method, and Olga Celeste shows what sympathy and loving kindness will do. Interest is added by the fact that the beasts are caught for you in the jungle, prior to being trained.

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY— Columbia

JACK HOLT and Lilian Bond might have made an interesting team with a good story but this plot is too hackneyed. He goes to the tropics to work and his society bride follows. Boredom, the other man—you can guess the rest.

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARK- NESS—Bryan Foy Prod.

THIS is a combination of "Sonny Boy" and "Elmer The Great," with the virtues of neither. Big leaguer Wallace Ford pulls plenty of boners and gets fired, because he's too proud to tell anybody he is going blind; Dickie Moore is the little fever-stricken youngster who won't get well unless his idol comes and sees him. Ho-hum.

CHEATING BLONDES— Equitable Pictures

A COMEDY drama in which Thelma Todd plays a dual rôle of two sisters. There is a murder mystery, an unscrupulous reporter and a night club atmosphere—but there isn't any very strong interest. Cast includes Mae Busch, Ralf Harolde and Inez Courtney.

SHE HAD TO SAY YES— First National

SEEING this picture is very much like taking a ride on a merry-go-round. You get all dizzy, but you don't get anywhere. The plot, though very slim, is also very involved—all about a New York cloak-and-suit girl, Loretta Young, forced by sales-manager Regis Toomey to entertain out-of-town buyer Lyle Talbot.

LAUGHING AT LIFE—Mascot Pictures

A WORKMANLIKE treatment of a Richard Harding Davis type of story—the soldier of fortune who runs arms in a banana republic revolution and thereby gets into a jam. Victor McLaglen is the adventurer, Conchita Montenegro adds spice, and a host of big names play bit parts. Routine in plot interest, but lots of suspense and thrills.

MORGENROT (DAWN)—UFA

A DRAMATIC tale of submarine warfare. The members of the cast fit their parts so perfectly that one feels as though one actually lived the moments with them. The film is well handled in every respect. A brief prologue and titles in English help those whose knowledge of German is limited.

DREI TAGE MITTELARREST (THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE)— Allianz Tonfilm Prod.

ONE of the best German comedies that have been shown in this country. Gay and tuneful, holding interest throughout. Lucie Englisch, as the mayor's housemaid, must find her child's father; and there's plenty of gay, tuneful fun while she does it. You should know your German, although there is a brief prologue in English.

Well! Well! So This Is Hepburn!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

making. And bosom heaving. And going bravely off to die. Is done in her stocking feet. She simply cannot be emotional with her shoes on. She never hesitates to tell the finest actress or actor that he doesn't know how to read his lines. And that he's a nitwit of the highest order. As far as acting is concerned. As a result, she was constantly being thrown out of New York shows.

IN fact, in "The Warrior's Husband," the New York stage play, they simply tossed Katharine out of the cast. For being sassy. And then brought her right back. Because she was so darned good. In the part.

But you should see how she annoys Leslie Howard. Oh, my dear. Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. It gets him all nervous. And everything. But with John Barrymore, it's perfectly all right. He likes it. As a matter of fact, he's pleased about it. The way she sasses back. And things.

She never wears any jewelry. Except one large, eccentric looking ring. And orders a chicken sandwich and iced coffee every day for lunch. Snow in the mountains. Chilly winds. Or cold in the head. No difference. Katharine orders her coffee, iced. The waitress simply can't understand it. Has given up trying, to be honest about it. "There must be something the matter with her," she says. "I've tried to argue and everything. But no. That girl will drink one iced coffee too many some day. You mark my words."

She talks louder than any one else in the dining room. In fact, her table is always the center of some, however slight, commotion. But the minute she faces a camera, her voice tones down to normal. No sir, she will not, she says, have her picture taken. And don't try to argue. She will not be in gallery at two o'clock to have any pictures taken. She's there at one forty-five. And goes at it in a business-like way.

No soft lights or graceful poses are permitted. She wants angular, striking, forceful poses. It's her stock in trade to be grotesquely lovely. And she knows it. But don't think, for a moment even, that she's coming up to any publicity department to look over the pictures, she says. She simply isn't interested. In anything about this Hollywood business. So if they are expecting her at three o'clock, it's too bad for them.

She's there at two-thirty. And with quick, keen judgment, she sorts out the ones she wants. Knowing exactly why she likes this one. Or doesn't like that one. And no hedging about it.

The minute a picture is finished, she's off for New York. Her home life is even a greater secret than Garbo's. No one at her studio has even the slightest idea where she lives. And no one has ever seen the inside of her home. Or outside, as far as that goes. Or knows her phone number.

She loves to shock reporters. And magazine writers. With tales of her innumerable children. Some colored. And some few Eskimos among the lot.

ONE day she came storming into the publicity office. A paper in her hand. That carried an interview with Hepburn. About her several children. Of various shades. And nationalities. "Look at that," she raged. Throwing down the paper. "You mean about the children?" they asked her. "Children, nothing," she said. "They've used a split infinitive."

She's well read. And very intelligent. Loves good music. Attending concerts of merit. Dresses up in dramatic and slightly insane clothes. That suit her perfectly.

Stories of her fabulous wealth accompanied

her to Hollywood. Which she promptly denied in such a manner that everyone immediately believed them. In an imported limousine with uniformed chauffeur, she'd ride very grandly through the studio gates. And stop under an executive's window. With much honking. And blowing of horns. When he appeared at the window, impressed until he could scarcely bear it, she'd wave very nonchalantly. And ride on.

Firmly convinced that the lady was an heiress of great social standing, they immediately re-signed her. At three times her former salary. The next day she drove in herself. In a peculiarly smelling Ford roadster. That made funny noises. And had something fantastically wrong with its carburetor.

SHE and a girl friend once toured Europe in a dilapidated car. For the sum of five dollars a day. Camping out and astonishing natives into speechless wonder.

She has a habit of running her hands through her hair. And looks ghastly in hats. On an electrician on the set, she noticed his old felt hat. And bought it. On the spot. Cleaned and reblocked, she wears it for good. And loves it. Because it's old. She loathes new things. Even her new things look old. At least eighty years. And yet about them is a well-made, well-bred something that marks them distinctly as her own.

She gets along famously with prop men. And electricians. Because she's a good sport. And can take it. As well as dish it out. On the set of her new picture, "The Morning Glory," someone wired up a chair. And Katharine spent all her spare time electrifying innocent sitters into wild hysteria. But when someone changed the wiring and Katharine herself leaped six feet into the air, she was as pleased as Punch. And howled with laughter.

Her little stand-in looks somewhat like her. And Katharine is quite fond of her. "Let's take your pictures together," they urged. And were amazed when she refused. "It wouldn't be fair to her," she argued. "This girl has a future in pictures. If she's typed as looking too much like me, it will spoil her chances."

She talks too fast. And has a ghastly time trying to slow down her speeches for the mike. Her laugh is loud. And jovial. She's noisy. But she knows better. She paints her mouth down at the corners. Which gives it an alarming, but fascinating, appearance. She knows it.

SHE'S natural. Unaffected. Except to exaggerate herself. For the benefit of Hollywood. At the beauty parlor, she'll bang in among the well-dressed stars looking like an immigrant. It's a loud, very loud, "Hi there, old top. Hey there, old bean," to every one. Till the customers are compelled to take turns on the massage table. Trying to recover. She's that much like a cyclone. In Kansas. Or wherever it is they have cyclones.

She'll throw her feet up on the dressing-table while her hair is being wrapped in their paper curlers. And there between the bottles of "Summer's Night" perfume and eyelash dye will rest Katharine's feet. Nine times out of ten, in hobnails.

Lipstick, by the way, is the only make-up she uses. Off the screen.

She swims beautifully. And her diving is the wonder of all who have witnessed it. But when she removed her golf clubs from their wrappings for the first time in three or four months and proceeded to go right out and shoot 80—well that was, of course, too much. It slayed Hollywood as Hollywood hasn't been slain in years. It turns out she came in second in the Connecticut tournament.

One day during the silk-shawl-tied-under-

IN "Close-ups"



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VICKS Voratone Antiseptic is made by the same people who make Vicks VapoRub—it had to be extra good to carry the Vicks name. In fact, it actually *exceeds* accepted standards of antiseptic strength.

Even when diluted with equal parts of water, it is still a highly efficient antiseptic mouth-wash. Yet it's pleasant and safe when used full-strength.

And—either way—what a clean taste, what a delightful tingle, it leaves in your mouth! You just *know* you can trust it to stop bad breath. For sore throat, too, and all your usual uses.

Yet the big 35¢ bottle contains *three times* as much . . . lasts three times as long . . . as the popular 25¢ sellers.

Try Vicks Voratone for a week . . . money back, if you're not delighted!

BIG 10-oz. BOTTLE... 35¢

BAD BREATH (Halitosis)

GARGLE Sore Throat, etc.

MOUTH-WASH . After Smoking, etc.

ANTISEPTIC LOTION . . Dandruff, After Shaving, Minor Cuts, etc.



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Every movie fan will want one of these **Only 35 cents each** attractive bracelets.

They are the wide band type with photographs of prominent Hollywood Stars etched right into the metal. Start the fad in your town or locality by being the first one to possess one of these beautiful bracelets.

Don't judge them by the low price we are asking for them—they are really very attractive as well as serviceable bracelets, and they are lacquered to maintain that beautiful gold-like finish.

Just fill out the coupon with your name and address, and enclose 35c in coin, stamps or money order. Your bracelet will be sent you by return mail.

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Enclosed please find 35c in for one of your solid bronze movie star bracelets etched in two-toned gold effect with portraits of six movie stars. Send to:

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chin-cra, she spied a milk truck standing just inside a sound stage door. And immediately hopped on the rear to read her fan mail. Suddenly the truck started to move. And to her delight she found herself riding across the sound stage. "Hi, buddy," she called to a director and actors who stood on the sidelines. And was amazed to see two actors fall back weakly into chairs while the director could only paw the air. And make funny noises in his throat.

It seems they were shooting a scene. With a truck driving by. Imagine their surprise to see Katharine Hepburn, in overalls and ridiculous shawl, riding and screaming in the back. Naturally, the scene was ruined. But they are still trying to explain to a supervisor who saw the rushes of the scene, that they were not using Hepburn in a bit. "You should have padded her part," he keeps moaning. "She should have had more to do in this picture. And in that shawl—oiy, oiy, what a business."

SHE has a reputation for stinginess. Taking her friends to lunch on a publicity pass. "I'll bet you one hundred dollars you can't find out when I'm leaving for New York," she'll challenge someone at the studio. And then suddenly recalls the bet. It seems too risky.

She admits to several sisters and brothers. One husband. And two children. But no one is positive about the children.

She's the amazing result of the "we never suppress our children" theory. There she is. For young mothers to see. Some may like the result. Others not. But one thing about it. It's not dull. The product, I mean.

She loves to fight. Matching her intellect against anyone's. And above all, she's not happy unless she domineers. Her type demands it.

She came to Hollywood a gorgeously "free soul" kind of person. And has simply colored herself, padded her part, heightened her eccentricities, for Hollywood. From an interesting rebel, she has become a gorgeous lunatic. Better than all four Marxes together. And she has done it for what it would do for her. In Hollywood. It has done plenty. With only two pictures released so far, she is a person to be reckoned with. In the picture industry.

The mere announcement of her return to Hollywood, throws the entire studio into an uproar. Typewriters click. Phones buzz. Of-



Ernest A. Bachrach

Mary Duncan will play the rôle of a temperamental stage star in "Morning Glory." Miss Duncan was once a stage star herself, and though she has been in movies for several years Broadway still talks of her vivid portrayal of *Poppy* in "Shanghai Gesture"

fice boys fly madly about. Stenographers weep noisily into their handkerchiefs. The way everyone is snapping at them. And everything.

And then, a delegation awaits her train. And she's just as liable to emerge from the baggage car or engine, as not. Does, in fact.

She's the "new woman" Hollywood has awaited so long. She brings a new tempo. A new-something-vital in heroines. She hasn't the swooning seductiveness of Garbo. Or Dietrich.

Or the ladylike charm of Kay Francis. Or Ruth Chatterton. But a wild, sweeping, effervescent combination of all.

She's the female Jimmy Cagney of the screen. She has detached herself from all Hollywood. High on a hill built of her own cunning, she stands.

And surveys this Hollywood below her. And imagines her skirts are free of it.

At its bewildered groping, heart-breaking blunders, she laughs. And laughs. And laughs.

She's smart. She's shrewd. She's clever.

But she's forgotten one thing.

Hollywood always laughs last.

One day she'll find that out.

A Harp In Honolulu

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

Mackaill and Janet Gaynor. The "lying bee" takes up all of this second day out, but I am well enough to win the ship's pool. Score one for Mrs. O'Brien's boy Pat.

April 10th.—We all have our sea legs now. Going in for all the deck sports. And O'Brien gets acquainted with the ship itself for the first time. Everything's swell, lots of entertainment provided, but the swimming pool must have been built originally for gold fish and transported to the Mariposa for midgets, and not more than two of those.

There are horse races in miniature, but no chance for an inside tip on these fillies, even with our old pal Jim Crofton, one of the barons of Agua Caliente, aboard. Jim is taking a second honeymoon with a grand little girl, Mona Rico. (Remember, they almost lost their lives on their first in an airplane crash down near Mexico City?)

With no nags we know to lay our cash on, Jim and I play the slot machines instead. The wrong jockey is up for Crofton, as I win the jack pot. Just to keep it in the family, the wife breaks up another. The O'Briens are doing all right.

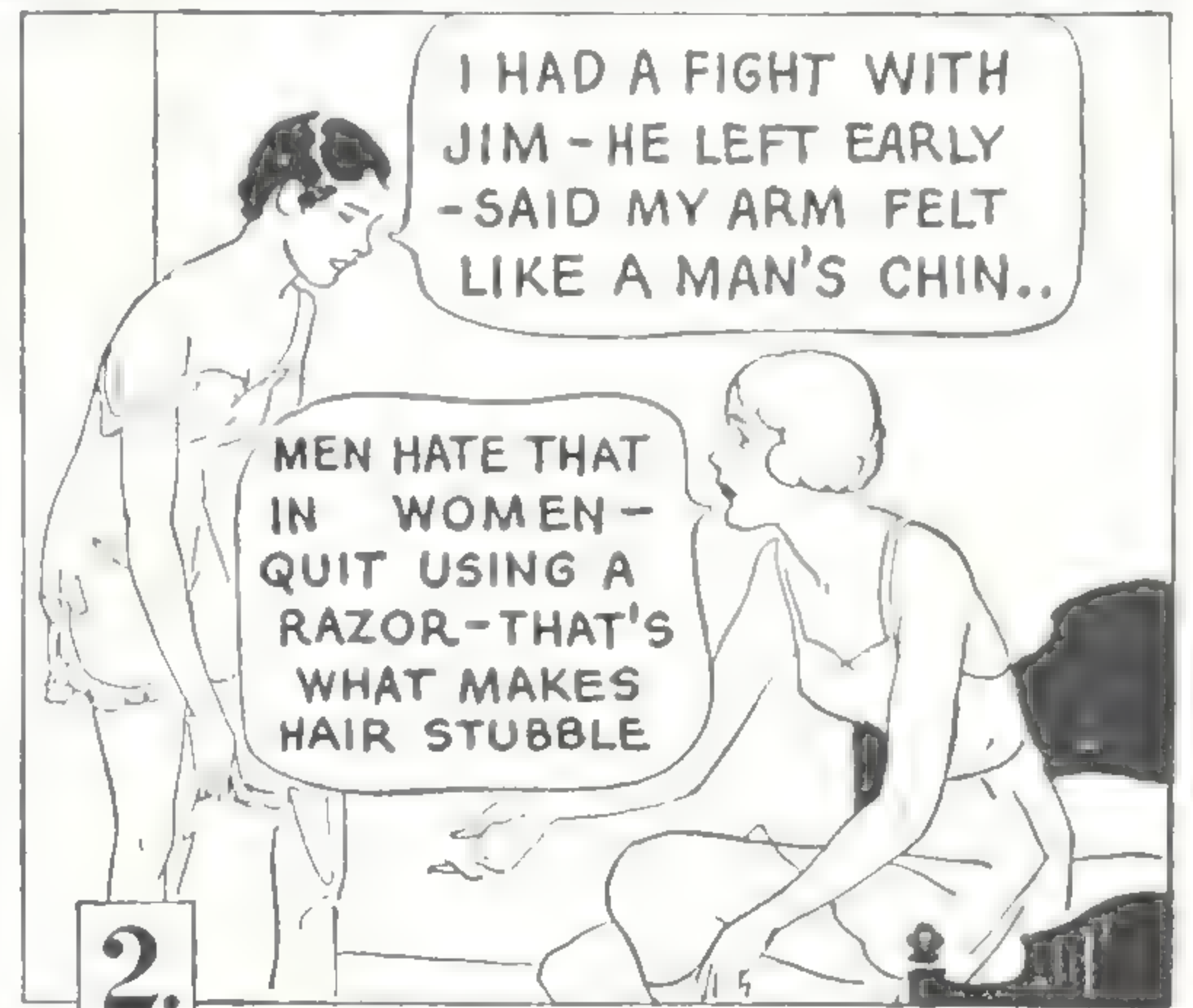
Al Jolson wins the ship's pool today, and when night comes the whole Hollywood crowd reports at the dinner table to go for the groceries in a big way. Hope it isn't a mistake.

April 11th.—Patricia O'Brien and Patricia Parker, who is Bert Wheeler's heart throb, are poor arguments for a famine. They have gone off that Hollywood diet. And they annoy Woolsey and Jolson to death with their kibitzing in those high-powered bridge games. Bert and I use them for keno stooges. More sports today. Deck tennis is a great game if you like deck tennis. We shoot clay pigeons. When Wheeler gets the rifle in his hands he shoots everything but the Captain. And the lucky little stiff wins the pool today.

April 12th.—The acting profession is in bad with the rest of the passengers. We troupers have split the ship's pool like a fixed blackjack game. Woolsey cops a pool, and I finally top the billing by winning two. Five days at sea, five pools, five actors! How's that?

We arrive in tropical waters. Molokai in the distance . . . planes roaring overhead . . . as we steam into the harbor we are surrounded by yachts, sampans, fishing boats, diving

MARY FINDS WHY WOMEN ARE QUITTING THE RAZOR *by Wells*



NOW! Actually Get Rid of Arm and Leg Hair

No Masculine Stubble—No Stiff Re-growth

Modern science has at last found a way to actually GET RID of arm and leg hair. A way that forever banishes the bristly regrowth that follows the razor. Ends the stubble that makes women lose their charm and allure; and that men shrink from when they feel it on a woman's arm.

This new way is called Neet; an exquisite toilet accessory. All you do is spread on like a cold cream; then rinse it off with clear water. That's all. Every

vestige of hair growth rinses off with it. No stubble. No sharp regrowth. The hair is so completely gone that you can run your hand across your arm or leg and never feel a sign of it.

Women by tens of thousands are using it. Ending the arm and leg hair problem; quitting the razor with its man-like and unfeminine stubble. You can get a tube for a few cents at any drug or toilet goods counter. Just ask for NEET. It's really marvelous.

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Now you can get a big package of Blondex for only 25¢. Formerly sold only in the dollar size. Now within the reach of everyone—only a few cents a shampoo. Not a dye—Blondex is safe and fine for the scalp. Try this amazing shampoo today. Make your hair young again—filled with shimmering gold. Get Blondex now at any good drug or department store.

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Elizabeth Arden has a brilliant new idea for MAKE-UP!

It is a velvety finish for legs.
It comes in paste form, in a tube.
It serves as a perfect covering for blemishes.

It is superb without stockings
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sports including those de-
lightful new-old fads of rol-
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It comes in three shades: *light,*
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It is called *Velva Beauty Film,*
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BY THE DAY

at the

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Do you know that transients can en-
joy the residential luxury of this hotel?
Charmingly decorated rooms overlook-
ing beautiful Central Park. Fixed-price
meals, as well as à la carte. Fifth Ave.
at 59th St., on Central Park, New York.

natives . . . the strains of the Royal Hawaiian orchestra and the fragrance of the leis tell us that we have arrived in Honolulu. We are taken to the Royal Hawaiian hotel, which looks to me like the Taj Mahal.

April 17th.—How can a guy keep a diary in a paradise like this? It's all like a beautiful dream. Hollywood is far away.

We have just come from the most beautiful wedding I have ever seen. Patsy Parker's sister, a dainty little blonde beauty like Patsy, marries a stalwart young army aviator.

The site of the ceremony is a little old Hawaiian church which seems to do its best to keep alive the breath of a rapidly dying race.

In keeping with the old symbols, no red flowers are used in decorating the church. They bring bad luck.

Words cannot describe the scene. Superlatively military. The bride is a daughter of an army officer from San Antonio, Texas.

Bert Wheeler gives the bride away. Sentiment is overwhelmed when Wheeler, to save footage, does a hurdle over the bridal veil, rather than a casual walk around the bride's train. Like one of his comedies. Woolsey turns to me and says, "Church or no church, I knew that guy would gum it up." And Mrs. Woolsey after all these years finally gets a laugh out of Wheeler. She yells at Bert's broad jump and only Bob's admonishing pinch subdues her chuckles.

I'll never forget the exquisite picture though . . . that lovely little bride and her handsome husband leaving the little Hawaiian church, under the canopy of swords held aloft by the white-clad officers.

All our girls are crying . . . I look at Woolsey and Wheeler and Crofton and Jolson . . . the big mugs are wiping a tear or two away . . . and what do you think I'm doing? . . . doesn't a Gael always shed a tear at a wedding?

April 19th.—Waikiki has become the Malibu of the troupe. We live on the beach. With the expert aid of Tough Bill, Joe Miner and Panama, Hawaiian beach boys, we become runners up for the surfboard championship. And how we outrig in those outrigger canoes. We even learn how an octopus is killed. Tough Bill . . . what a guy? . . . becomes my body-guard and pal.

By this time I'm a sucker for the Pacific and I'm a cinch to become a Kaamania. (One who returns to Hawaii.)

That grand old swimming champion, Duke Kahanamoku, is still in vivid prominence. I hope they send him to the Chicago World's Fair as the ambassador of the Hawaiian islands, because he has brought them more honor and prestige than anyone else.

April 23rd. — They have the fights in Honolulu just like the Olympic and the Legion in Hollywood. We like the fighters, even if no one can pronounce their names. Bob Woolsey gets a terrific laugh when he is selected to introduce a surprise referee. "Introducing the world's greatest entertainer and the world's lousiest referee—Al Jolson." Al is a riot, as usual.

April 25th.—We have had the thrill of both Hawaiian and Japanese feasts. First, the Japanese. Groceries are tabu until the shoes come off . . . we don kimonos . . . when you're in Rome do as the Japs do, say we . . . and we dine Oriental style, which is a far fling from the Brown Derby.

But the real thrill is the Luau. Hawaiian for feast. Our host is Earl Thacker, one of Hawaii's best and a grand guy.

A whole pig, filled with red hot stones (by the way, they kill the pig first) is placed in the Emu, an underground oven. The pig is surrounded with bananas, sweet potatoes, fish and other delicacies wrapped in Ti leaves and baked for several hours. Besides, they serve

large bowls of Poi (close approach to mucilage), squid . . . which we eat and enjoy until enlightened to its being juvenile octopus . . . raw fish, seaweed, and countless other tid-bits not to be found in Sardi's. To eat it, we lie full length on our opus (stomachs) and complications set in as Luau etiquette demands eating with the fingers exclusively. Yep, that's a Luau!

As the gorgeous moon comes up over the Hawaiian bay, no night club floor show or orchestral din mars the primitive beauty. And the plaintive twang of the guitars, the soft swish of the Ti leaf skirts of the hula girls, and the crooning of the natives, convinced we Malahinis (newcomers) that Hawaii is the "beauty spot of the world."

April 27th.—What would you do if you met a girl, just sixteen, and endowed with more than her share of adolescent charm, but cursed with a heart ailment so grave as to cause the finest doctors to wonder how she is still alive? We decided to give out a little altruism. The scene, a suite in the Royal Hawaiian hotel . . . guest of honor, the girl who has enjoyed little or no entertainment . . . the music by our versatile beach boys . . . the entertainers, Jolson, Keeler, Wheeler, Woolsey, Mona Rico, Winona Love and O'Brien. Bert and Bob turn on a barrage of gags . . . all new . . . Winona's hands have never been more expressive in Hawaiian dances . . . Mona dances a rumba in her most seductive Latin manner . . . I attempt imitations . . . Ruby shuffles off to Buffalo in the inimitable Keeler style . . . while Jolson . . . well, Al has never sung as whole-heartedly as he does this night, with only beach boys and their string instruments as accompanists.

Al gives and how he gives. He sings "Yacka Hackey Hickey Doola," "California, Here I Come," "Mammy" and finally "Sonny Boy." We're all so hypnotized by his magnetic personality that we fail to notice the tears of the little guest . . . mute testimony of her gratitude. This one little suite in the Royal Hawaiian hotel witnesses a performance for one little girl that money could never buy.

April 29th.—Our holiday is nearing an end. Today we put Wheeler and the Woolseys on a big Japanese liner bound for Yokohama. Although they are sure to get a big kick out of their world tour I know they hate to leave their pals . . . and Waikiki. After three shots of serums to guard against diseases, Bob looks green and his cigar looks greener. It won't be long for that cigar.

Bert is as chipper as ever in health . . . not even shots affect him . . . but his pan gets sadder and sadder as the Osama Maru pulls out, leaving a certain pretty little blonde cutie behind—with us.

May 1st.—Today's the day. We bid farewell to Hawaii. An adieu that will linger forever in the hearts of all who have ever embraced the island, only to say goodbye. Again, as upon our arrival, strains of the Royal Hawaiian orchestra echo those haunting melodies across the Pacific. As we prepare to cast off, Tough Bill is crying . . . so am I . . . so is everyone. Tough Bill is shouting "Aloha, Pat." I have a new hat . . . I place a cigar in the band of the chapeau to weight it down and fling it over the side to my pal, Tough Bill . . . he catches it and tosses his own into the sea . . . the music is still alohaing . . . we pull out . . . Tough Bill is waving; he has on my hat. He's crying; so am I; so is everyone. I shout, "Be wearing that when we come back." He nods in tearful assent. . . .

Our ship steams away . . . the music is still playing. . . Tough Bill still waving. As we pull out to sea the Royal Hawaiian Hotel looms up along with Waikiki, fades in the distance as we round Diamond Head. We fling our last remaining leis into the Pacific. If they float ashore we are sure to return . . . we are confident they will.

How Twelve Stars Make Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

Therefore, she's always playing the rôle of a girl who suffers from too much emotion.

Being the impulsive, hot-blooded creature that she is on the screen, she becomes seriously entangled with one man, only to find herself falling hopelessly in love with another.

Also, and for the same reason, she finds herself naturally and inevitably drawn to the silent, different type of male. This, combined with the fact of her free, dominating personality, often makes it necessary for her to make the advances in love-making.

All of which makes stirring drama—but hectic, complicated living.

GEORGE RAFT

With his almost insolent attitude toward love and his high-handed domination over his screen sweethearts, George Raft represents a type of lover many American women prefer. This suspicious hero with the narrowed eyes, sneering lips and snaky movements plays the very old Nick with his ladies. He's mentally brutal to them, and they like it.

George is never eloquent when he woos his lady—neither with words nor kisses. No impulsive lover, he.

There's something almost sinister in the cold control of his desires. Something almost sinister, too, in the meaning he puts into his voice and into those sloe-black slant eyes when he looks at a woman. Sinister, arrogant, and absolutely sure.

Like the gods of old, George works slowly but surely. Tantalizing his women by his evasiveness, making them hunger for his chary caresses. Through his screen impersonations, George Raft clearly indicates that he doesn't trust women, and he doesn't trust love. Is that why they go ga-ga over him?

JANET GAYNOR

Demure and dependent, the feminine ideal of romantic poetry—Janet Gaynor is a million miles removed from the opulent Mae West in her lovemaking behavior.

She is gentle, wistful, yet enormously appealing in her sweet passiveness.

Janet never arouses sultry passions in the bosoms of her swains.

Her helpless frailty awakens in them a reverential, almost paternal attitude—a desire to protect. Thus no great shattering moments either of tragedy or joy ruffle Janet's gentle love scenes.

Even at her most flirtatious—when she attracts some handsome, reckless young blade like Henry Garat with her adorable, kittenish ways—whatever faintly dishonorable motive he may have had is quickly transformed to something comfortingly steady. Completely approved of by middle-aged ladies.

Janet is the eternal sweet girl graduate who makes husbands of men.

Her destiny seems to be, like Penelope, to sit by the fireside in a rose-covered cottage, waiting for her man to come home. *And he never fails her.*

Perhaps, after all, it's not only the Mae Wests who get what they want!

KATHARINE HEPBURN

Made for great love and great sorrow, there's something taut about this high-strung, volatile creature.

She's like the finely drawn silver wire on an instrument from which the *one* man she loves can alone draw out the music.

When Katharine Hepburn makes love, she is never passive, like Janet Gaynor. She gives herself completely, volcanically. Without a trace of coquettishness. She's passionate. She's vital.

She acts out her conviction that the world's well lost for love.

Yet, because she's an idealist with a strong Puritanical fibre in her make-up, she refuses to compromise.

If love can't stand the bright light of day—better be done with it!

Therefore, even in her most carefree love-making moments, in her happiest caresses, there's something fiercely serious. Exalted.



Kay Francis is past mistress of one type of love-making, and here Bill Powell (in "One Way Passage") is learning how potent it can be



As long as the world loves love, it will thrill to the technique used by John Barrymore. We see it here with Camilla Horn in "Tempest"



No Taste Blindness Here

Pity the folks who are taste blind! Fighting words? Not at all, for most of us are taste-conscious. Only College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail will satisfy those who enjoy a full, rich, flavorsome appetizer. Common sense—all your senses—prove the importance of those words "College Inn" and "Cocktail" when ordering from the food store.

Ordinary, watery juices may get by the taste-blind palate. But full enjoyment of fine flavor necessitates your ordering College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail—invitingly packed in the famous shaker-shaped bottle, with the magic "White" cap that opens so easily.

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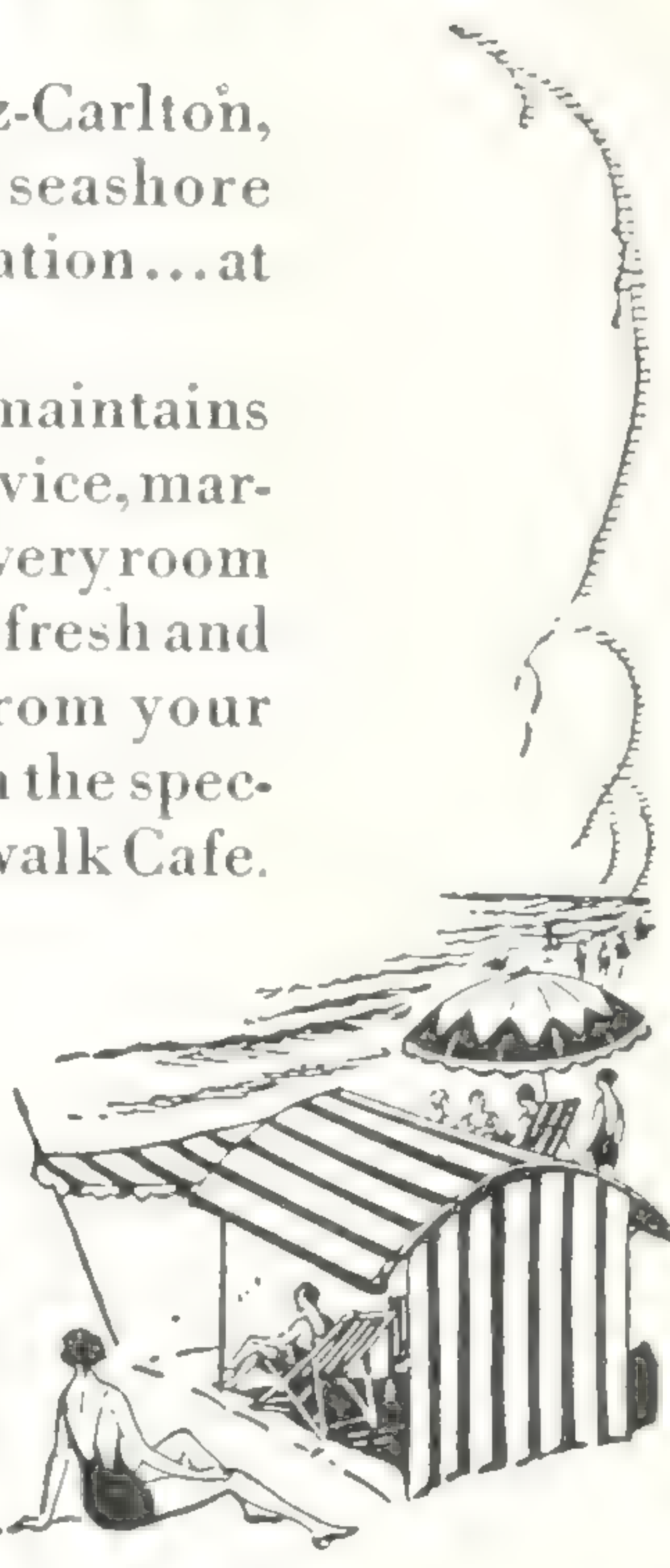
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Almost religious. A fanatical devotion to her man and a straightforward sincerity that's apt to frighten him with its intensity.

CLARK GABLE

His technique is brusque, direct, almost savage at times. The elemental male who recognizes his physical and spiritual hungers and goes out spontaneously to satisfy them.

His cruelty is never the cool, calculating kind, such as George Raft's might be. It is an impulsive brutality, passionate and uncontrollable. He "treats 'em rough" because it is his instinct to do so—the instinct of the vigorous, self-assertive, conquering male.

But Clark has another side to his amorous screen nature. He can be gentle—in an awkward, embarrassed, inarticulate way. His kindness is like that of a gruff St. Bernard, roughly pawing at a baby kitten. But it is a staunch gentleness that gives promise of loyalty and devotion, despite the fact that Clark is always far more at ease in the rôle of the domineering lover.

KAY FRANCIS

Kay Francis accepts men and their passions as a necessary part of the scheme of things. So she allows them to make love to her.

Their companionship, their admiration are important to her welfare, and their love-making is a part of this. Not that it is distasteful to her. But she has an automatic, collected control over herself and her emotions. Poised, suave, this stunning woman of the world is as sure of the effective quality of her kisses as she is of the fashionableness of her gowns and coiffure.

She seems to have learned that no good can come of allowing a passion to consume one—and although she may feel with great depth and sincerity, she prefers to hold herself in reserve.

Even when Kay is cast as a vampire—there's that quality of aloofness about her. She responds to the amorous advances of her lovers—but she never abandons herself. She is always the fine lady, behaving in love almost as decorously as she would when pouring tea!

JOHN BARRYMORE

He is (or was) the *beau ideal* of screen lovers. Handsome, courtly, dashing, he can effectively break down the frail fortress of a woman's resistance to him.

John's a fiery, impassioned lover. A calculating lover, too. Every word, every caress is artful, deliberate, conscious. He has coolly studied the whims and weaknesses of women and has developed a technique of love-making of the most devastating kind. Note "Reunion in Vienna" and "Grand Hotel."

A picture story may demand his faithfulness to one woman. But by the very insinuation of his glance, by the *connoisseurship* of his embraces, we suspect that John's carefully rehearsed love-making smacks of the Don Juan. For it's the excitement and thrill of the chase that inspires him.

Thus love becomes an intriguing, diverting adventure of the senses. To vanquish a woman is a bouquet for John's bumptious vanity. For is not this Adonis of the Barrymores the eternally arrogant, the masterful male?

The Winner
of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for the best picture of 1932 will be announced in the September issue

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To Be Happy—Give!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

She refused and still refuses to utter those words.

Quietly Jean stole back to work one week after the tragedy. Insisted upon going, not only to save her company many thousands of dollars of overhead, but to save her sanity as well.

"And the first scene I did was the bath in the rain barrel scene in 'Red Dust.' You remember it, of course?"

You see, she didn't say, "You can imagine how I felt."

She made no bid for sympathy of any kind, when she said that. She never has.

"I CAN'T talk about it," she told me in her dressing-room, only the other day. "You see, I just can't. As soon as I say anything, people are sure to misunderstand. I—please—I just want to keep it to myself.

"I've never been afraid of anything in my life," she said. "Never. So I wasn't afraid to face this. And, after we once bravely face an issue, half the battle is won, isn't it?"

"I knew in my heart I was right. I'd done no wrong. And so long as you know you're right and never let go of that thought for one moment, nothing much can happen. No doubts, no black thoughts ever entered my mind.

"I'm telling you honestly, the thought that this might hinder my career never once entered my mind.

"I am a sincere person. I didn't need to go about explaining to others how sincerely I felt this. For, if you really are sincere, others know it too. They'll feel it.

"Isn't it true, too, that when some great and terrible thing happens in our lives we are given the strength to bear it?"

"I know I was. From somewhere I got the strength to go on with my work. Which saved my life.

"After a while letters began pouring in. Thousands of them. Their faith and loyalty poured over me in waves. I tried to forget myself and give, give, give, to these people who were beginning to believe in me. I felt I owed them that for their loyalty.

"I can honestly say I never hated anyone in my life. I may dislike some of the things they do, especially small, petty things, but I have never hated anyone. And I try to be tolerant, too.

"You see, what I am trying to say is that what we give out in this world, we are sure to get back twofold.

"To those who follow my picture work and who find the world suddenly bursting about them, I say from experience, remember there are others about us to whom we owe something. Try to think of them. Get back to your normal way of thinking and doing as soon as possible.

"Try, too, to remember there are always so many things to be grateful for. The more things we're grateful for, the more things we have to be grateful about. It's an endless, swelling chain.

"**C**ARRY your sorrow and your troubles in your own heart. It's your sorrow. Given to you to bear.

"Bear it. You'll be given the strength. And the help."

And so speaks the girl whom Hollywood said was through. Washed up. Finished.

Refusing to ask for sympathy. Refusing to utter the word which might bring her understanding and approval. Locking her grief and sorrow in her own heart. Closing the door and turning the key. Bearing it alone.

And the world has respectfully removed its hat and bowed its head in sympathy for Jean Harlow. For, you see, she loved Paul Bern. All the world knows that now.

Hollywood whispered: "AIREDALE"



● She was beautiful, but movie people work under pitiless lights, play in glaring sunshine. Hollywood called her an "Airedale" because her arms and legs betrayed superfluous hair.

You'll never guess her name—for she is now one of the most perfectly groomed women in the world—thanks to X-Bazin Cream. With X-Bazin, any woman can be exquisitely free of hair on legs, arms and under-arms.

Constant research and improvement have made X-Bazin more and more mild, more and more efficient, more and more agreeable. This really reliable cream depilatory leaves your skin exquisitely smooth, white and hairless—without irrita-

tion, stubble, or that blue, shaved look. Even the future growth of hair is retarded.

Insist on reliable X-Bazin—accept no substitutes. In new giant size tubes at drug and department stores—50c. Good size tubes 10c in 10-cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in powder form.

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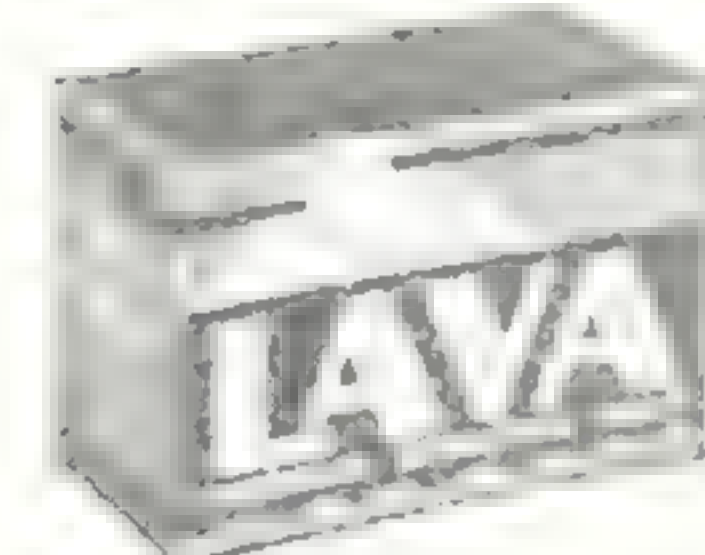
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FREE—a full-sized cake of Lava. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 268, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio. Give full name and address.

Gets the Stain—Protects the Skin

\$1,500 in CASH PRIZES in MOVIE MUDDLES CONTEST— SEE PAGE 34

Isn't this interesting?

TO FIND all of the fine features in a Sanitary Belt which the new **Woven-to-Fit* "Silhouette" by Hickory possesses—you'll agree is truly a revelation. Supremely comfortable, delightfully soft and dainty—yet dependably secure, long wearing and economical. 50c.

**Woven-to-Fit.* This exclusive, patented Hickory construction is an additional "Silhouette" feature. Conforms perfectly to the body contour. Because its shape is *permanently woven* in the loom, it assures super comfort, perfect fit, unusual security. It simply cannot curl, wrinkle, bind, irritate or slip. Tailored of soft, easy-stretch, fine quality Lastex that *wears and wears*. *Guaranteed to withstand boiling and ironing.*

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**Blue-Jay*—the scientific Corn Remover by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. Pain stops instantly—Corn gone in 3 days.

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\$1,500. IN CASH PRIZES

Turn to page 35 of this issue for conditions of Movie Muddles Contest.

The Beauty Search Is On

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

Beauty, both in man and woman, is one of the mainstays of the movies.

Beauty contests have yielded for the movies many of its most glittering personalities—Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll, Barbara Kent and Kathleen Burke the "Panther Woman," are a few.

So successful was the means employed to discover the "Panther Woman" that three other girls, none of them suitable as "panther women" but all screen possibilities, were found at the same time. These, Lona Andre, Gail Patrick and Verna Hillie, were placed under long term contract to the studio and are being built up as personalities. Of the three, perhaps one will reach stardom, perhaps none. But they are raw material to the cinema mill, and no one can foretell how far they may eventually go.

The discovery of one such possibility, the studios believe, is worth the effort of combing the whole continent. Now, because it desires more possibilities from which to draw future screen material, Paramount is putting under way an international search—a search which shall include every English speaking country from Canada to Australia, and from Cape-town to Singapore.

THIRTY screen possibilities are being sought in this international contest; fifteen men and fifteen women. Of these, eight women and eight men will be chosen from the United States, one couple from each division into which this country has been divided. The preliminaries are to be conducted by the movie theaters themselves, each manager making screen tests of the most promising young men and young women in his territory and sending all these tests to Hollywood.

Here they will be shown to a "beauty committee" composed of McClelland Barclay, the artist, Bryant Baker, the sculptor, and Faith Baldwin, the novelist.

These three will see all the screen tests sent in from over the world and will select those whom they consider the most perfect specimens of male and female beauty. Although thirty has been set as the total number, still the new personalities to be brought to Hollywood are not necessarily confined to that number, inasmuch as other possibilities may be found which cannot justifiably be overlooked.

The thirty finally selected will be given five-week contracts at fifty dollars per week each to appear in the forthcoming feature, "The Search for Beauty." Even then the contest is not over, for all those who appear in the picture, while they are acting, will be automatically entered in a second contest among themselves. This provides for a prize of \$1,000 to the man and the woman who appear to best advantage in the film when finished.

ACCORDING to McClelland Barclay, the standard by which the ancients judged physical perfection included the provision that the body should measure eight times the length of the head.

But for the modern perfection of beauty, the head length is proportioned to the body seven and one-half times. Even at that, many of our idols if they appeared in that proportion might be quite grotesque. If Janet Gaynor's body were lengthened to seven and one-half times the measurement of her head, Janet would be as tall as Garbo. By the same token, some of our biggest stars would shrink. Slim Summerville would have to go back to knee pants, Charles Laughton would become a giant.

In the contest, the rules are that contestants be over seventeen and under thirty; the women between 5 feet, 3 inches and 5 feet, 7 inches and from 100 to 125 pounds in weight; the men between 5 feet, 10 inches and 6 feet, 2 inches and from 150 to 190 pounds.

Of course, minor variations will not bar contestants from competition. The judges hope every young man and woman who feels he or she has an even chance will enter the contest.

When the contest is over Hollywood expects to have the pick of the present generation and to have discovered today the stars of tomorrow. With one lavish gesture, one grand effort, Paramount will ferret out the beauty that a thousand scouts might spend years in finding. Miles of lovely figures and handsome faces will flicker across the Hollywood testing screen—a quick-smiling boy from Ireland, an Indian girl with a cloud of dark hair, a cool beauty from the shores of Wales, farm boys, shop girls, society women, village sheiks—and among them will be faces that some day everyone will know.

Yoo Hoo! Here Comes Gracie!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

means 'King Kong,' I'll bet twenty bucks," an electrician murmured.

"Well, Gracie, we can't have any 'buffoons' in this one but we do have a cat and some kittens. Now please—"

"Oh, goodie," Gracie clapped her hands. "I love kittens. But, of course, it would be cuter, don't you think, Mr. Sutherland, if we could have an ape and some little 'apiaries'?"

"Gracie, I—oh, my gawd."

"Wait. Wait, everybody. I know something even better. We don't need any animals at all. Lookie, we can just sing that new animal song."

"Animal song, Gracie?"

"Yes, you know. 'Shuffle off the buffalo.'"

With a nervous, shaking hand Mr. Fields removed a thermometer from his pocket and proceeded to take his temperature. Seven electricians sat frozen at their posts. Someone dashed wildly for a glass of water for a rapidly swooning director.

"Oh, goodie. You know what, Mr. Suther-

land? We could have the girls ride down these marble stairs on buffalos."

"Ride down on buffalos, eh?" Mr. Burns asked, looking up from his script.

"Yes, and just shuffle off at the—"

"Gracie," Mr. Burns asked, "did it ever occur to you that buffalos are American animals and the authors laid this story in Wu Hu, China?"

"They did what?" Gracie wanted to know.

"They laid this story in China."

"Oh, George, you're the silliest man. You don't lay stories. You write them."

"You don't lay—oh, my gawd," George moaned. "Get me out." He joined Peggy in the open air.

Mr. Fields examined his thermometer. His temperature was exactly 101 degrees.

"Oh, Mr. Erwin," she said, galloping over to Stu in his corner, "you know you just look like my brother. I was just saying to George how much Mr. Erwin looks like my brother."

"You—er—you were, Gracie?"

"Yes. You know, Mr. Erwin, my brother is the dumbest looking person. Only he isn't really."

"He isn't really dumb, you mean?"

"Not a bit. My brother's a very smart man. He always said my family had no business nicknaming me the way they did."

"Oh, your family nicknamed you, eh?"

"Yes, my brother says my real name is Dis-Gracie. They just call me Gracie, though. For short, Mr. Erwin."

"Gracie, you tickle me."

"Why, Mr. Erwin, what a funny request. And right before everybody, too."

Once again Mr. Sutherland had begun the scene.

"Yoo hoo, Mr. Sutherland," Gracie called from the corner, "I just thought up the grandest thing. Now—"

Hurriedly Mr. Fields again removed the thermometer from its case.

"Now, Gracie, honestly, I can't bear any more," the director said.

"Oh, you flatterer. I knew you'd love this. Now listen, Rudy Vallee is going to sing in this picture, isn't he?"

"Yes, but—"

"And the name of this Chinese town is Wu Hu, isn't it?"

"Y-e-s, but now Gracie—"

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland, you're going to love this. This is grand. Now why couldn't Rudy sing, 'Just a Grapefruit in the Vallee, Wu Hu'?"

Mr. Fields examined the thermometer. His fever was exactly 104 and two-tenths.

BY this time, Peggy was back. And Gracie was right after her.

"Oh, Miss Joyce, someone was telling me—I think it was the boy with the perspiration sweater—that—"

"The boy with what, Gracie?"

"That boy, John Allright or something. With the—you know, perspiration sweater, or—"

"Gracie, could you mean Jack Oakie. The boy with the sweat shirt?"

"Oh, yes. Imagine. Isn't that silly? Well, he was telling me you had one of the biggest diamonds in the world."

"Yes, that's true, Gracie, I have."

"For goodness' sake. How long would it take Babe Ruth to run around it, do you think?"

"Babe Ruth run—you—"

"Yes, my brother says he can run around the Chicago diamond in twenty seconds."

"I see. You mean Babe Ruth, the ball player?"

"Oh, no, Miss Joyce, he isn't a ball player. He's a poet."

"A poet! Babe Ruth, a poet?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Joyce. Haven't you heard of his Homer. It's about Homer Khayyam. Don't you love poetry, Miss Joyce?"

"Yes, I do, Gracie, but I must confess I'm not very well read."

"Oh, Miss Joyce, why you're hardly red a bit. What makes you say that? Have you been in the sun?"

"Gracie, I—will you go—"

"MISS Joyce, I just love that scene you and Mr. Fields have in that little Austin. Didn't you feel funny when you saw that little Austin? I'll bet you thought your limousine had had a child right in the hotel, didn't you?"

"Gracie, please, please—"

"Oh, Miss Joyce, you're so clever with men. Do you think I could ever get a husband?"

"I think so."

"I did get one, once."

"And what became of him, Gracie?"

"Oh, his wife raised the dickens. I had to put him right back."

And all the time we know that cute little Gracie is the devoted wife as well as radio and film partner of George Burns.

"Yoo hoo, Mr. Sutherland," Gracie waved. Mr. Fields hurriedly reached for his thermometer.

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland, I just thought of the grandest thing. Listen, why couldn't Mae West—"

"Just a moment, Gracie," Miss Joyce interrupted on her way to the fresh air, "I'm the star of this picture."

"Oh, I know, Miss Joyce, but you can't tell fortunes."

"Can't tell fortunes. Listen, I can tell a fortune two continents away." And Peggy went on.

"Oh, I just love those big lights," Gracie told the electricians. "What are they called?"

"Klieg," they told her.

"What?"

"Klieg, klieg, klieg."

"Oh, I know that song," Gracie scoffed.

"What song?" they asked her.

"Why, that Santa Claus song. You know. Up on the house top, klieg, klieg, klieg."

Mr. Fields examined his thermometer and collapsed. They carried him off in a fever of exactly 105 and eight-tenths.

"Oh, look. What's this big thing that moves around?" Gracie asked next.

"That's a dolly," they told her.

"Oh, you can't fool me. That's no dolly."

"It is a dolly."

"All right, then. Let's hear it say 'mama.'"

And with that they gave up. There was a general rush for the door.

"For heaven's sake," Gracie complained "And just when I was going to tell them about my brother."

Daddy of the Studio Family

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

and the way she leaned on him during all her trouble. Many a time, imposing gentlemen with propositions involving hundreds of thousands of dollars, cooled their heels in the waiting room, while Joan sat behind the closed door, talking it all out with "Pops"—she calls him that—reporting developments, getting advice, being steered aright through all those trying months while her divorce was in the air. She afforded an excellent illustration of the standing rule in the Mayer office: "No matter what appointments I have or how pressing business matters may be, the studio family comes first."

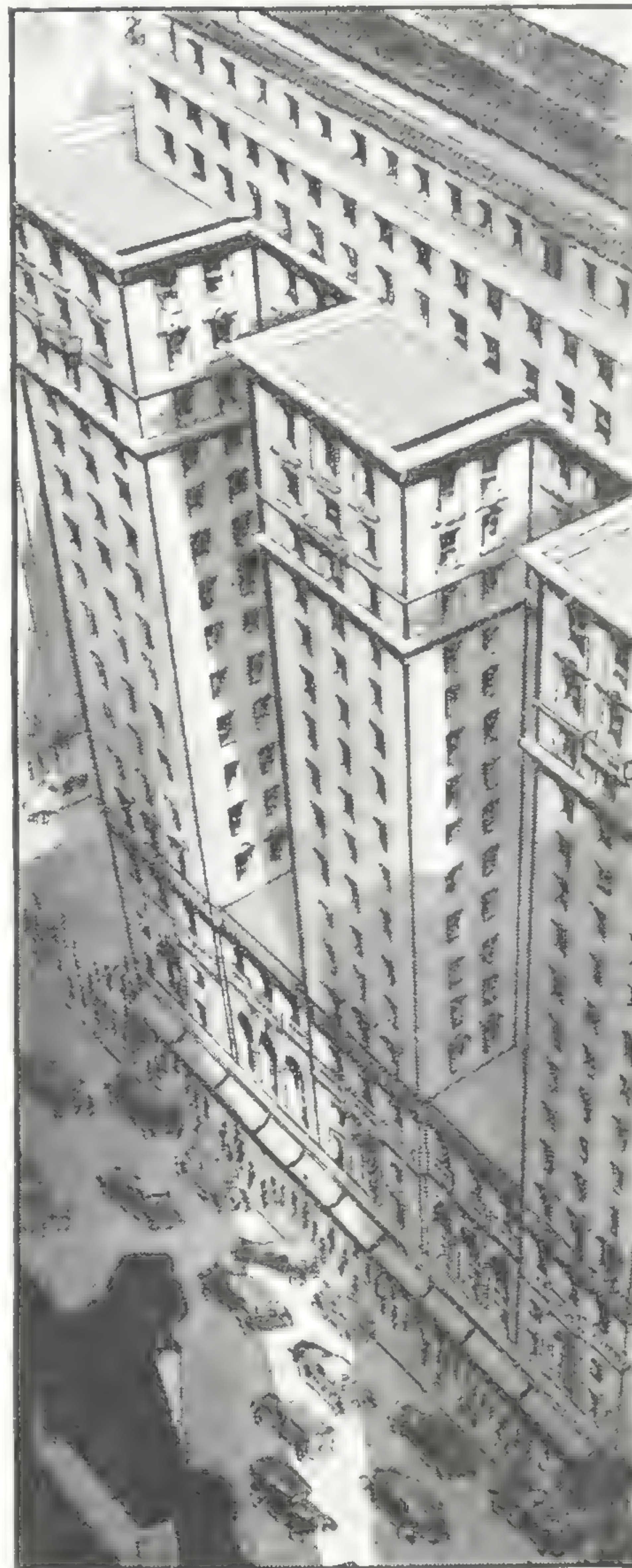
But no mere attitude of "helping out for business' sake" would draw Joan and all the others to him in time of personal trouble. The magnet is the feeling they sense in him—the same that makes him the proudest grandfather on earth, and a bosom pal of Jackie Cooper's,

and that transcends any mere care for business interests. It shows also in other ways, besides the tendency of stars in trouble to seek him, as instinctively as they would seek a trusted father of their own. To mention one, he doesn't wait for troubles to come to him. He's out and about—in shirt sleeves, usually, for if anything can bring a fighting gleam to the Mayer eye, it's swank or high-hat of any kind—to satisfy himself that all is well; and ever and anon he manages to pounce on something.

MARIE DRESSLER, for example—trying to pile a lot of helpful outside activities on top of a wearing studio schedule, and driving herself straight for a breakdown. L. B. noted that—stepped in—and put his foot down flat in a dozen different places. Four hours' work a day—that was to be the limit—and until



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Rooms—delightfully furnished in the early Colonial period from \$4.00. Breakfast in bed if you wish, 75¢. Luncheon in the famous Roosevelt Grill \$1.00. Only the prices have been reduced. Roosevelt standards of service and courtesy have been rigidly maintained.

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Edward C. Fogg, Managing Director
Madison Ave. and 45 St., NEW YORK
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to Enter Photoplay's

\$1,500

MOVIE MUDDLES CONTEST

(See page 34 for full particulars regarding Contest)

So that our readers need not miss a single issue of PHOTOPLAY during this contest we are making a special six month rate of \$1.25.

This special offer is made to avoid disappointment in case the news-stands sell out and may be unable to supply back copies. Take advantage of our Special Contest rate for six months, fill out the coupon below, send \$1.25 (Canada and Foreign \$1.75) and we will send you July PHOTOPLAY showing the first set of MOVIE MUDDLES and enter your subscription for 5 months, starting with the September issue.

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☐ I enclose \$1.25 (Canada and Foreign, \$1.75), for which you will kindly send me July PHOTOPLAY and enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for 5 months, effective with the September issue.

Name

Street Address

City..... State.....

Marie got the habit, he was there at the end of the four hours to bundle her off home. Interviewers, photographers, all the paraphernalia of publicity that necessarily surrounds a star—out!

Completely out. Not even friends were permitted to bother her.

It's a joy now to see how Marie and L. B. get along. If it's a question of a week-end at Santa Barbara, a little run East to New York—his opinion is taken. And she finds, too, when it's a trip, that all arrangements have been made—there's nothing for her to do but go.

And why not? L. B. would ask. She's been battling the world single-handed all her life—why shouldn't someone else carry a bit of it for her now? So he does—and you should see how Marie loves it.

KAREN MORLEY is another who came under the Mayer eye, and came in for Mayer attention, before she knew it. Hers was the same story as Marie Dressler's—too much work for her strength. He opened his campaign with a vacation for Karen—then watchful care to see that her diet was right. Milk during the day was one of the instructions that took most hammering; but he won.

Nothing could have been more natural, then, when Karen and Charles Vidor fell in love, than that L. B. should hear about it. You may remember the furor there was among the publicity people when they learned that a secret marriage had got by them—and also found themselves unable to locate the happy couple, honeymooning now that Karen's picture was done. Nor did it help them to think that L. B. had known all along—but being the good confidante he was, had said nothing.

There is, of course, another side to L. B. No one could administer such an organization, in such a battling business, without being a fighter and an A-1 bargainer. Both of these L. B. is—though occasionally the bargaining takes a whimsical turn. It did recently, when the time came for a new Wally Beery contract. Both men being what they were—grand battlers for what they wanted—contract discussions were to the point and earnest. But L. B., who had advised Wally about buying his various airplanes, adopting daughter Carol Ann, and almost everything else in Wally's life, knew his man. He settled the argument by letting Wally have the walrus-skin boat which Col. W. S. Van Dyke had brought from the Arctic after directing the picture, "Eskimo." Wally wanted that boat more than anything else L. B. could have offered.

THE same watchful interest for the true best interest of all concerned pops forth in other ways. Myrna Loy had been in Hollywood some years, playing "exotic Orientals" and doing well at it. Also she was desperately tired of the type; but not having made a real mark as yet, was in no position to make demands.

And she well knew the general tendency, if an actress was "sure fire" as a type, to keep her at it, rather than risk losing ground by a change.

However, she knew something of L. B. too—so took her problem to him. He listened—undoubtedly drawing on his veteran knowledge that the only good actor is the actor who's happy in his or her rôle, regardless of the past—and agreed to let her try "going American," provided she would study grace and voice placement. We all know what Myrna has done since.

That was good business, of course—springing from the far-sightedness natural to a temperament that chooses biographies of noted figures in history for favorite reading matter, that views films as powerful factors in education, and for years has fought the urge to grab quick profits at the box office with indecent material. But L. B.'s respect for "having

them happy" goes deeper. When Polly Moran, with nearly a year still to go on her contract, received highly tempting radio offers, she came to him. After thoroughly canvassing the situation he agreed to let her go, if she liked. A valuable asset if she had stayed; the contract entitled him to hold her, or at least to keep her off the air; but as long as her whole heart and desire ran the other way—well, you know—

HE can dish out hard advice as well, when needed. When talkies came in, it looked to all as though Nils Asther, with his thick accent, certainly was out. L. B. and Nils agreed to that—but L. B. added, that if Nils would be content to drop out, and put in two years on his English, they would see what might be done.

When Nils was ready, he got his contract—was loaned to Columbia for "The Bitter Tea of General Yen"—and movie-goers haven't quit raving about it yet.

Courage too—he has, and can give, plenty of that. His favorite motto—it shows prominently in his office by the way—is, "When you come to the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on!" Anyone who's reached the top in the movie business by his own efforts has needed that ability in plenty, but L. B. can give it to others. Maureen O'Sullivan, for instance—desperately discouraged and homesick for Ireland.

It was L. B. who pulled her over the top, through the trying period to the point where she could rest without jeopardizing her career.

From what wells does all this many-sided understanding spring? First, of course, there is Louis B. Mayer's career—one that couldn't help give him an all-around view of the motion picture business and those in it. Born in Boston, he started, as aforesaid, in the ship-salvaging job. From there he moved to Haverhill, Massachusetts, where he built a little, run-down theater into the town's leading playhouse.

Others were added until he had the largest chain in New England, and the next step was production with his own organization—the L. B. Mayer Company, which is the second "M" of "M-G-M"—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

All this taught him the motion-picture business from director and star through film exchanges and distributors, right down to the Saturday afternoon boy who hands over his tightly-clutched dime to see his favorite Westerns at the nearest neighborhood theater. But others have had that too, without becoming L. B. Mayers. Back of the experience, the knowledge of human nature, as seen in one of the most trying businesses on earth, must stand something more—and we have plenty of clues to it.

Louis B. Mayer, for one thing, lives on the beach at Santa Monica, revels in the tang of salt water, and gets on with less sleep than almost anyone in Hollywood. He loves to walk with kings in high places, and can face any after-dinner audience without a quaver. Yet he hates full dress, prefers plain foods (including a passion for onions), and can weep unashamed at sobby previews.

He is moved deeply when old employees pass on over the Great Divide; sports a rakish cap, and loves to step on the gas when in his car.

ALL of which means, doesn't it, that at the bottom Louis B. Mayer must be in love with life, the worthwhile things in it, and with his fellow beings? Which makes it very simple—to understand, if not to emulate—for a man who adds to that kindly, generous gusto, a thoroughgoing knowledge of human nature, its heights as well as its pitfalls and depths, almost certainly will turn out to be what Louis B. Mayer is—a man who knows how to handle the most temperamental of businesses, and the more than temperamental people in it, like a happy family.

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Brian Aherne
Judith Allen
Adrienne Ames
Lona Andre
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Richard Bennett
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Clive Brook
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Mari Colman
Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Marlene Dietrich
Patricia Farley
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant
Shirley Grey
William Harrigan
Verna Hillie

Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns
Jack La Rue
Charles Laughton
John Davis Lodge
Carole Lombard
Barton MacLane
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Herbert Marshall
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidnev
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Kent Taylor
Jerry Tucker
Helen Twelvetrees
Mae West
Dorothea Wieck
Elizabeth Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Vera Allen
Heather Angel
Frank Atkinson
Warner Baxter
John Boles
Clara Bow
El Brendel
Henrietta Crosman
Florence Desmond
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Norman Foster
Preston Foster
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
Lillian Harvey
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Howard Lally
Elissa Landi

Wm. Lawrence
Alan Livingston
Boots Mallory
Philip Merivale
Jose Mojica
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Una O'Connor
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Charles (Buddy) Rogers
Raul Roulien
Sid Silvers
Harvey Stephens
Merle Tottenham
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
June Vladek
Harry Woods

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Robert Benchley
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
June Brewster
Bruce Cabot
Chic Chandler
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Betty Furness
William Gargan
Hale Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn

Dorothy Jordan
Arlene Judge
Tom Keene
Edgar Kennedy
Francis Lederer
Eric Linden
Helen Mack
Joel McCrea
Gregory Ratoff
Ginger Rogers
Bert Wheeler
Dorothy Wilson
Howard Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks

Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt
Tim McCoy

Toshia Mori
Jessie Ralph
Dorothy Tree
Fay Wray

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Stan Laurel
Dorothy Layton

Lillian Moore
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Thelma Todd
Oliver Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Nils Asther
Ethel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Ruth Channing
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
William Haines
Louise Closser Hale
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes

Jean Howard
Benita Hume
Walter Huston
Anthony Jowitt
Muriel Kirkland
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Jeanette MacDonald
Margaret McConnell
Una Merkel
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Colleen Moore
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
David Newell
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lee Tracy
Ernest Truex
Lupe Velez
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Vince Barnett
Tom Brown
Andy Devine
Buck Jones
June Knight
Paul Lukas

Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Zasu Pitts
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright
Loretta Andrews
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Maxine Cantway
Ruth Chatterton
Bebe Daniels
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
Geraine Grear
Arthur Hohl
Eleanor Holm
Ann Hovey
Leslie Howard
Harold Huber
Alice Jans

Allen Jenkins
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Lorena Layson
Margaret Lindsay
Aline MacMahon
Helen Mann
Frank McHugh
Adolphe Menjou
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Jayne Shaddock
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Helen Vinson
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

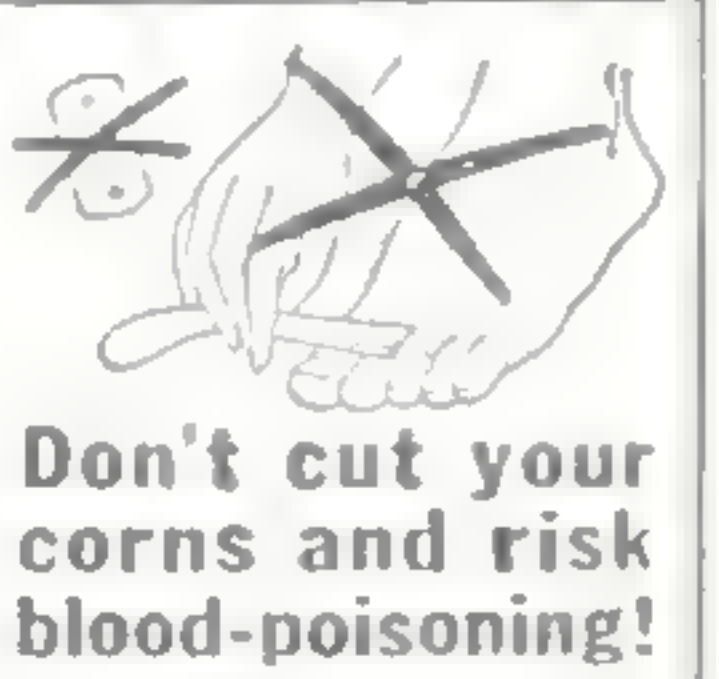
CORNS



THIS IS THE
MEDICALLY
SAFE
SURE WAY!

ENDS PAIN INSTANTLY

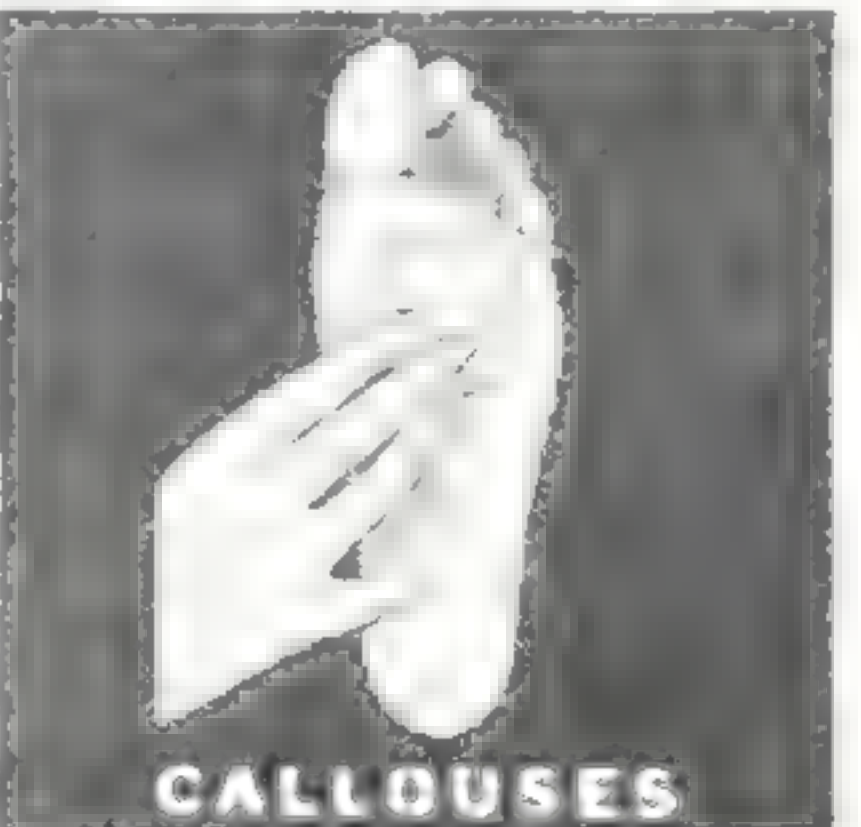
Only one thing produces corns — shoe friction and pressure. Paring them with a razor doesn't remove the cause and is positively dangerous. Even old-time methods can't prevent corns coming back. Serious acid burn is often the result of their use. Nothing in the world is as safe, sure and scientific for treating corns as Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They end pain instantly; eliminate the cause by their protective action; heal sore toes, prevent blisters. Used with separate Medicated Disks, included at no extra cost, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



Don't cut your corns and risk blood-poisoning!

Quickly Remove Corns and Callouses

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CALLUSES



BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

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. . . a way that really discourages regrowth

To make yourself even more lovely in sheer summer clothes . . . and in beach costume . . . immediately remove unwanted hair with gentle, fragrant DeWans. Mild enough for your face . . . not at all irritating . . . thoroughly safe . . . and NOW economical to use on arms and legs. Regular use tends to devitalize hair roots, making regrowth less and less likely with time. DeWans is sold by better department and drug stores for \$1, \$2, \$3, and \$5. Large trial bottle postpaid for 25c. DeWan Laboratories, Dept. C-22, 11 E. Austin Ave., Chicago.



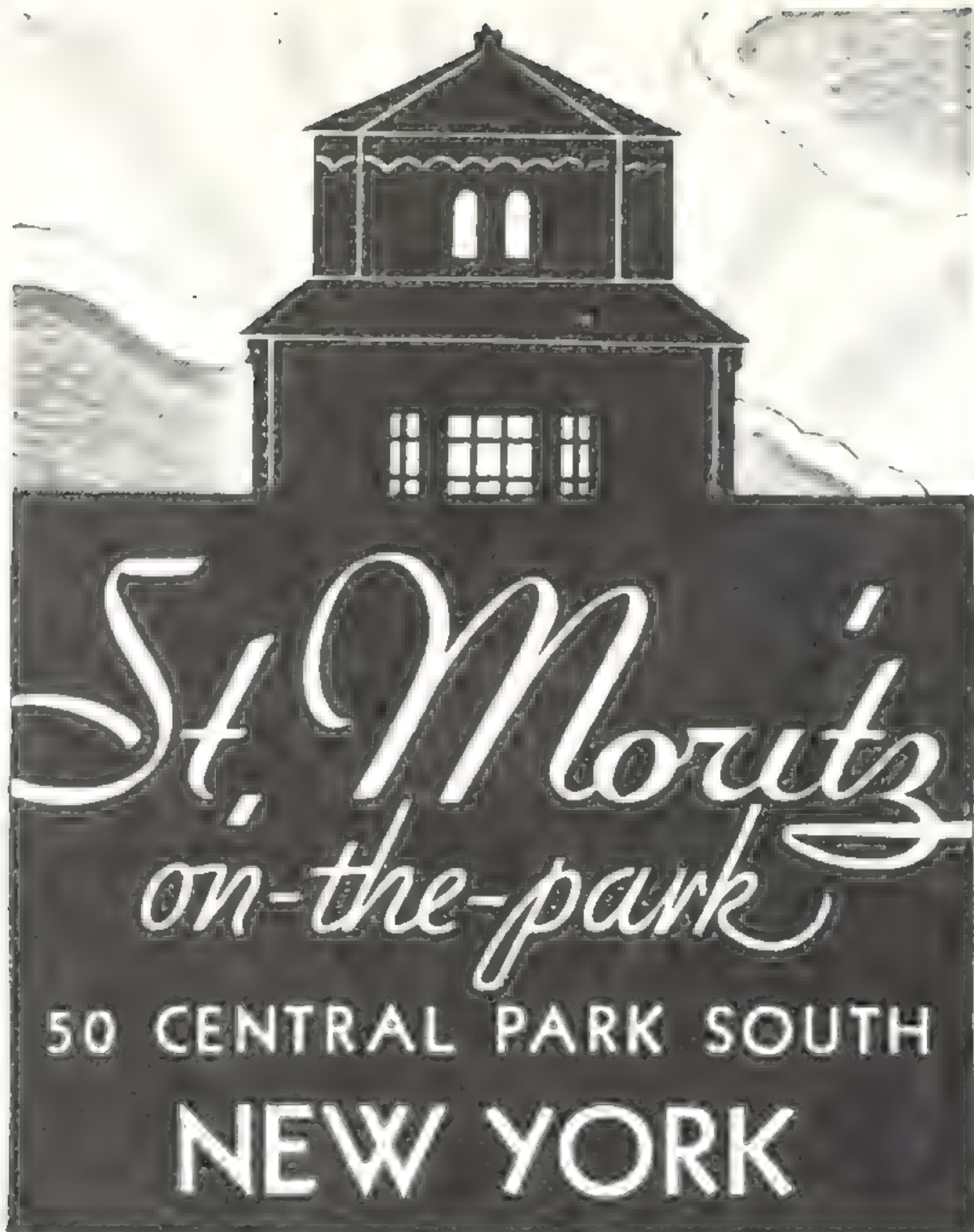
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SHE has the loveliest face! Once muddy skin, freckles and blemishes made her actually homely, until she learned of a delicate, dainty white cream, called Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. This new discovery brought out the hidden natural whiteness of her skin in three days! And now, in only ten minutes a week, this same cream keeps her skin always dazzling white.

No more redness, sallowness or freckles; blackheads and blemishes never bother her. Try a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme yourself—at any drug store or department store toilet counter.

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is the new... safe... odorless hair remover that leaves the skin smooth and velvety. Easy quick... effective... harmless. No razor risk or danger of infection. May safely be used on arms, legs, etc. Be attractive, not repulsive, in a bathing suit!

At leading Dept. & drug stores or send 25c for DEPILDRY to RIMMEL, Dept. G2, 155 East 42 St., New York.

BEFORE

AFTER

It is not too late

to enter the PHOTOPLAY \$1500 Movie Muddles Contest. If your dealer cannot supply you with the July issue just send \$1.25, the Special Contest Subscription Rate, with the blank on page 108 to the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

THE leading item of war activity news in our issue of August, 1918, was the elaborate ball given by Bill Hart to the officers of "his" regiment—the 159th Infantry, which called itself "The Bill Hart Two-Gun Men." We showed pictures of another interesting war activity: D. W. Griffith using titled Englishwomen in his inspirational "The Great Love." Among the notables appearing were Dowager Queen Alexandra and Lady Diana Manners.

A leading item about established players was the news that Mabel Normand's library was surprisingly "high brow" in character. She had also tried her hand at more serious work with "Joan of Plattsburg," showing a girl determined to be an American Joan of Arc. Louise Glaum was interviewed, and we told that for all her ferocity on the screen (everyone was talking about her neat way of stabbing a lover), she was quite the ingénue in real life.



Mabel Normand

Jack Holt had left his mail-sled job in Alaska to start with Paramount, and Gloria Swanson, after three years of comedy, got her first big chance—thanks to a hatpin. She had forgotten it, gone to the dressing-room for it, and encountered Director Jack Conway. After a few minutes of talk, he decided to use her in "Society for Sale."

Another newcomer was Marguerite Clark, brought to repeat her exquisite stage work in the fantasy, "Prunella." We also

had pictures of Marguerite doubling as *Little Eva* and *Topsy* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Marion Davies was at work on her first film, "Cecilia of the Pink Roses."

An odd experience of Dustin Farnum's found notice. He had been on a ranch location, and one of the girls living there was a "natural born star." To Dustin's amazement, she was willing to help in this film, but utterly declined a contract. Cover: Mabel Normand.

10 Years Ago

THE "costume picture" rage, launched by the success of "The Covered Wagon," was at full height, according to our issue of August, 1923. Some seven "super-specials," each one costing well over half a million dollars, were going through the studios. Of these Ramon Novarro's "Scaramouche," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and Doug Fairbanks, Sr.'s "The Thief of Bagdad," probably are the best remembered. Speaking of Doug, Sr., his son's arrival in Hollywood, to make his picture debut, was chronicled in this issue. Papa didn't like the idea at all—but since Doug, Jr., had been under his mother's guidance, this objection didn't count.

These were also days when the foreign invasion was running strong. German directors Ernst Lubitsch and Eric von Stroheim were supplemented by Swedish director, Victor Seastrom; and the latest acting recruit was Joseph Schildkraut, over from Vienna to play



John Barrymore

in "The Master of Man."

Still, this issue printed interviews with a score of noted directors, setting forth the need of new faces and new names for exploitation. In contrast to that, our current history of moving pictures told how, prior to 1909, companies refused to name players, lest they get fancy ideas about salary.

It was in that year that the rule broke down, through desire to exploit Cecil Spooner and Annette Kellerman, thus making

these the first "stars."

It was in 1909, too, that D. W. Griffith grabbed John Barrymore, fresh from art school in Paris, and started him on the screen in a script sent in by an unknown girl, Anita Locs (Anita got \$15 for the effort).

"Penrod and Sam" and Griffith's "The White Rose" were the leading pictures reviewed this month.

Cover—Marion Davies.

5 Years Ago

NOW—the greatest upheaval that ever struck the movies looms into view, for all the world to see! In our issue of August, 1928, the news began with the opening ads, mentioning "sound effects"—and our editorial that this new development "will change the map of the entire motion picture business in two years." Prophetic—except for the generous time allowance!

The first "all-talkie" was a Fox one-reeler, "The Family Picnic," although many were having fragmentary passages of sound. Fox likewise had tested all its stars for speaking ability, and we reported the opinion that Janet Gaynor might need a year or so of special training, before her voice would come through acceptably. Lucky Janet—though she mightn't have thought so! All too many favorites were to find that no amount of training could save them, and find it within the next few months!



Janet Gaynor

Pola Negri, in just five years before, was shown departing for Europe, "to forget the movies," and Baclanova, the dynamic Russian who had come to America with the Moscow Art Theatre group, was being groomed to take her place. What a time Fate chose for that, with foreign accents so soon to be spread on the film for all to hear!

Happily, among other favorites mentioned, we find many who survived. Notably, Clara Bow, the reigning "fan mail"

queen of the moment. Gary Cooper, his "Beau Sabreur" triumph now enhanced by his work in "Lilac Time," was another. And Lupe Velez, brought originally to Los Angeles for Fanchon & Marco stage presentations, was just finishing her second year of hot-chafing about the startled film colony.

Lastly, an interesting bit credited to a filming of Buddy Rogers at Princeton. On the cover—Billie Dove.

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 60 to 65) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

ARKANSAS—

POLLOCK'S,
FORT SMITH.

ILLINOIS—

G. C. WILLIS, DRY GOODS,
CHAMPAIGN.

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY,
CHICAGO.

LINN & SCRUGGS DRY GOODS Co.,
DECATUR.

CLARKE & COMPANY,
PEORIA.

OWENS, INCORPORATED,
ROCKFORD.

S. A. BARKER COMPANY,
SPRINGFIELD.

INDIANA—

WOLF & DESSAUER,
FORT WAYNE.

L. S. AYRES & COMPANY, INC.,
INDIANAPOLIS.

ROBERTSON BROS. DEPT. STORE, INC.,
SOUTH BEND.

IOWA—

M. L. PARKER COMPANY,
DAVENPORT.

YOUNKER BROTHERS, INC.,
DES MOINES.

MARYLAND—

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & COMPANY,
BALTIMORE.

MICHIGAN—

THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY,
DETROIT.

WURZBURG'S,
GRAND RAPIDS.

L. H. FIELD COMPANY,
JACKSON.

MINNESOTA—

THE DAYTON COMPANY,
MINNEAPOLIS.

THE FANDEL COMPANY,
ST. CLOUD.

NEW JERSEY—

QUACKENBUSH COMPANY,
PATERSON.

NEW YORK—

THE MORTON COMPANY,
BINGHAMTON.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS,
BROOKLYN.

J. N. ADAM & COMPANY,
BUFFALO.

THE GORTON COMPANY,
ELMIRA.

BLOOMINGDALE'S,
NEW YORK CITY.

B. FORMAN COMPANY,
ROCHESTER.

NORTH CAROLINA—

J. B. IVEY & COMPANY,
CHARLOTTE.

OHIO—

THE A. POLSKY COMPANY,
AKRON.

THE STERN & MANN COMPANY,
CANTON.

THE JOHN SHILLITO COMPANY,
CINCINNATI.

THE LINDNER COMPANY,
CLEVELAND.

THE MOREHOUSE-MARTENS Co.,
COLUMBUS.

THE RIKE-KUMLER COMPANY,
DAYTON.

THE STROUSS-HIRSHBERG Co.,
YOUNGSTOWN.

PENNSYLVANIA—

BOWMAN & COMPANY
HARRISBURG.

WATT & SHAND,
LANCASTER.

GIMBEL BROTHERS,
PHILADELPHIA.

JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY,
PITTSBURGH.

PENN TRAFFIC COMPANY,
JOHNSTOWN.

TEXAS—

LEVY BROS. DRY GOODS Co.,
HOUSTON.

THE WOLFF & MARX Co.,
SAN ANTONIO.

WEST VIRGINIA—

COYLE & RICHARDSON, INC.,
CHARLESTON.

WISCONSIN—

HENDERSON-HOYT COMPANY,
OSHKOSH.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"ADORABLE"—Fox.—From the story by Paul Frank and Billie Wilder. Screen play by George Marion, Jr., and Jane Storm. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *The Girl*, Janet Gaynor; *The Young Man*, Henry Garat; *The Prime Minister*, C. Aubrey Smith; *The Detective*, Herbert Mundin; *The Countess*, Blanche Friderici; *The Prince*, Hans von Twardowski.

"BED OF ROSES"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Wanda Tuckock. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Lorrie*, Constance Bennett; *Dan*, Joel McCrea; *Stephen Paige*, John Halliday; *Minnie*, Pert Kelton; *Father Doran*, Samuel Hinds.

"BELOW THE SEA"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Jo Swerling. Directed by Al Rogell. The cast: *Steve McCreary*, Ralph Bellamy; *Diane Templeton*, Fay Wray; *Karl Schlemmer*, Fredrik Vogeding; *Lily*, Esther Howard; *Dr. Chapman*, William J. Kelly; *Jackson*, Paul Page.

"BIG BRAIN, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Sy Bartlett. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Max Werner*, George E. Stone; *Terry*, Phillips Holmes; *Cynthia*, Fay Wray; *Margy*, Minna Gombell; *Lord Darlington*, Reginald Owen; *Dorothy*, Lilian Bond; *Lord Latham*, Reginald Mason; *Slick Ryan*, Sam Hardy; *Justice of Peace*, Lucien Littlefield; *Dan Thomas*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Col. Higginbotham*, Berton Churchill; *Detective*, Robert Emmett O'Connor.

"CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS"—BRYAN FOY PROD.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Screen play by William Jacobs. Directed by Ben Stollhoff. The cast: *Terry McCall*, Wallace Ford; *Mary Malone*, Barbara Kent; *Billy Malone*, Dickie Moore; *Umpire*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Bessie*, Marion Byron; *Casey*, Sammy Cohen; *Suds*, Frank Moran; *Rube*, David Worth; *Mike*, Mike Donlin.

"CHEATING BLONDES"—EQUITABLE PICTURES.—From the story by Gertie Des Wentworth James. Adapted by Lewis B. Foster and Islen Auster. Directed by Joseph Levering. The cast: *Anne Ferrick*, Thelma Todd; *Elaine Manners*, Thelma Todd; *Lawson Rolt*, Ralf Harold; *Polly*, Inez Courtney; *Mike Goldfish*, Milton Wallis; *Mrs. Jennie Carter*, Mae Busch; *Gilbert Frayle*, Earl McCarthy; *City Editor*, William Humphries; *Lila*, Dorothy Gulliver; *Jim Carter*, Brooks Benedict; *Mitch*, Eddie Fetherstone; *Ferdie*, Ben Savage.

"COCKTAIL HOUR"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by James K. McGuinness. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and Richard Schayer. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Cynthia Warren*, Bebe Daniels; *Randolph Morgan*, Randolph Scott; *Olga*, Muriel Kirkland; *Princess*, Jessie Ralph; *Lawton*, Sidney Blackmer; *Philippe*, Barry Norton; *Captain*, Phillips Smalley; *Mrs. Lawton*, Marjorie Gateson; *Alvarez*, George Nardelli; *Dick*, Larry Steers; *Jerry*, Jay Eaton; *Mori*, Willie Fung; *Attorney*, Paul McVey; *Porter*, Oscar Smith.

"COUGAR, THE KING KILLER"—SIDNEY SNOW PROD.—Narrated by Sidney A. Snow, starring Jay C. Bruce and his dog, Ranger.

"DINNER AT EIGHT"—M-G-M.—From the play by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Screen play by Frances Marion and Herman J. Mankiewicz. The cast: *Carlotta Vance*, Marie Dressler; *Larry Renault*, John Barrymore; *Dan Packard*, Wallace Beery; *Kitty Packard*, Jean Harlow; *Oliver Jordan*, Lionel Barrymore; *Max Kane*, Lee Tracy; *Dr. Wayne Talbot*, Edmund Lowe; *Mrs. Oliver Jordan*, Billie Burke; *Paula Jordan*, Madge Evans; *Jo Stengel*, Jean Hersholt; *Mrs. Wayne Talbot*, Karen Morley; *Hattie Loomis*, Louise Closser Hale; *Ernest DeGraff*, Phillips Holmes; *Mrs. Wendel*, May Robson; *Ed Loomis*, Grant Mitchell; *Miss Alden*, Phoebe Foster; *Miss Copeland*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Tina*, Hilda Vaughn; *Fosdick*, Harry Beresford; *Mr. Fitch*, Edwin Maxwell; *Mr. Hatfield*, John Davidson; *Eddie*, Edward Woods; *Gustave*, George Baxter; *The Waiter*, Herman Bing; *Dora*, Anna Duncan.

"DREI TAGE MITTELARREST" ("Three Days in the Guardhouse")—ALLIANZ TONFILM PROD.—From the story by B. E. Luethge, Heinz Gordon and Karl Noti. Directed by Carl Boese. The cast: *Burgomaster Hoffman*, Max Adalbert; *Adelheid*, His Wife, Ida Wuest; *Eva*, His Daughter, Gretl Theimer; *Auguste*, the Housemaid, Lucie Englisch; *Zippert*, the Secretary, Paul Hoerbiger; *Colonel von Feber*, Paul Otto; *Lieutenant Eric Feldern*, Fred Doederlein; *Private Max Plettke*, Fritz Schulz; *Private Franz Nowotni*, Felix Bressart.

"FLYING DEVILS, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Louis Stevens. Screen play by Byron Morgan and Louis Stevens. Directed by Russell Birdwell. The cast: *Ann Hardy*, Arline

Judge; *Ace Murray*, Bruce Cabot; *Bud Murray*, Eric Linden; *Speed Hardy*, Ralph Bellamy; *Screwie Edwards*, Cliff Edwards; *Kearns*, Frank LaRue.

"FORGOTTEN MEN"—JEWEL PROD.—Compiled and supervised by Samuel Cummins, assisted by Edward Gellner and Louis Goldberg, from the official war films of fourteen warring nations.

"GAMBLING SHIP"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Peter Ruric. Screen play by Max Marcin and Seton I. Miller. Directed by Louis Gasnier and Max Marcin. The cast: *Ace Corbin*, Cary Grant; *Eleanore La Velle*, Benita Hume; *Bloody*, Roscoe Karns; *Manning*, Jack LaRue; *Jeanne Sands*, Glenda Farrell; *Joe Burke*, Arthur Vinton; *Baby Face*, Charles Williams; *First Gunman*, Cliff Thompson; *Second Gunman*, Harry Shutan.

"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933"—WARNERS.—From the play by Avery Hopwood. Screen play by Erwin



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Speaking of a mashie, and we don't mean an old smoothie, Ruth Selwyn's got a new stunt for making golf balls go. She's had her own picture painted on each one and no wonder they obey that command when the mashie uses a little gentle technique

Gelsey and James Seymour. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *J. Lawrence*, Warren William; *Carol*, Joan Blondell; *Trixie*, Aline MacMahon; *Polly*, Ruby Keeler; *Brad*, Dick Powell; *Peabody*, Guy Kibbee; *Barney*, Ned Sparks; *Fay*, Ginger Rogers; *Don*, Clarence Nordstrom; *Dance Director*, Robert Agnew; *Eddie*, Tammany Young; *Messenger Boy*, Sterling Holloway; *Clubman*, Ferdinand Gottschalk.

"HEROES FOR SALE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the screen play by Robert Lord and Wilson Mizner. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Tom*, Richard Barthelmess; *Ruth*, Loretta Young; *Mary*, Aline MacMahon; *Roger*, Gordon Westcott; *Max*, Robert Barrat; *Pa Dennis*, Charles Grapevin; *Mr. Winston*, Berton Churchill; *George Gibson*, Grant Mitchell; *Blind Man*, James Murray; *Leader of Agitators*, George Pat Collins; *Dr. Briggs*, Robert McWade; *Pres. of Laundry*, Edwin Maxwell; *Ella Holmes*, Margaret Seddon; *Capt. Joyce*, Arthur Vinton; *The Judge*, John Marston; *Chief Engineer*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Dope Peddler*, Tammany Young; *German Prisoner*, Hans Furberg; *The Detective*, Robert Elliott; *The Sheriff*, Willard Robertson; *"Red"*, Ward Bond.

"HOLD ME TIGHT"—Fox.—From the story by Gertrude Rigdon. Screen play by Gladys Lehman. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Chuck*, James Dunn; *Molly*, Sally Eilers; *Billy*, Frank McHugh; *Dollie*, June Clyde; *Dolan*, Kenneth Thomson; *Trudie*, Noel Francis; *Mary Shane*, Dorothy Peterson; *Blair*, Clay Clement.

"JENNIE GERHARDT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Theodore Dreiser. Screen play by Josephine Lovett and Joseph Moncure March. Adapted by S. K. Lauren and Frank Partos. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: *Jennie Gerhardt*, Sylvia Sidney; *Lester Kane*, Donald Cook; *Letty Pace*, Mary Astor; *Senator Brander*, Edward Arnold; *William Gerhardt*, H. B. Warner; *Mrs. Gerhardt*, Louise Carter; *Vesta (age 6)*, Cora Sue Collins; *Archibald Kane*, Walter Walker; *Robert Kane*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Louise Kane*, Dorothy Libaire; *Vesta (age 17)*, Gilda Storm; *Ada*, Greta Meyer; *Bass Gerhardt*, David O'Brien; *Willie Gerhardt*, David Durand; *Veronica Gerhardt*, Betty Ann Hisle; *O'Brien*, Morgan Wallace; *Will Whitney*, Ernest Wood; *Old Weaver*, Frank Reicher; *Hotel Clerk*, Gene Morgan; *Old Weaver's Granddaughter*, Rose Coghlan; *Boarding House Keeper*, Jane Darwell; *Midwife*, Lillian Harmer.

"LAUGHING AT LIFE"—MASCOT PICTURES.—From the story by Ford Beebe. Adapted by Prescott Chaplin and Thomas Dugan. Directed by Ford Beebe. The cast: *McHale*, Burke, Capt. Easter, Victor McLaglen; *Panchita*, Conchita Montenegro; *Pat Collins*, Regis Toomey; *Mason*, William Boyd; *Don Flavio*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Chango*, Frankie Darro; *Alice Lawton*, Ruth Hall; *Mamacita*, Mathilde Comonte; *President Valenzuela*, H. B. Walthall; *Mrs. McHale*, Lois Wilson; *Paddy McHale*, Buster Phelps; *Stone*, Tully Marshall; *Hauseman*, Noah Beery; *Smith*, Dewey Robinson; *Jones*, Guinn Williams; *Cabinet Officer*, Edmund Breese; *General*, William Desmond; *Warden*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Detective*, Pat O'Malley; *Apple Vendor*, Henry Armetta; *Barley Water Vendor*, George Humbert; *Commandant*, Philo McCullough; *Business Man*, Otis Harlan; *Business Man*, Arthur Hoyt; *Colonel*, Lloyd Whitlock.

"MAYOR OF HELL, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Islen Auster. Screen play by Edward Chodorov. The cast: *Patsy*, James Cagney; *Dorothy*, Madge Evans; *Mike*, Allen Jenkins; *Thompson*, Dudley Digges; *Jimmy*, Frankie Darro; *Smoke*, "Farina"; *Mrs. Smith*, Dorothy Peterson; *Hopkins*, John Marston; *Guard*, Charles Wilson; *Tommy's Father*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Johnny*, Raymond Borzage; *Mr. Smith*, Robert Barrat; *Brandon*, George Pat Collins; *Butch*, Mickey Bennett; *Judge Gilbert*, Arthur Byron; *The Girl*, Sheila Terry; *Joe*, Harold Huber; *Louie Johnston*, Edwin Maxwell; *Walters*, William V. Mong; *Izzy*, Sidney Miller; *Tony's Father*, George Humbert; *Charlie*, George Offerman, Jr.; *Tommy*, Charles Cane.

"MELODY CRUISE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the screen play by Ben Holmes and Mark Sandrich. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: *Pete Wells*, Charles Ruggles; *Alan Chandler*, Phil Harris; *Ann Von Rader*, Greta Nissen; *Laurie Marlow*, Helen Mack; *Hickey*, Chic Chandler; *Zoe*, June Brewster; *Vera*, Shirley Chambers; *Mrs. Potts*, Florence Roberts; *Mrs. Wells*, Marjorie Gateson.

"MIDNIGHT MARY"—M-G-M.—From the story by Anita Loos. Screen play by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Mary*, Loretta Young; *Leo*, Ricardo Cortez; *Tom*, Franchot Tone; *Sam*, Andy Devine; *Bunny*, Una Merkel; *District Attorney*, Frank Conroy; *Angelo*, Warren Hymer; *Tindle*, Ivan Simpson; *Puggy*, Harold Huber; *Blimp*, Sandy Roth; *Barbara*, Martha Sleeper; *Clerk*, Charles Grapevin; *Churchill*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Cop*, Robert Emmett O'Connor.

"MORGENROT" ("Dawn")—UFA.—From the story by Gerhard Menzel. Directed by Gustav Ucický. The cast: *Frau Liers*, Adele Sandrock; *Captain Liers*, Her Son, Rudolf Forster; *Lieutenant Fredericks*, Fritz Genschow; *The Mayor*, Hans Leibelt; *Helga*, His Daughter, Else Knott; *Gustl Jaul*, Paul Westermeier; *Greta*, His Wife, Camilla Spira.

"NARROW CORNER, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Somerset Maugham. Screen play by Robert Presnell. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Fred*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Louise*, Patricia Ellis; *Doctor Saunders*, Dudley Digges; *Eric*, Ralph Bellamy; *Capt. Nichols*, Arthur Hohl; *Fred's Father*, Henry Kolker; *Al Kay*, Willie Fung; *Firth*, Reginald Owen; *Swan*, William V. Mong; *Dutch Constable*, Josef Swickard.

"NIGHT AND DAY"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the story by Jack Hulbert and Douglas Furber. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: *Jack Brown*, Jack Hulbert; *Mrs. Bobday*, Cicely Courtneidge; *Ivy*, Winifred Shotter; *Jules Martin*, Francis Lister; *Mr. Brown*, Peter Gawthorne; *Mr. Bobday*, Ben Field.

"OVER THE SEVEN SEAS"—WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT.—Narrated and directed by William K. Vanderbilt.

"PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Jan Murfin. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Glory Eden*, Ginger Rogers; *Jim Davey*, Norman Foster; *Elmerada de Leon*, ZaSu Pitts; *Speed*, Frank McHugh; *O'Connor*, Allen Jenkins; *Ipswich*, Gregory Ratoff; *Kelsey*, Edgar Kennedy; *Radio Announcer*, Lucien Littlefield; *Herbert Childress*, Franklin Pangborn; *Appleby*, Frank Darien; *Newspaper Reporter*, Betty Furness; *Newspaper Reporter*, Sterling Holloway; *Maid*, Theresa Harris.

"SHE HAD TO SAY YES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by John Francis Larkin. Screen play by Rian James and Don Mullaly. Directed by Busby Berkeley and George Amy. The cast: *Florence*, Loretta Young; *Drew*, Lyle Talbot; *Tommy*, Regis Toomey; *Birdie*, Suzanne Kilborn; *Maizie*, Winnie Lightner; *Mrs. Haines*, Helen Ware; *Mr. Glass*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Taxi Driver*, Tom Dugan; *Mr. Haines*, Hugh Herbert; *Mr. Bernstein*, Charles Levinson; *Mr. Goran*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Office Boy*, Harold Waldridge.

"SILK EXPRESS, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Houston Branch. Screen play by Houston Branch and Ben Markson. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Kilgore*, Neil Hamilton; *Paula*, Sheila Terry; *Clark*, Arthur Byron; *Nyberg*, Dudley Digges; *Rusty*, Allen Jenkins; *Craft*, Harold Huber; *Calhoun*, Robert Barrat; *McDuff*, Guy Kibbee; *Johnson*, Ivan Simpson; *Mylon*, Arthur Hohl; *Burns*, George Pat Collins; *Engineer*, Tom Wilson; *Associate*, Edward Van Sloan; *Dr. Rolph*, Vernon Steele; *Assistant*, Douglas Dumbrille.

"SOLDIERS OF THE STORM"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Thomson Burtis. Screen play by Charles Condon. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: *Brad Allerton*, Regis Toomey; *Natalie*, Anita Page; *Spanish Waitress*, Barbara Weeks; *Moran*, Robert Ellis; *George*, Wheeler Oakman; *Sonia*, Barbara Barondess; *Chuck Bailey*, Dewey Robinson; *Red*, George Cooper; *Adams*, Arthur Wanzer.

"SPHINX, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the play by Albert DeMond. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Jerome Breen*, Lionel Atwill; *Jerry Crane*, Sheila Terry; *Jack Burion*, Theodore Newton; *Terrence Hogan*, Paul Hurst; *Inspector Riley*, Robert Ellis; *Luigi*, Luis Alberni; *Jenks*, Lucien Prival; *Dave Werner*, Paul Fix; *Mrs. Werner*, Lillian Leighton; *Curran*, Hooper Atchley; *Casey*, George Hayes.

"STUDY IN SCARLET, A"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Screen play by Robert Florey. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Sherlock Holmes*, Reginald Owen; *Mrs. Pyke*, Anna May Wong; *Eileen Forrester*, June Clyde; *Merrydew*, Alan Dinehart; *John Stanford*, John Warburton; *Dr. Watson*, Warburton Gamble; *Jabez Wilson*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Lastrade*, Alan Mowbray; *Mrs. Murphy*, Doris Lloyd; *Will Swallow*, Billy Bevan; *Dolly*, Leila Bennett; *Baker*, Cecil Reynolds; *Capt. Pyke*, Wyndham Standing; *Dearing*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Ah Yel*, Tetsu Komai; *Mrs. Hudson*, Tempe Pigott.

"SUNSET PASS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Zane Grey. Screen play by Gerald Geraghty and Jack Cunningham. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Ash Preston*, Randolph Scott; *Jack Rock*, Tom Keene; *Jane Preston*, Kathleen Burke; *John Hesbitt*, Harry Carey; *U. S. Marshall Blake*, Noah Beery; *Helly Miller*, Leila Bennett; *"Clink" Peoples*, Kent Taylor; *Willie Willard*, Fuzzy Knight; *Judge*, George Barbier; *Williams*, Charles Middleton; *Grace*, Patricia Farley; *Windy*, Vince Barnett; *Buck*, Christian J. Frank; *Tom*, James Mason; *Dick*, Al Bridge; *Harry*, Bob Kortman; *Ben (Deputy)*, Tom London.

"TAMING THE JUNGLE"—INVINCIBLE.—From the story by Bob and John Tansey. Produced by Paul D. Wyman. The cast: *Animal Trainers*, Melvin Koontz, Olga Celeste, Chubby Guilfoyle, and Dean Foix.

"THUNDER OVER MEXICO"—SOL LESSER PROD.—From the screen play by G. Alexandrov. Directed by Sergei M. Eisenstein. Photography by E. Tisse. Musical setting by Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld.

"WHEN LADIES MEET"—M-G-M.—From the play by Rachel Crothers. Screen play by John Meehan and Leon Gordon. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Clare*, Ann Harding; *Jimmie*, Robert Montgomery; *Mary*, Myrna Loy; *Bridget*, Alice Brady; *Rogers*, Frank Morgan; *Waller*, Martin Burton; *Pierre*, Luis Alberni.

"WHEN STRANGERS MARRY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Maximilian Foster. Screen play by James Kevin McGuinness. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Steve Rand*, Jack Holt; *Marian Drake*, Lilian Bond; *Hinkle*, Arthur Vinton; *Antonia*, Barbara Barondess; *Billy McGuire*, Ward Bond; *Van Wyck*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *Phillipe*, Paul Porcasi; *Major Oliver*, Harry Stubbs; *Von Arnheim*, Rudolph Amendt; *Chattermahl*, Charles Stevens.



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89]

CHIKUITA CARSONNE, eighteen-year-old Georgia girl, is having a vogue in Hollywood "reading the stars for the stars."

Gary Cooper is credited with having "discovered" her and is sponsoring her.

She says, for instance, that Gary will be married within two years.

She told Richard Arlen that his and Jobyna's baby would have a Caesarean birth.

Jack LaRue, she predicts, will have "business and domestic disturbances."

And Claudette Colbert should effect "a closer bond" with her husband, Norman Foster, Chiquita declares, else there will be a divorce within a year, with Foster as the complainant.

So Chiquita says.

OVER on the "One Sunday Afternoon" set a carnival was in full blast with a greased pig in a ring and everything. For several days it was noticed Gary Cooper kept hanging around the greased pig. At last, he was unable to resist it any longer and went into the ring after the pig.

Immediately the whole set was in a state of excitement. Work was completely suspended while the director, players and extras gathered outside the ring to watch Gary "try" to catch the pig. People were screaming instructions, "grab her by the snoot" and "get her into a corner."

At last, after two weary hours, Gary managed to land the pig. But by that time every-

one was so exhausted, work was called off till the next day.

HOLLYWOOD'S hermit, Jack Holt, has been stepping out to parties lately and seems to like it. Jack's adventures into night life began shortly after his divorce.

EVERYBODY seems to have the wrong low-down on the Rudy Vallee-Fay Webb business, including some famous columnists.

Raquel Torres, who is Fay's close friend and confidante, says Rudy has telephoned Fay several times a week since she returned to California, asking her to make up. What very few people realize is the fact that Fay's health makes it impossible for her to remain in the damp climate of New York. Also, and obviously, there could be no night life for her. This has been the real reason for her frequent trips to California—not family quarrels, as rumor would have it.

THAT air of suspense has at last relaxed, over Paramount way. Everybody waited with bated breath (don't ask *us* what they used for bait!) to see who would inherit the prize dressing-room of the lot—La Dietrich's.

The tension is over. *Nobody* gets it, until Marlene herself moves back, the latter part of August, when she returns to make the two pictures for which she signed just before her departure.

AND who among all the boys that for years have been trying to draw even a flicker of interest from Greta Garbo ever thought it could be done by means of a dog.

But Lee Duncan, who owned and trained the great Rin-Tin-Tin, has done it.

He presented La Garbo with a descendant of the old dog and Garbo was *that* flattered.

MERVYN LE ROY, director of "Tugboat Annie," is such a tiny fellow they've nicknamed him the "Fly."

The other day, the supervisor came strolling onto the set. An electrician looked up and called to Mervyn:

"Hey, Fly, here comes your swatter."

PHIL STONG, who wrote "State Fair" and "Stranger's Return," just bought himself an Iowa farm for \$8,500.

Nothing remarkable about that—except that it happens to be the farm on which he was born, and which his father sold, in 1918, for \$30,000.

LISTING the names of ten men whom he considers to be the best dressed in the world, Adolphe Menjou privately puts himself first, the Prince of Wales second.

Also, Menjou has another trick. He frequently modifies his list so that the name of his host-at-the-moment may be included.



Carl DeVoy

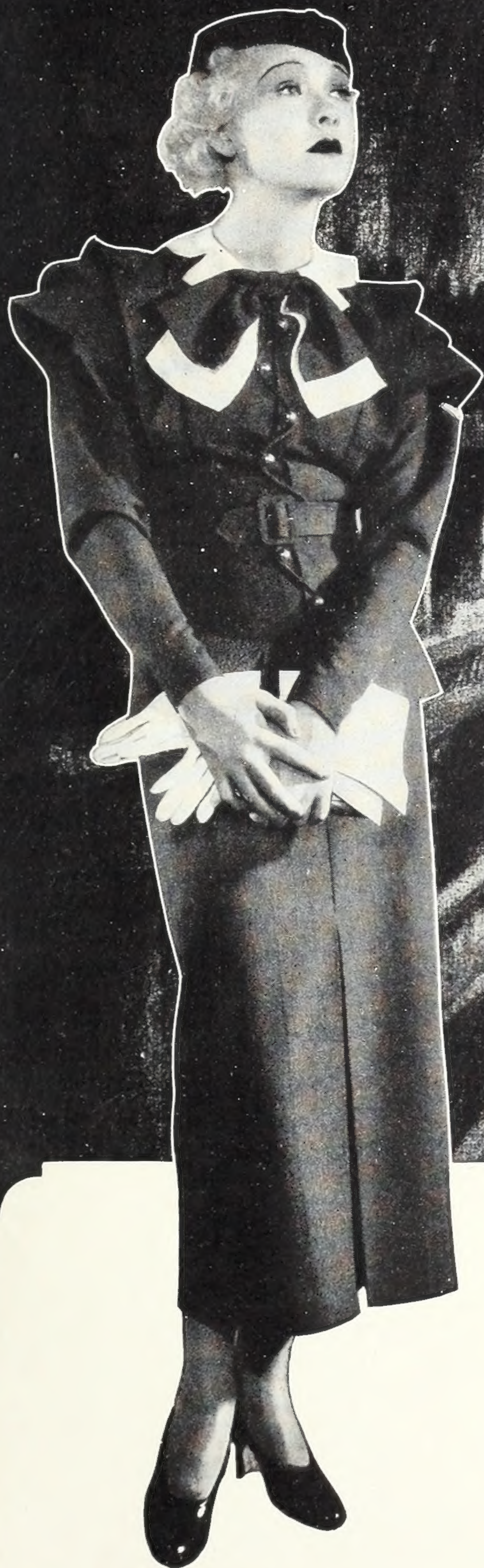
Thoroughbreds all, Leslie Howard and his two English setters, "Ned" and "Lady"—and what a British gentleman atmosphere they create together! That's what Leslie's breathing now. He's in England to make a picture, and then a play

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It forecasts fall! Helen Twelvetrees, clever frock from Paramount's play, "Disgraced," a "Hollywood Fashion."

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HAYDEN HAYDEN—

No more need be said

“It's toasted”



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